

NTY CLIFT'S BREAKDOWNS—The Year's Most Tragic Story

PHOTOPLAY

JAYNE
MANSFIELD

BLONDE
EXPLOSIONS
.....

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Mansfield
Monroe



- Announcing the Gold Medal Award Winners 1956-57
- ROCK HUDSON'S LIFE STORY—Final Installment
- A HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY EXPERT TELLS HOW TO HAVE THE BUSTLINE YOU WANT

new and softest ever

New Kotex with Wondersoft covering
- the most comfortable,
most absorbent napkin ever designed

Now Kotex has Wondersoft covering...
a new open-mesh covering that's incredibly light
and gentle. Only new Kotex napkins with this
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absorption that never fails; and a perfect fit
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To complete your comfort, Kotex has
created a new sanitary belt. Its soft,
flexible clasp ends cutting and chafing,
yet is actually stronger than metal.

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Kotex belt, too!



John Whitecomb

"So much better"



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Aren't you glad you're a girl? Isn't it a *fabulous* feeling... to know he'd rather be close to *you* than anyone else in the wide, wide world? Don't let anything mar this moment. Double check your charm every day with VETO...the deodorant that drives away odor...dries away perspiration worries. (Remember, if you're nice-to-be-next to... next to *nothing* is impossible!)

*VETO is for you
in more ways than one*



Cream



Spray



Stick



or Mist



No Other Leading Toothpaste

CLEANS
CLEANS
CLEANS

YOUR BREATH *while it*

GUARDS
GUARDS
GUARDS

YOUR TEETH

Like Colgate Dental Cream!



Because No Other Leading Toothpaste
Contains **GARDOL** TO GIVE YOU
LONG-LASTING PROTECTION AGAINST
BOTH BAD BREATH AND TOOTH DECAY
... With Just One Brushing!

Unlike other leading toothpastes, Colgate's forms an invisible, protective shield around your teeth that fights decay all day ... with just one brushing! Gives you a cleaner, fresher breath all day, too! Ask your dentist how often to brush your teeth. But remember! No other leading toothpaste* cleans your breath while it guards your teeth like Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol!

SAFE for Children of All Ages!
to Use in All Water Areas!
Makes teeth whiter—
cannot stain or discolor!



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PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S MOVIEGOERS FOR OVER FORTY YEARS

MARCH, 1957

VOL. 51, NO. 3

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COVER: Color portrait of Jayne Mansfield by Powolny. Jayne is starred in 20th Century-Fox's "The Girl Can't Help It" and "The Wayward Bus."

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WHAT A GUY WAYNE!

It's understandable that the fans vote John Wayne top favorite of the screen. He's great in this new picture based upon the colorful career of Commander "Spig" Wead ... the daredevil who actually parlayed fourteen dollars, a pair of crutches and a redhead's love into world fame!

M-G-M presents in METROCOLOR

**JOHN WAYNE
DAN DAILEY
MAUREEN O'HARA**

in
**"THE WINGS
OF EAGLES"**

co-starring

WARD BOND

Screen Play by FRANK FENTON and
WILLIAM WISTER HAINES

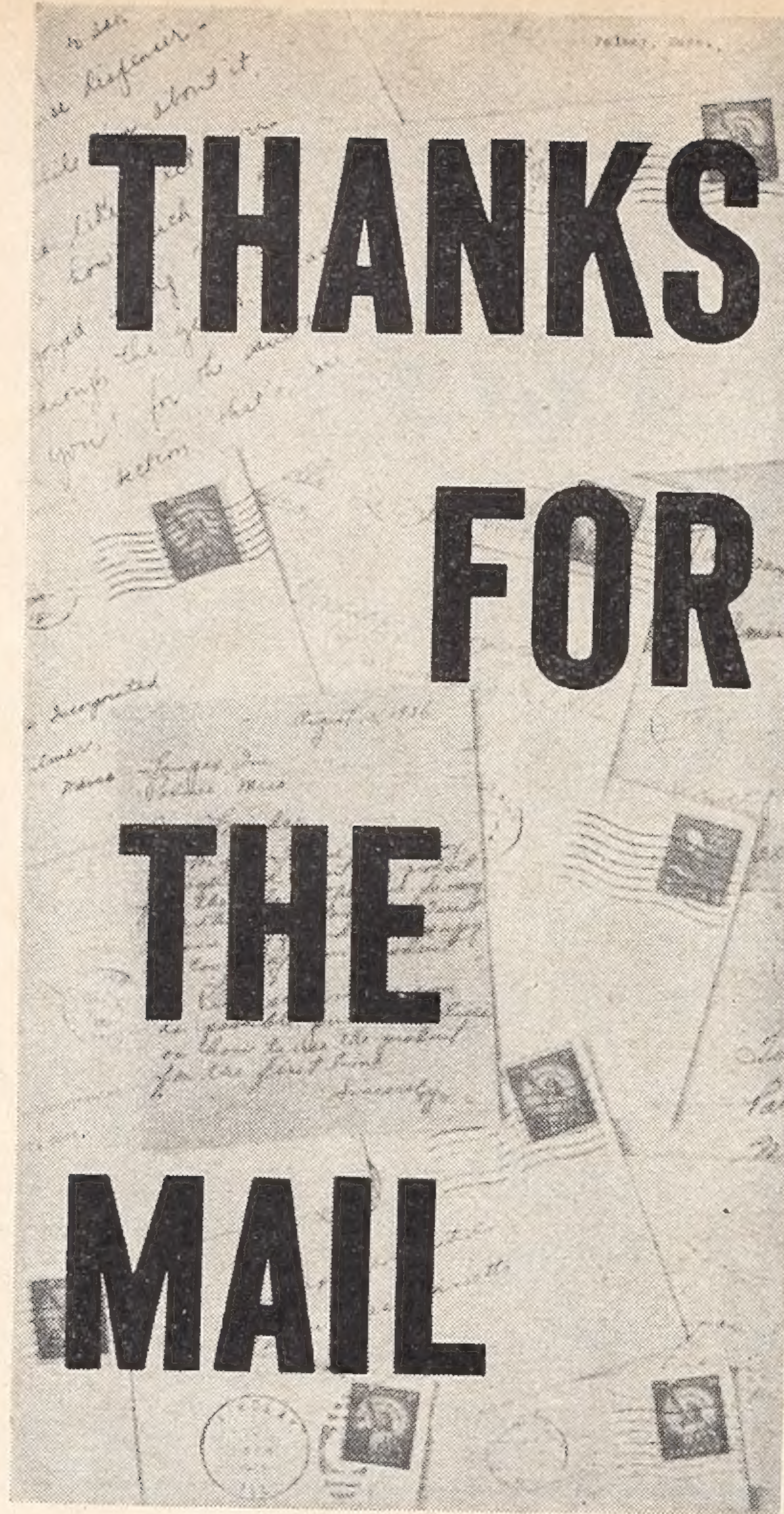
Based on the Life and Writings of
Commander Frank W. "Spig" Wead

Directed by JOHN FORD

Produced by CHARLES SCHNEE

An M-G-M Picture





A product as personal as Tampax® internal sanitary protection does not draw sacks full of fan mail. But when women are writing us for some other reason—in response to an offer, perhaps, that we have placed in our package—they go out of their way to say the nicest things!

...“I’ve been using it for 15 years, and never once have I felt the slightest discomfort...”

...“Everything’s nice about it . . . disposal . . . lack of odor . . . well, I’m just a Tampax enthusiast!”

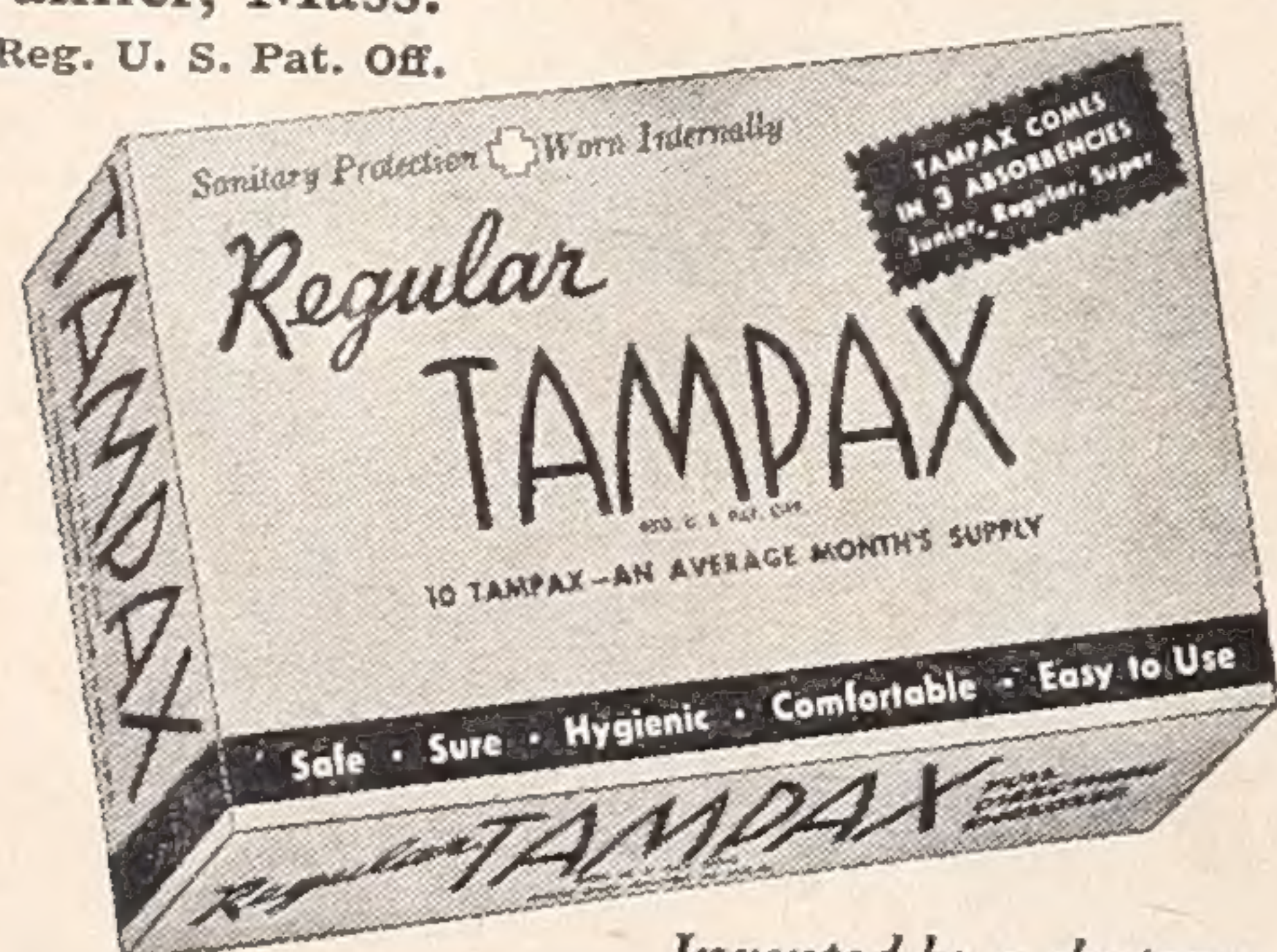
...“So I told this friend of mine, ‘You’re just crazy if you don’t use Tampax. Believe me, it’s made me practically forget about differences in days of the month.’”

...“You make a product that’s really a blessing for women.”

Perhaps the opposite side of the coin is equally important; Tampax practically never gets a complaint. So again we say, “Thanks for the mail—thanks for being enthusiastic about Tampax (it’s now in 75 countries)—thanks for making Tampax a success, and thanks for letting Tampax give you more poise, assurance, security.”

Tampax is available in 3 absorbencies (Regular, Super, Junior) wherever drug products are sold. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women



Anna Maria Alberghetti is very happily flanked by two Martins, Dewey and Dean

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood



No honeymoon hangover for Mitzi Gaynor, Jack Bean. Theirs goes on and on

Natalie Wood, with an “Elvis” pompadour, still enjoys date with Bob Vaughn



Thank You, TV: Both Anna Maria Alberghetti and Piper Laurie are grateful to television for taking them out of the sweet-young-thing roles. When Anna Maria played a gunman’s moll and Piper a highly-charged dramatic role, Hollywood producers sat up and took notice. Both girls these days are as busy as all get out. Piper, who had planned to go to New York for six months—she had even closed her apartment—was tapped for a lead in a Playhouse 90 TV production and had to unwrap the silver. For Anna Maria, this year looks great. She has just lined up a dozen concert singing engagements, commencing with the famous Philadelphia Orchestra, is weighing several TV offers and to top everything she may appear in a bright new Broadway musical, “East Side Story.” These two girls are going places—fast!

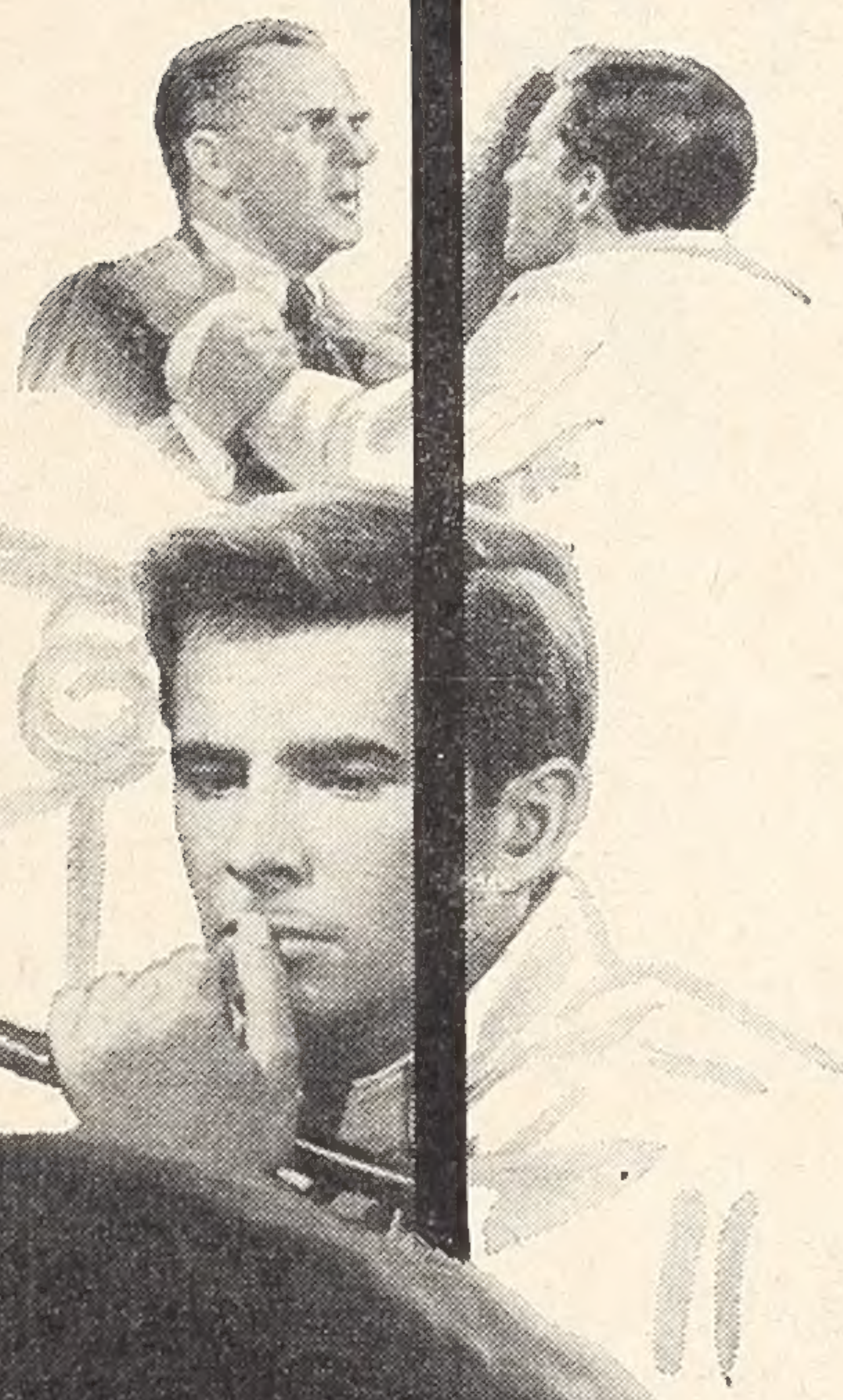
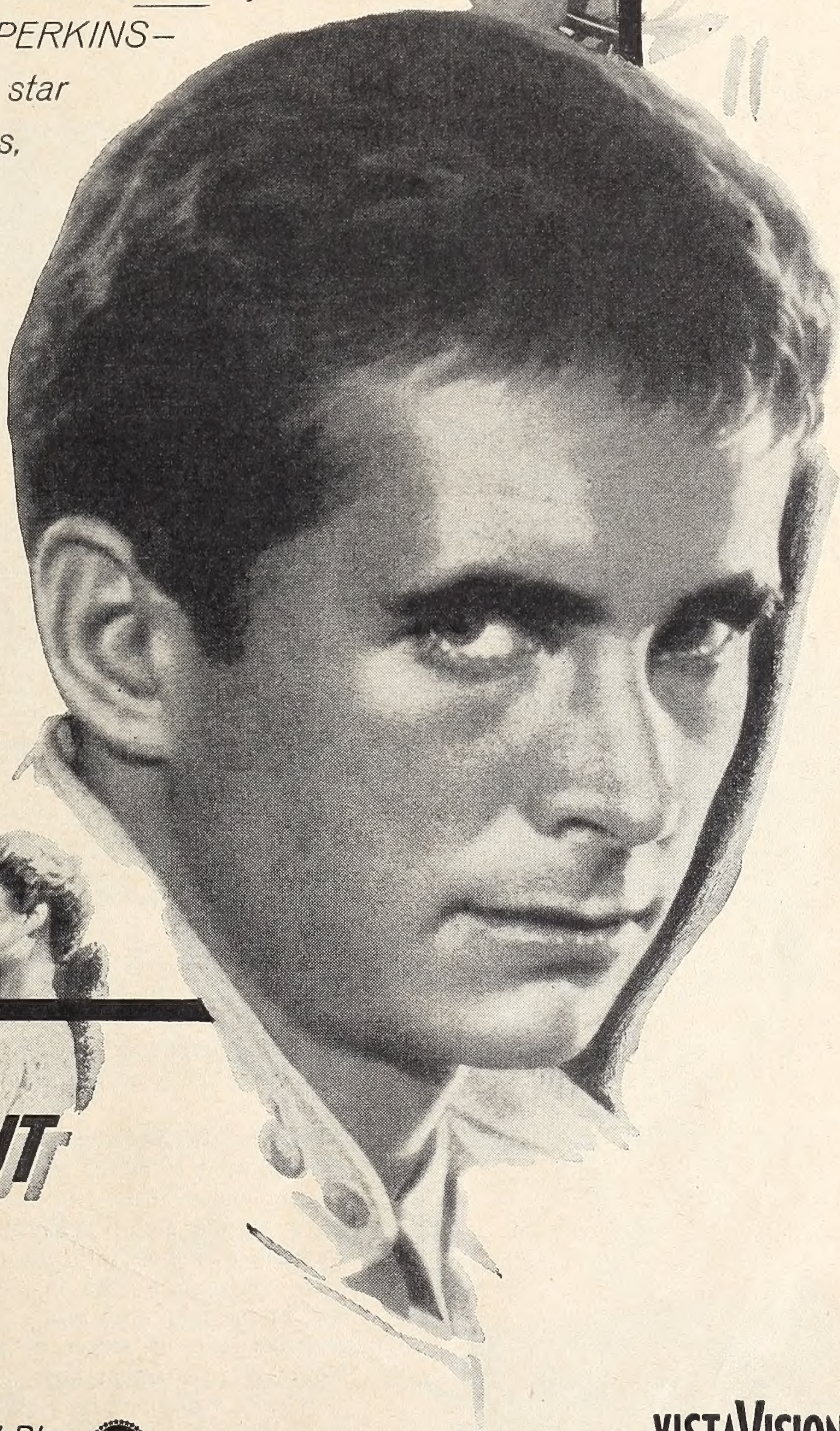
Snapshots: A couple who seem to be on a perpetual honeymoon are Mitzi Gaynor and her business manager-husband Jack Bean. Whenever they go out these nights they keep to themselves and usually are discovered sitting in a corner, smiling and holding hands. It’s love-ly. . . . Though Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Fisher’s “bundle of joy” has been the prin-

Continued

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NEW STAR!***

*A true story
movingly,
frankly told in the
Saturday Evening Post...
now it's lived by
TONY PERKINS—*

*a great new star
of motion pictures,
the most explosive
young actor
in years...
a power-packed
portrayal of a
young man
twisted and trapped
by a world he
never made!*



Paramount Presents

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starring
ANTHONY PERKINS • KARL MALDEN

Produced by Alan Pakula

Directed by Robert Mulligan

Screenplay by Ted Berkman and Raphael Blau

Based on a Story by James A. Piersall and Albert S. Hirshberg



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MOTION PICTURE HIGH-FIDELITY

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PERIODIC PAIN

Don't let the calendar make a slave of you, Betty! Just take a Midol tablet with a glass of water ... that's all. Midol brings faster and more complete relief from menstrual pain—it relieves cramps, eases headache and chases the "blues."

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW": a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't B-37, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Betty's GAY WITH MIDOL



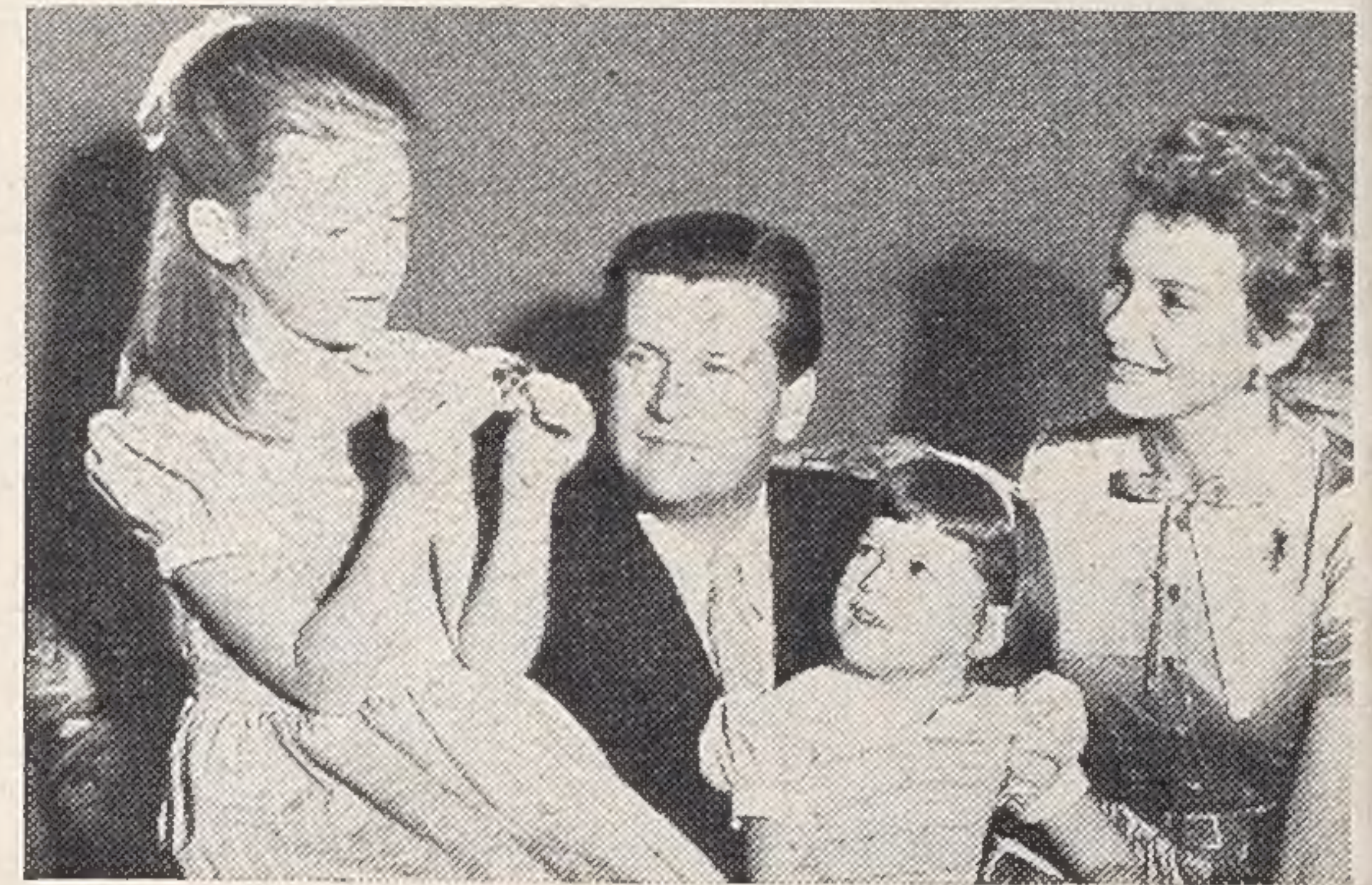
All Drugstores
have Midol



Yul Brynner, with Charlton Heston and wife Lydia here, makes love with his eyes



Janet Gaynor, "Seventh Heaven" girl, "mothers" Pat Boone in "Bernardine"



Hollywood's "most cooperative" actress, Deborah Kerr, stars with family, too

INSIDE STUFF

Continued

incipal center of attraction in the Hollywood baby marathon, the new offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Ray Danton (Julie Adams) should give Carrie Frances a run for her money. . . . When Natalie Wood turned up recently at a Hollywood party she was wearing an Elvis Presley pompadour. Now we wonder where she got *that* idea.

Bring Back the Clinches: Is Yul Brynner destined to suffer the fate of Roy Rogers—never to be allowed to kiss the girl? Maybe we're old-fashioned, but we wish he'd been allowed to give Ingrid Bergman a kiss in "Anastasia." Yul is one man who really knows how to make love, off screen as well as on. Never for a moment does he take his eyes from a girl and he really listens to what she has to say. In a town where most actors are constantly stealing side

glances at themselves in the mirror or looking beyond the person they are with to see who else they want to charm, Yul's technique is not only refreshing but positively atomic.

Ad Lib: Nine-year-old Melanie said it when her mother, Deborah Kerr, was presented with a golden medallion in the form of a halved apple by the Hollywood Women's Press Club, for being the year's most cooperative actress: "Will they give you the other half next year, Mummy?" . . . Peter Lorre said it when a friend ran into him early one morning: "I guess it's not fair for anyone to meet me on an empty stomach." . . . A catty friend said it when the Liz Taylor-Mike Todd romance was being discussed: "I remember when she was in love with her pet chipmunk." Meow!

Continued



**THIS IS THE
TOUGHEST
YOUNG
GENERAL
IN THE
U.S. ARMY!**

?? THIS IS THE
TOUGHEST
YOUNG
GENERAL
IN THE
U.S. ARMY?

*Why do
they call him
"Ironpants"?*

**Susan Hayward and Kirk Douglas
are having a "Top Secret Affair"
and it's the laughiest war-of-the-sexes
since comedies grew up!**



PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

Written by ROLAND KIBBEE and ALLAN SCOTT • Produced by MARTIN RACKIN • MILTON SPERLING Supervising Producer • Directed by H.O. POTTER

Are you ever excited...



angry...



rushed?...

That's when most deodorants fail
but new MUM Cream keeps working



KIND TO SKIN AND CLOTHES

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT
OF BRISTOL-MYERS

You've probably noticed...when you're under emotional pressure, your perspiration glands suddenly get more active. That's when deodorants which depend on stopping perspiration let you down, and odor often starts.

New Mum® Cream works a completely different way. It is the only leading deodorant that works entirely by stopping odor. *Mum keeps on working actively* to stop odor 24 hours a day—no matter how active your perspiration glands are.

No wonder Mum is so dependable. Isn't that what you want?

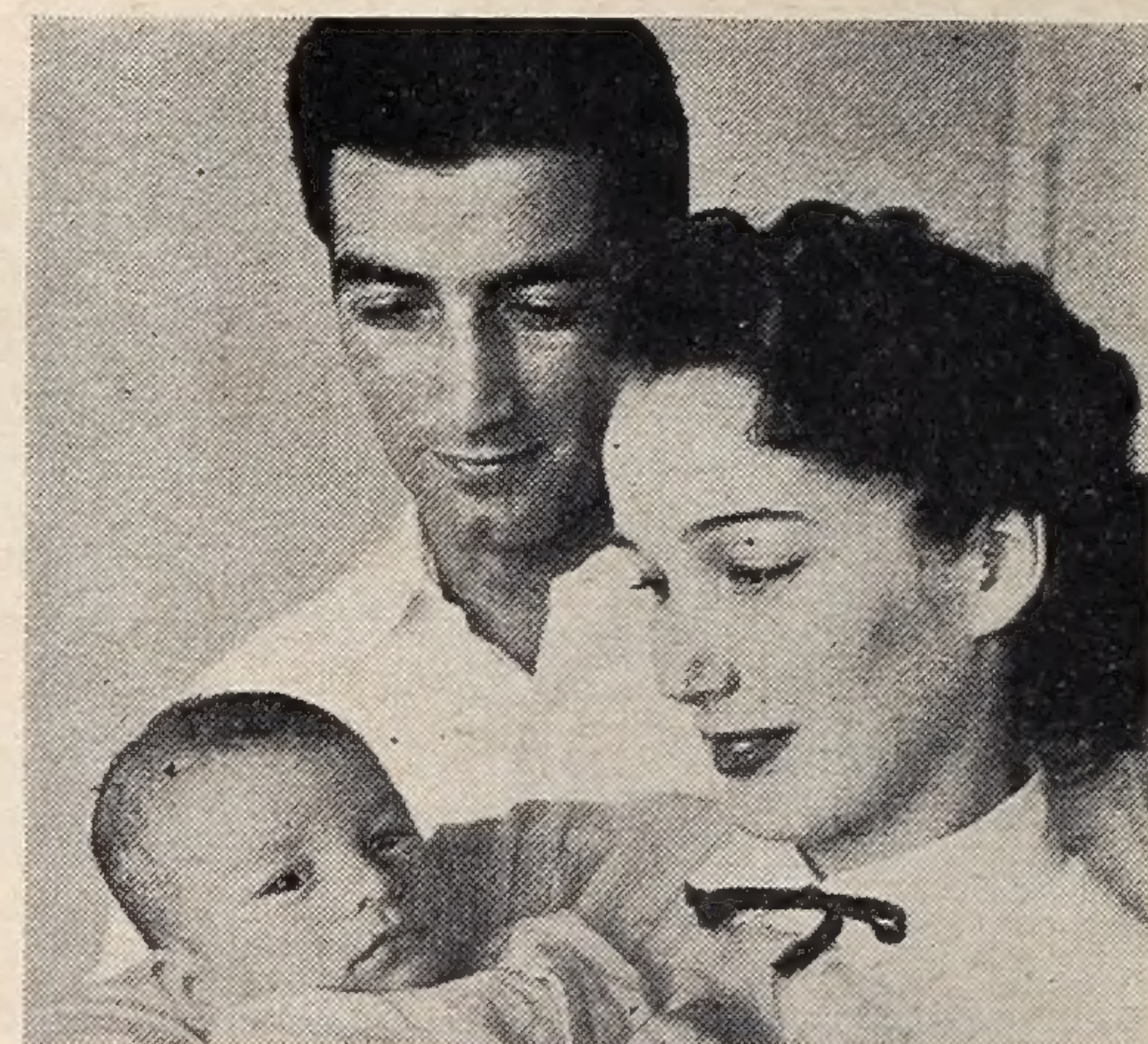
*More people depend on MUM than on any
other deodorant... it works when others fail*

INSIDE STUFF

Continued

Tired of Criticism: Nick Adams is taking to heart the criticism he's been receiving about latching on to the coat-tails of famous personalities. When he was asked to test with Pat Boone for a role in "Bernardine," Nick avoided having his picture taken with Pat. "If people saw my picture with him, they'd think I'd deserted Elvis. I'm tired of this criticism. I'm very fond of Elvis and I don't want to hurt his feelings."

And speaking of "Bernardine," Janet Gaynor, who has been off the screen since 1939's "The Young in Heart," plays Pat's mother. Janet, who, of course, is the wife of Adrian, the well-known Hollywood clothes designer, has no plans for making a comeback, but hopes to play roles that appeal to her



In the stork race, the Ray Dantons (Julie Adams) have produced a winner

from time to time. We are certainly delighted to have her back with us!

A New Trend: If things keep on the way they're going, there will soon be a lot of unemployed horses in town. The studios are still making "horse operas," but without the horses. Out on the U-I lot, they're readying an oil western, "Joe Dakota," to co-star Luana Patten and Jock Mahoney, and there's nary a horse in it. Then there's Colleen Miller's new picture, "Pay the Devil." The day we visited Colleen, we couldn't help commenting on how strikingly pretty she looked in a handsome pair of black jodhpurs and a silk shirt. But she confided to us that she doesn't once go near a horse. "I just talk about going or having been," she said.

Colleen and husband Ted Briskin, incidentally, have bought a house in Hollywood, which they'll keep in addition to their apartment in Chicago, which is where Ted has his business. Colleen plans to make Hollywood her home when she's playing in the movies and Chicago her home when she's playing Mrs. Ted Briskin, happy wife and mother. *(Continued on page 92)*

“thy fair hair my heart enchained”



Lovely as a poem is your hair...when it's

trained with Helene Curtis Spray Net®



trains as it sets pincurls . . .



trains as it holds your wave

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TWO FORMULAS: SUPER SOFT trains most hair and hair styles beautifully REGULAR for hair harder to manage.
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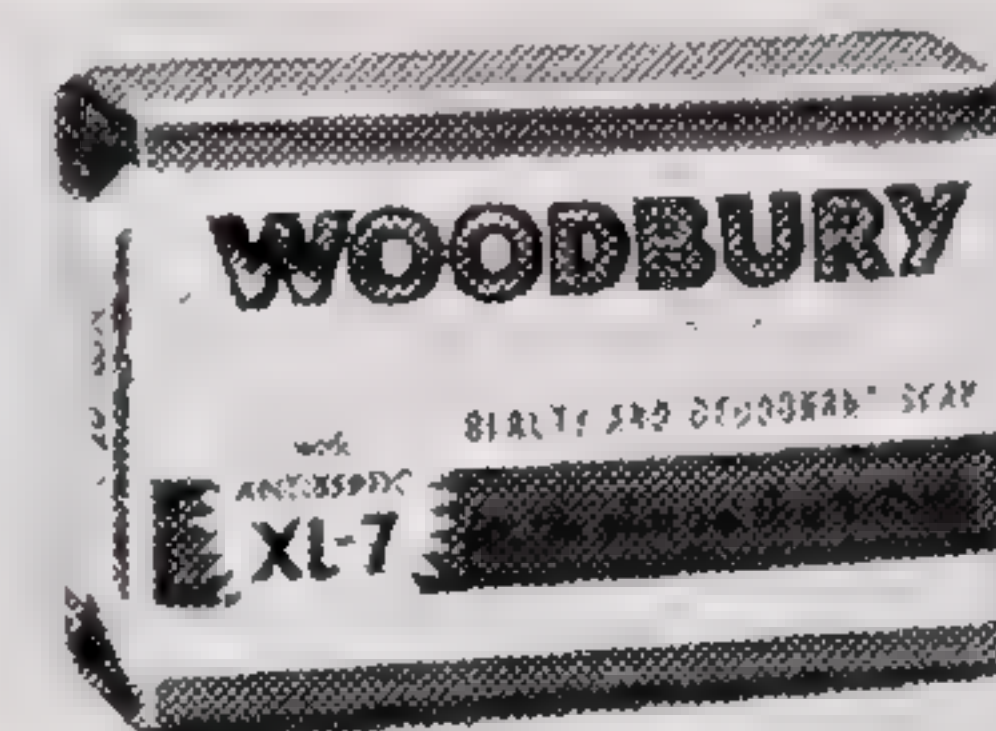


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Why pay more?**

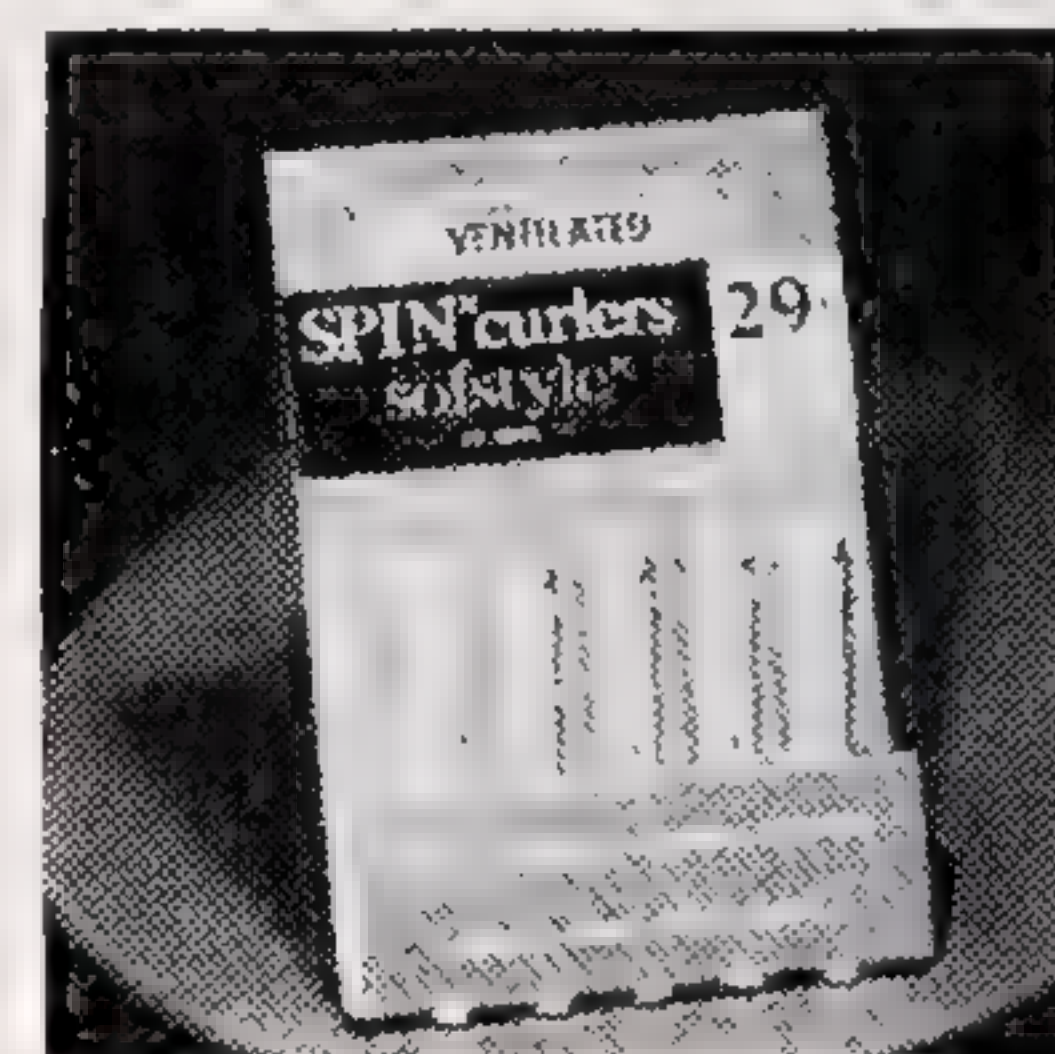
becoming
attractions



Fluid Beauty. Tangee's gentle, non-greasy, day-long moisture lotion, is now available in an economical, large-size, spill-proof plastic bottle. 2½ oz.. \$1.25.*



With XL-7, a new antiseptic ingredient, Woodbury's beauty soap now combats bacteria that cause blemishes and odors. Foil wrap. Face and bath sizes.



This will make your hair curl: Sofstyle Spin Curlers by Toni, for looser yet long-lasting home waves, are now conveniently packaged in cards of five. 29¢.



For the spring cold season: New concentrated Isodine Gargle with PVP-iodine is a gentle but powerful antiseptic. Also a refreshing mouth wash. 98¢.



Lip service: Vaseline Lip-Ice, for quick relief of cold sores and chapping, now contains both protective silicones and a new antiseptic to fight infection. 33¢.

*plus tax



accept no substitute for "postage stamp"

"postage stamp" is no bigger than a glove, acts like a glove on your body, doing an all-over smoothing job besides treating your waist right all day long ... is knitted by a patented technique in nylon and Lastex®, weighs practically nothing...only Jantzen can make it... whitest white and lovely pastels...girdle (B-5) or panty-girdle (B-6) 3.95. Jantzen "forever uplift" bras 2.50 to 7.50. (prices in U. S. A.)

Jantzen[®]
shaper with
a gloving touch



1. Is your feminine daintiness well protected at all times ?



2. Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled ?



3. Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains ?



4. Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you ?

Girls who know the answers use Arrid —to be sure!

You owe it to yourself to get 100% on this test. It's a cinch you will, too, if you're smart enough to use Arrid daily.

For Arrid is the most effective deodorant your money can buy. Doctors prove that Arrid is 1½ times as effective against perspiration and odor as all leading deodorants tested.

Why? Only Arrid is formulated with the magic new ingredient Perstop.* That's why more people have used and are using Arrid to protect against odor and perspiration than any other deodorant.

What's in it for you? Just this!

1. Rub Arrid in — and you rub perspiration and odor out. When the cream vanishes you know you're safe. *And approachable* any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!

2. Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps

you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.

3. Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

4. Arrid's "rubbed-in" protection starts on contact — keeps you shower-bath fragrant up to 24 hours. Rub it in right after your daily bath and you can forget about perspiration and odor. No wonder gals "in the know" are steady Arrid users.



Don't be half safe.
Be completely safe.
Use Arrid . . .
to be sure.

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*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

For fuller reviews, see PHOTOPLAY for the months indicated. For reviews this month see contents page.

✓✓✓✓ ANASTASIA—20th; CinemaScope, De Luxe Color: Brilliant acting by Ingrid Bergman and Helen Hayes enlivens a drama of Russian exiles in Paris. Adventurer Yul Brynner grooms Ingrid to play Grand Duchess. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Todd; Todd-AO, Eastman Color: Colossal! Yet it's light and entrancing. Stuffy Britisher David Niven does the globe-circling jaunt on a bet in 1872, with Mexico's great Cantinflas as his valet, big stars in bit parts. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ BABY DOLL—Warners: A dazzling title-role job by Carroll Baker speeds up a leisurely, sex-loaded study of Southern eccentrics. As the backward bride of Karl Malden, she's wooed by Eli Wallach, Karl's enemy. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ EVERYTHING BUT THE TRUTH—U-I, Eastman Color: Amusing but meaningful comedy of politics. Schoolmarm Maureen O'Hara and columnist John Forsythe back little Tim Hovey when the kid's honesty starts a scandal. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ FRIENDLY PERSUASION—A.A., De Luxe Color: Warmth, gentle humor illuminate the story of a Quaker farm family in Civil War days. Gary Cooper, Dorothy McGuire are parents of teenagers Tony Perkins and Phyllis Love and little Dick Eyer. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ GIANT—Warners, WarnerColor: Sweeping tale of a turbulent marriage. Settling in Texas as rancher Rock Hudson's bride, Liz Taylor has trouble adjusting to her new home. Cowhand James Dean strikes it rich in oil. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND, THE—Warners: Sprightly story of today's Army. Mama's boy Tab Hunter is a reluctant draftee; Natalie Wood, his sensible girlfriend. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME, THE—M-G-M: Bright family farce gets Tom Ewell into a peck of trouble when, for his young son's sake, he agrees to manage a Little League baseball team. Anne Francis is his disapproving wife; Ann Miller, a comely widow. (F) February

✓✓✓✓ IF ALL THE GUYS IN THE WORLD . . . —Buena Vista: Enthralling, heartening international film (titles in English). "Ham" radio operators and fliers of several nations save fishermen stricken at sea. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ JULIE—M-G-M: Taut, hard-driving suspense movie. Fleeing death threats from her insanely jealous husband (Louis Jourdan), Doris Day returns to airline-hostess work. Barry Sullivan's her loyal friend. (F) December

✓✓✓✓ MAN IN THE VAULT—RKO: Mild action yarn makes locksmith Bill Campbell the unwilling tool of a racketeer in a bank-looting deal, with Karen Sharpe as Bill's girl. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ PUBLIC PIGEON NO. 1—RKO, Technicolor: Red Skelton's showmanship lifts a creaky farce about a timid soul taken in by con-men. Janet Blair's his loyal sweetie. (F) January

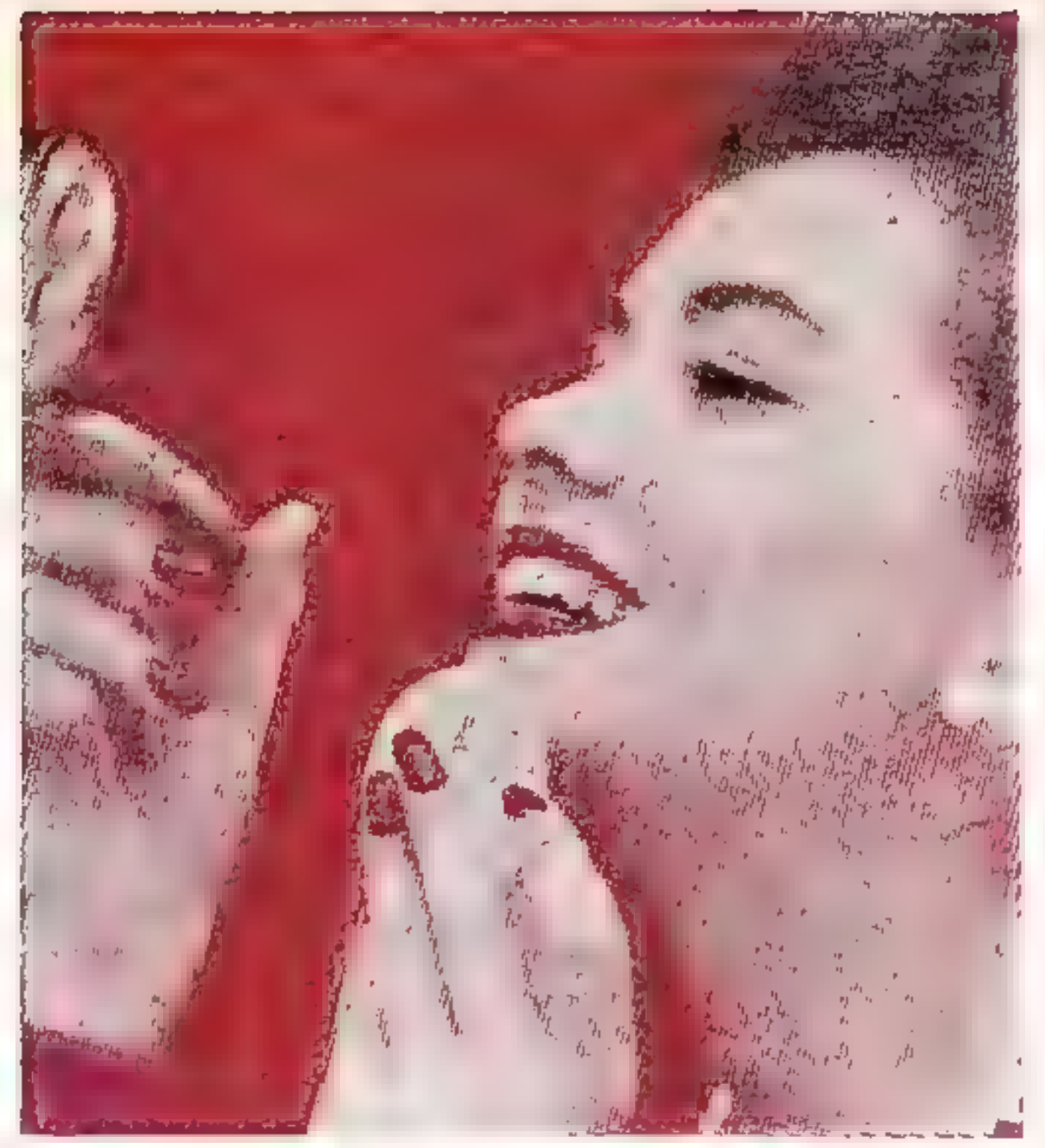
✓✓✓✓ RACK, THE—M-G-M: Deeply understanding close-up of an officer on trial for collaboration in a Korean prison camp. Fine acting by Paul Newman, as the defendant, Walter Pidgeon his father, Anne Francis, his sister-in-law, Edmond O'Brien, defense attorney. (A) June

✓✓✓✓ REPRISAL!—Columbia, Technicolor: Western with good intentions. Hiding his own Indian

Continued

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Salon Cold Cream



It's balanced emulsifying action gives you the clean skin you need today...
to have beautiful skin tomorrow!



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They keep you calm, collected and protected, on "those days."
These sleek panties have a moisture-proof panel, pins and tabs inside;
they conceal...never reveal! Rayon tricot, \$1.35. Others, \$1.50 to
\$2.50. Sanitary Brief (left), has moisture-proof panel, no pins or
tabs, \$1.75. White or pink; small, medium, large, extra-large.

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✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT ✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓✓ GOOD ✓ FAIR *A—ADULTS F—FAMILY

BRIEF REVIEWS

Continued

ancestry, Guy Madison buys land near a town where Indians are persecuted. (F) January

✓✓✓ ROCK, PRETTY BABY—U-I: Lots of rock 'n' roll, attractive young players give interest to a story of teenagers' problems. John Saxon, encouraged by Luana Patten and Sal Mineo, struggles to put his band across. (F) February

✓✓ RUMBLE ON THE DOCKS—Columbia: Junior version of "On the Waterfront." Promising newcomer James Darren, as leader of a teen-age gang, gets involved with a union racketeer, over the objections of his young sweetheart (Laurie Carroll). (F) February

✓✓ SECRETS OF LIFE—Buena Vista, Technicolor: Interesting but patchy documentary of birth and the fight for survival among plants, insects, water creatures. (F) December

✓✓✓ SHARKFIGHTERS, THE—U.A.; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Brisk action picture shows Victor Mature leading risky World War II experiments off Cuba, to find a shark-repellent. With Karen Steele, James Olson. (F) December

✓✓✓ SILKEN AFFAIR, THE—RKO: In a gentle worm-that-turns story, accountant David Niven creates havoc by juggling the books, led on by French model Genevieve Page. (A) January

✓✓✓✓ TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON, THE—M-G-M; CinemaScope, Metrocolor: Quaint, charming comedy of U. S. occupation forces in Okinawa. Officer Glenn Ford's led astray by interpreter Marlon Brando and lovely geisha Machiko Kyo. (F) January

✓✓✓ TEENAGE REBEL—20th, CinemaScope: Fresh, heart-catching study of a parent-teenager relationship. Wed to Michael Rennie, Ginger Rogers tries to win over Betty Lou Keim, resentful child of her first marriage. (F) November

✓✓✓✓ TEN COMMANDMENTS, THE—Paramount; VistaVision, Technicolor: Overwhelming DeMille epic of Biblical times, forcefully acted by Charlton Heston as Moses, Yul Brynner as Pharaoh, many other stars. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ THREE BRAVE MEN—20th, CinemaScope: Arresting, realistic drama casts Ernest Borgnine as a long-time Navy Department employee suddenly suspended as a "security risk." Ray Milland's his lawyer. Borgnine's wife and children are also affected. (F) February

✓✓✓ UNGUARDED MOMENT, THE—U-I, Technicolor: Serious, though a bit sensationalized. When schoolteacher Esther Williams accuses student John Saxon of attempted attack, only detective George Nader helps her. (A) December

✓✓✓ WESTWARD HO THE WAGONS!—Buena Vista; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Familiar Western sparked up by good details, Fess Parker as doctor-scout of a wagon train. (F) January

✓✓✓✓ WRITTEN ON THE WIND—U-I, Technicolor: Flamboyant close-up of a wealthy Texas family. Bob Stack's excellent as the irresponsible heir, who marries Lauren Bacall. Rock Hudson plays the steady friend; Dorothy Malone, Bob's reckless sister. (A) February

✓✓✓✓ YOU CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM IT—Columbia; CinemaScope, Technicolor: Sparkling musical teams runaway rich girl June Allyson with debonair reporter Jack Lemmon. Nice combo of laughs, sentiment, song. (F) December



**When
he's
this near
to you**

...then only a soft,
smooth Lux Complexion
will do!

"How right you are!
That's why I've used Lux
since way-back-when!"
says:

Rhonda Fleming

There's a world of confidence in a
Lux Complexion. Fresh, radiant,
"alive"—thanks to rich creamy
Cosmetic lather with its beneficial
cosmetic action on your skin. Of
course, only Lux gives you the
delightful Lux fragrance, best-
liked soap perfume in the world.

For a complexion you'll love
(and he'll love, too) give it the
same Lux care the Hollywood
stars do.

RHONDA FLEMING co-starring in
HAL WALLIS' "GUNFIGHT AT THE O.K. CORRAL"

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE IN VISTAVISION COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR



9 out of 10 Hollywood stars depend on LUX



Unretouched photo of Mrs. Virginia Lawson's hands. Only right hand was given Jergens care.

PROOF: JERGENS LOTION STOPS "DETERGENT HANDS"

This photo is unretouched!

You can see with your own eyes what a tremendous *difference* Jergens Lotion makes to hands.

447 women took this test*

Both hands were soaked in a household detergent three times a day. Jergens Lotion was applied to *right* hands only. In a few days, the untreated left hands were rough and red. The right hands, treated with Jergens, were soft and white. No other lotion tested this way proved so effective.

Doesn't coat . . . it penetrates

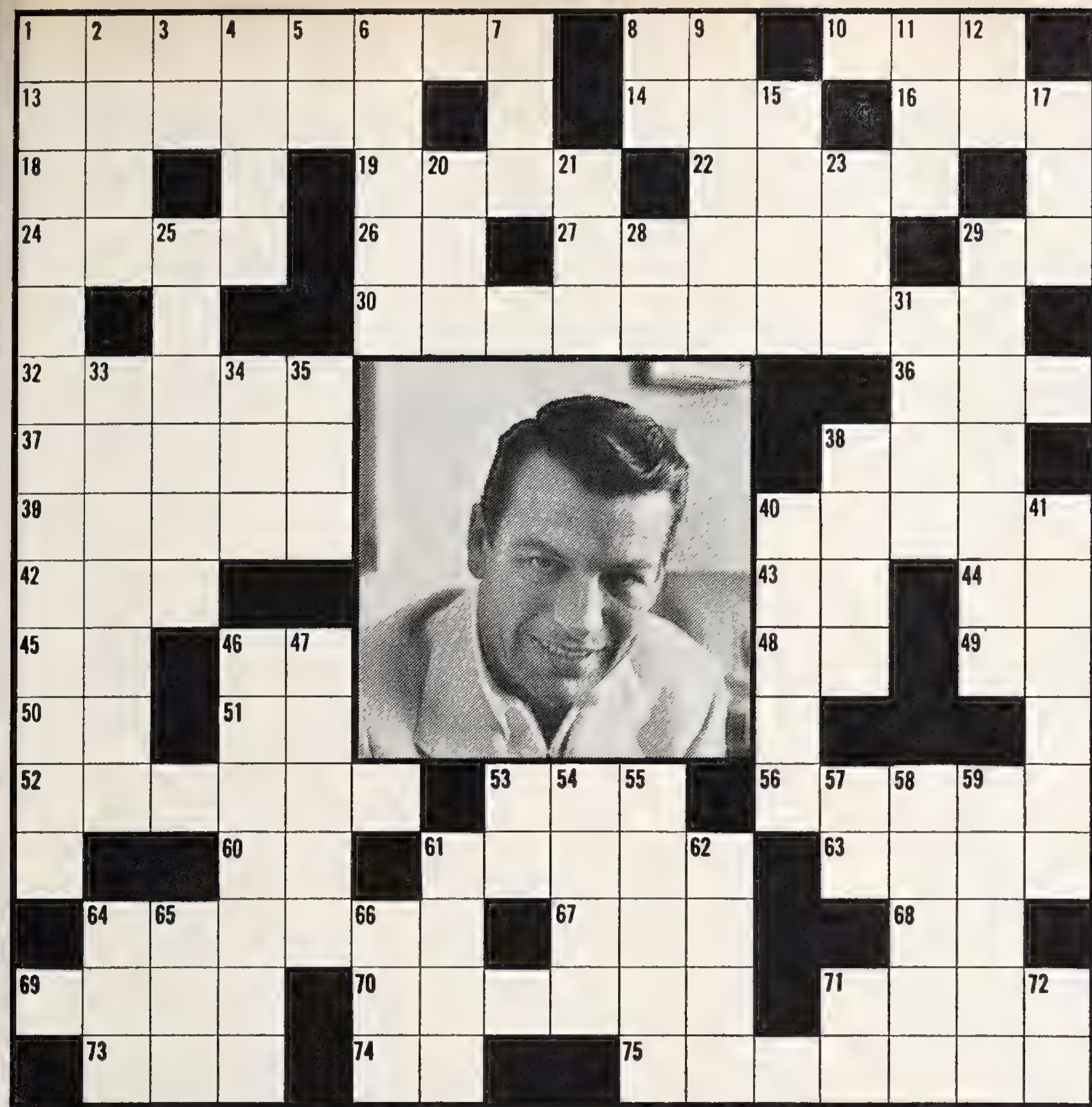
Jergens doesn't just "glove" hands with a sticky film, but penetrates deep down where the hurt begins. That's why it's so much more effective than lotions that merely coat the skin. It halts all chapping — damage from wind and weather, too!

Instantly absorbed

Jergens Lotion is rich and creamy — *never* leaves a sticky feeling. It's the most popular hand care in the whole world — and it's only 15¢ to \$1.



*Notice to doctors and dermatologists — for a summary of this test, write The Andrew Jergens Co., Cincinnati, Ohio



Across

1. Star of 29 Across
8. Mexican-American in "Giant" (init.)
10. "— — Boom!"
13. Margaret or Pat
14. "The Left Hand of —"
16. "Rock, Pretty Baby" was once titled "The Living —!"
18. Temperamental tenor (init.)
19. "The — of Texas" (song)
22. Part of "Julie" was shot — Hollywood
24. Natalie Wood began acting when she was a — child
26. Heroine of "The Wings of Eagles"
27. "The Silent World" locale
29. "Man — the Vault"
30. Promoter in "Anastasia"
32. Mrs. Anthony Steel
36. "Bundle of Joy" star
37. British actor Patrick
38. Source of *Jett Rink's* wealth
39. Films' Hans Christian Andersen
40. "I Can —, Can't I?" (song)
42. Foreign cars favored by young Hollywoodites
43. Top English star, Grace's movie prince (init.)
44. "— Greater Love" (song)
45. Psychiatrist in "The Tea-house of the August Moon" (init.)
46. Hero of "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (init.)

48. "— Man" (song)

49. Mrs. Melcher (init.)
50. Gloria Grahame's ex, Natalie Wood's date (init.)
51. Elvis' film brother (init.)
52. "There Is a — in the Town" (song)
53. Rita's ex-father-in-law
56. In "Four Girls in Town"
60. Section of country that was locale of "Miami Exposé"
61. "Tea and Sympathy" had two
63. Mitzi Gaynor is Mrs. —
64. "The — Affair"
67. Lyric-writer Gershwin
68. Mrs. Harry James (init.)
69. —, — *World* (on TV)
70. "Zarak" star
71. Haver's husband
73. He lost a weekend, won an Oscar
74. "Giant" star (init.)
75. "The Last Wagon" star

Down

1. Blazed into Mt. Sinai in a current epic
2. "Ready, Willing and —"
3. "—, Smith Goes to Washington"
4. "The Trail of the Lonesome —"
5. "— My Love" (song)
6. Prejudice was the — in "Reprisal!"
7. Mrs. Dewey Martin
8. Simmons' spouse (init.)
9. "With Plenty of — and You" (song)
11. "No Man of — Own"

12. British musical and dramatic star (init.)
15. *Jett Rink* in "Giant"
17. In "The Wings of Eagles"
20. "— Can't Run Away from It"
21. Johnnie Ray's specialty
23. Dr. McNulty's wife
25. Grace — over Monaco
28. Debonair Latin-type movie veteran (init.)
29. Locale of "The Quiet Man"
31. Susan Hayward's girlhood chums might call her this
33. Early Monroe hit
34. "— Little Indians"
35. Rita's ex
38. No spectacle of ancient times is complete without one
40. "Guys and Dolls" creator
41. "— Times"
46. "Love Me Tender" star
47. Playing the Bible's Joshua
53. Initials of 32 Across
54. It often takes — to make the grade in movies
55. "Broken —"
57. "Nightfall" star (init.)
58. Film beloved of 47 Down
59. Every star is — to win an Oscar
61. The Ladds are a close— family
62. Among Ava's costumes in "Bhowani Junction"
64. Olivier, Gielgud, Hardwicke
65. Song associated with famous comic's wife
66. "All About —"
71. Royal father in "Alexander the Great" (init.)
72. Initials of 39 Across

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ONE OF THESE FAMOUS PRODUCTS
IS JUST RIGHT FOR YOU!



Nestle COLORINSE GIVES COLOR-HIGHLIGHTS AND BEAUTIFUL SHEEN



Use Nestle Colorinse after every shampoo to accent your natural hair color—add glorious new lustre—remove dulling soap film—make hair softer, silkier, easier to manage. Colorinse quickly rinses in—easily shampoos out! 12 glamorous colors. 29¢, 50¢.

Nestle COLORTINT ADDS COLOR THAT LASTS THROUGH 3 SHAMPOOS



Nestle Colortint gives rich, intense all-over color but is not a permanent dye! It intensifies your natural hair color OR—adds exciting NEW color. Lanolin-rich Colortint also blends in gray, streaked or faded hair. 10 triple-strength colors. 29¢, 50¢.



Nestle COLOR CREME RINSE Colors and Conditions GRAY, WHITE and GRAYING HAIR

Nestle Color Creme Rinse adds beautiful, rich color and youthful brilliance without tinting or dyeing! It banishes drabness and yellow streaks and—at the same time—CONDITIONS your hair—improves its texture, corrects dryness. 6 lovely colors. 29¢, 75¢.

Ask Your Beautician for Professional Applications

Announcing PHOTOPLAY'S Award Winners of 1956-'57

● It's February 7, 1957. Circle the date in gold, for this is the night of the PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal Awards, annual honors given to players and pictures chosen by you, the PHOTOPLAY readers. At the banquet in the Crystal Room of the Beverly Hills Hotel, genial m. c. Ernest Borgnine leads up to the Award presentations. And here they are. Among 1956 movies, the Gold Medal goes to George Stevens' production of Edna Ferber's "Giant," a

Warner Brothers release. Rock Hudson, starred in that Texas epic, wins Gold Medal acclaim as male star of the year, his popularity already boomed by his own studio's "All That Heaven Allows" and "Never Say Goodbye." Also for U-I, he's now in "Written on the Wind" and next in "Battle Hymn," then in M-G-M's "Something of Value." Columbia's exquisite Kim Novak is the feminine Gold Medal star, for "Picnic" and "The (Continued on page 82)



On this house centers the drama of "Giant"



New stature wins Rock Hudson a Gold Medal



Kim Novak matches Rock in appeal and skill

Special Awards

BUDDY ADLER: for his foresighted handling of new talent and outstanding use of star talent. The brilliant 20th Century-Fox producer, a winner with the Gold Medal picture of last year, "Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing," proved in 1956 that he has a unique flair for making the most of both established players and newcomers. His "Bus Stop" not only gave Don Murray a striking head start in pictures, but gave Marilyn Monroe a chance to display the tenderness and intuitive knowledge of humanity earlier out-dazzled by her widely famed physical charms.

CECIL B. DEMILLE: for the creation of one of the screen's greatest emotional and religious experiences. "The Ten Commandments" brought to its climax the producer-director's forty-three-year, seventy-film career. As he celebrated his own seventy-fifth birthday, it was Mr. DeMille who provided the finest gift—for motion-picture audiences. To his known mastery of spectacular screen effects and surging action, he added his heartfelt reverence, to make "The Ten Commandments" a deeply personal film translation of the Bible's chapters about Moses and the Exodus.

BARBARA STANWYCK: for meeting with simplicity, honesty and superb craftsmanship the challenges of leading roles in seventy-five films; for having put her film experience to unselfish use, by giving wise, sympathetic counsel to newcomers in the motion-picture industry. Incredible as it seems, Barbara has actually achieved this imposing total of pictures, celebrating her "diamond wedding" to movies last year with "There's Always Tomorrow." Such young players as that film's Gigi Perreau will testify to Barbara's unfailing helpfulness toward all new talent.

MICHAEL TODD: for the development of Todd-AO and his thoroughly delightful use of it in "Around the World in 80 Days." The introduction of the new Todd-AO process in "Oklahoma!" was immediately hailed by audiences across the country. Opening in 1956 and running gaily on into 1957, "Around the World in 80 Days" fills the generous, curved screen with a wealth of beautiful scenes, all telling a continuously amusing story. Once identified mostly with stage presentations, Todd entered the movie medium with fire and with high imagination.

Now! The loveliest wave in takes 1/2 the time.

—and the reason is

**Only New QUICK
by Richard Hudnut
has this Crystal Clear
penetrating lotion.
And it's lanolized!**

Quicker, gentler penetration!
New Quick Home Permanent's Crystal Clear Lotion has none of the cloudy, sticky ingredients that hinder penetration and slow down waving action in ordinary permanents. So it penetrates *all through* your hair more quickly, yet gently. Gives you the surest, safest wave ever.

Lanolin-care for your hair! New Crystal Clear Lotion is lanolized to give you smoother, springier curls with a healthy shine. Lanolin-soft Quick curls never have that frizzy "new perm" look, even the first day. And yet they won't go limp in dampness or humidity. Last beautifully till you cut them off.



the world 1/2 the work crystal clear!

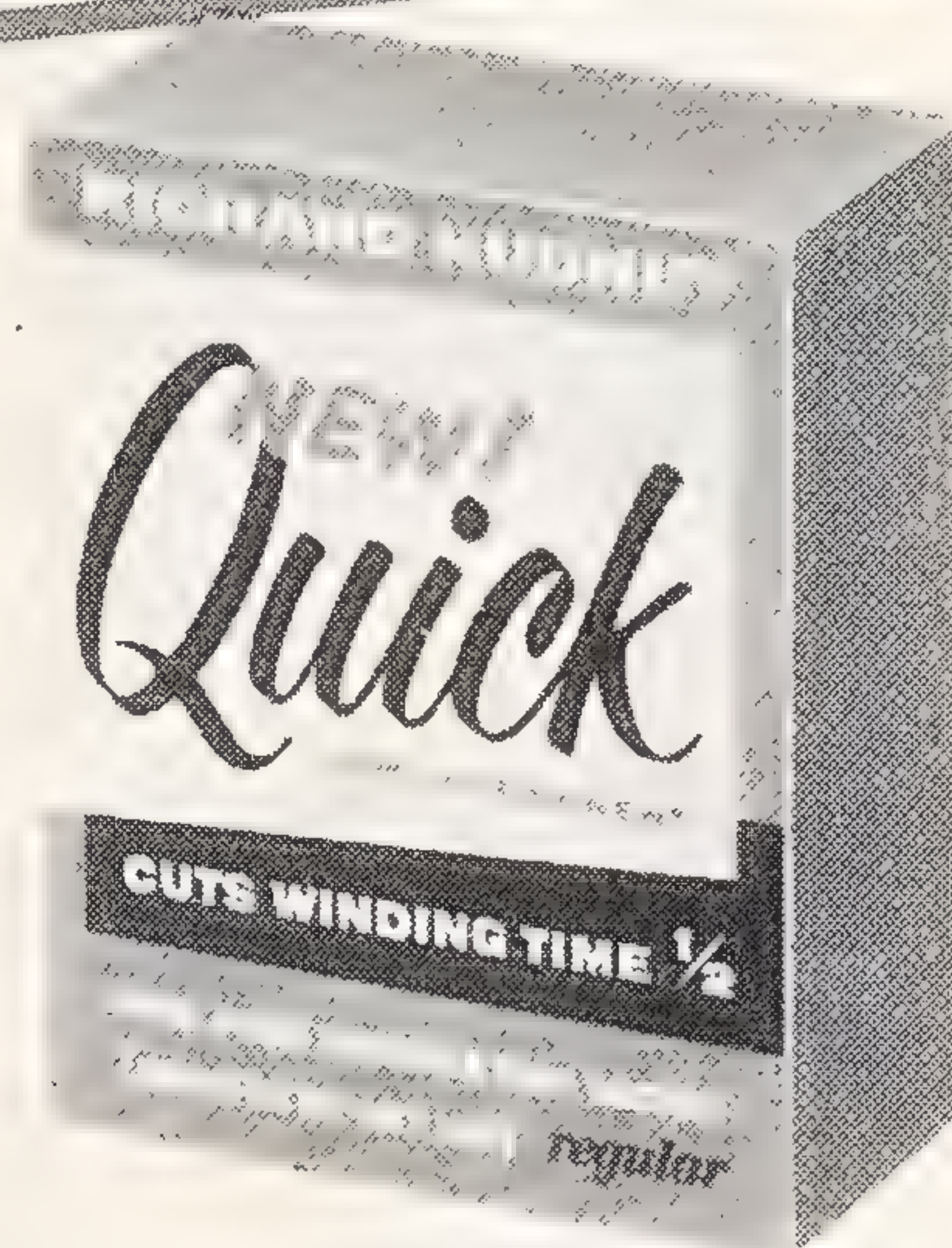
1/2 the time—1/2 the work! New Crystal Clear Lotion's fast penetrating action lets you roll more hair on each curler and still get a firm, lasting curl to the very tips of your hair. So just 20 curlers—1/2 the winding time—1/2 the waving work—give you a complete, full-bodied new-style wave.



2 new-style waves for the price of **1**

Only Quick has Crystal Clear Lotion—a lotion so pure, you can use half, recap, and safely save half for another wave. Only Quick gives you two new-style waves for the price of one ordinary wave. Better get Quick, quick!

Quick



2-wave size, \$2.00 plus tax
1-wave size, \$1.25 plus tax

New Home Permanent by Richard Hudnut

Debbie comes out



A nice girl but not glamorous, until...

First, she darkens and silkens colorless lashes and brows with a touch of rich KURLENE eyelash cream every night.

KURLENE®
tube 50c* jar \$1.00*

*plus tax



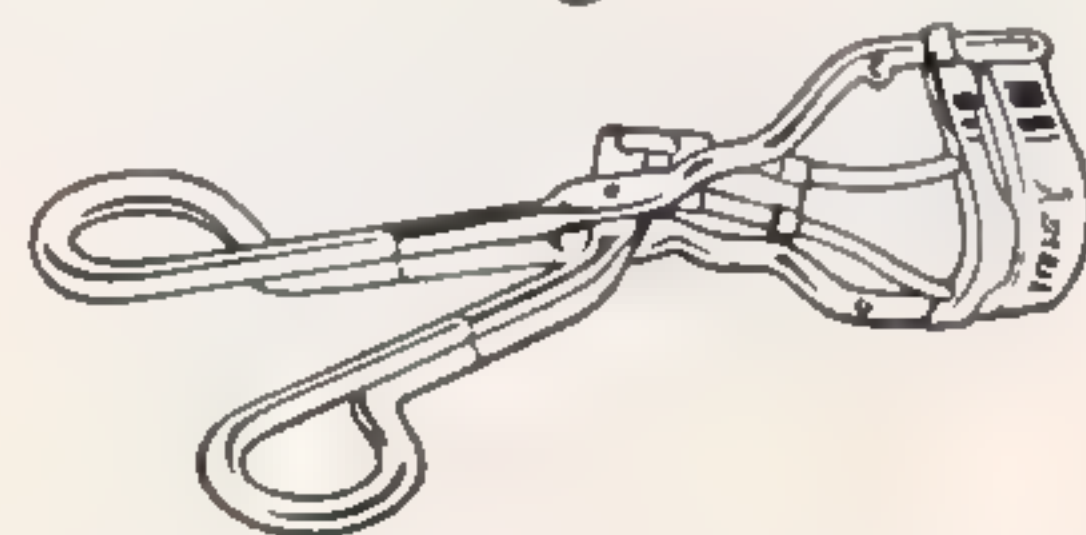
Second, Debbie shapes uneven eyebrows. With gentle TWISSORS, the only tweezers with scissor handles, she plucks wayward hairs from under brows. (New coif flatters eyes and face.)

TWISSORS® 75c



Third, Debbie's undramatic eyes become bright, sparkling. She uses KURLASH eyelash curler to give a bewitching curve to her lashes... new beauty to her eyes.

KURLASH® \$1.00



See what Debbie's eye beauty plan can do for you! KURLASH products at your local department, drug or variety store.

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Address your letters to Readers Inc., PHOTOPLAY,
205 E. 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. We
regret that we are unable to return or reply to any letters
not published in this column. If you want to start a fan
club or write to favorite stars, address them at their studios.
For list of studio addresses, see page 80.—Ed.

READERS INC...

SOAP BOX:

Last year I attended a convention at the Hotel Conrad Hilton in Chicago. During my stay there, they were shooting "The Harder They Fall" with Humphrey Bogart. As I walked into the hotel lobby one day, I was asked if I wanted to be in a mob scene. I agreed. We were called for action about five times, and then it was finished. Later I walked over to Mr. Bogart and had a lovely chat with him. He was so friendly and full of personality.

When the picture came to Baltimore I went to see it, and sure enough, there I was, plain as day. I wrote a letter to Humphrey and told him how much I enjoyed watching the film, and how we will miss him. Humphrey was seriously ill at St. John's Hospital in Santa Monica, California. He was happy to hear from me and was anxious for mail from his friends.

MRS. LILYAN FOX
Baltimore, Maryland



A fan's tribute

I have just seen "Teahouse of the August Moon" with the brilliance of Marlon Brando's acting. When the public first noticed this versatile young man, he was universally acknowledged as wonderful. Now, what with Dean and Presley, Brando has been temporarily obscured. I wonder if he should have stayed in the spotlight by strumming a guitar and acting like an Apache! It seems to me that the American audience must make a choice as to whether it wants a memory (Jimmy), a hip-swinging singer (Elvis), or real, durable acting talent (Marlon). Because when the memory begins to fade and the guitar rots, Brando, with all his ability and magnetism, will still thrill us.

JANE GORDON
Flushing, New York

Lots of us younger folks would like to read about some of the stars our mothers saw and loved—people like Mary Pickford, Gladys George, Fay Wray, Pearl White, Irene Castle, the Gish sisters, and many more. So little is printed about them. I wonder if you could have something on these people in their youth the way our

parents saw them, and maybe a story on what they are doing now. How many of them are still alive?

BEATRICE SEEKINS
Swanville, Maine

What do you think, readers? Would you like to see stories about movie old-timers? If you agree with Beatrice, let us hear from you about it.—Ed.

When Victor Mature was making a movie here in Kenya, he said that he stayed in a broken-down old shack of a hotel. For his information, it happens to be one of the most modern in East Africa.

CPL. JACK KING
Kenya, East Africa

I think there should be more written about foreign stars in your magazine. I enjoy such people as Brigitte Bardot, Michele Morgan and Eleanora Rossi-Drago, and would like to read stories on them. I am also curious as to what has become of actors like Ricardo Montalban, Elaine Stewart, and Carol Ohmart, who suddenly disappeared into the gloomy Hollywood fog. I hope they emerge soon.

DANIEL CAMINO
Lima, Peru

Elizabeth Taylor makes me sick! She changes husbands like the styles of her dresses. She is a child who wants something, and when she gets it she doesn't want it any more. If she isn't mature at twenty-four, with her assorted children and husbands, she never will be.

Naturally we all get tired of marriage at times, but that doesn't mean we should



Liz: Always the child bride?

go out and get divorced and find other men to marry. I don't think Liz tries hard enough to make her marriages stick.

M. C. CLEMENTS
Boswell, New Mexico

Nearly every time I see a movie about Canada it has to do with people living in log cabins twenty miles from nowhere, and trapping furs for a living. Why doesn't Hollywood take a good look at the Canada of today? There are a few of us who live primitively, as our forefathers (and yours,

Continued

New Spray-Set
by the makers of
Lustre-Creme...

SETS HAIR TO STAY THE SOFTEST WAY!

See lovely MAUREEN O'HARA in M-G-M's
"THE WINGS OF EAGLES" in Color.



SUPER-SOFT

LUSTRE-NET HAIR SPRAY

Loved by Hollywood Stars
because it's non-drying...
contains no lacquer...
mists hair with Lanolin!



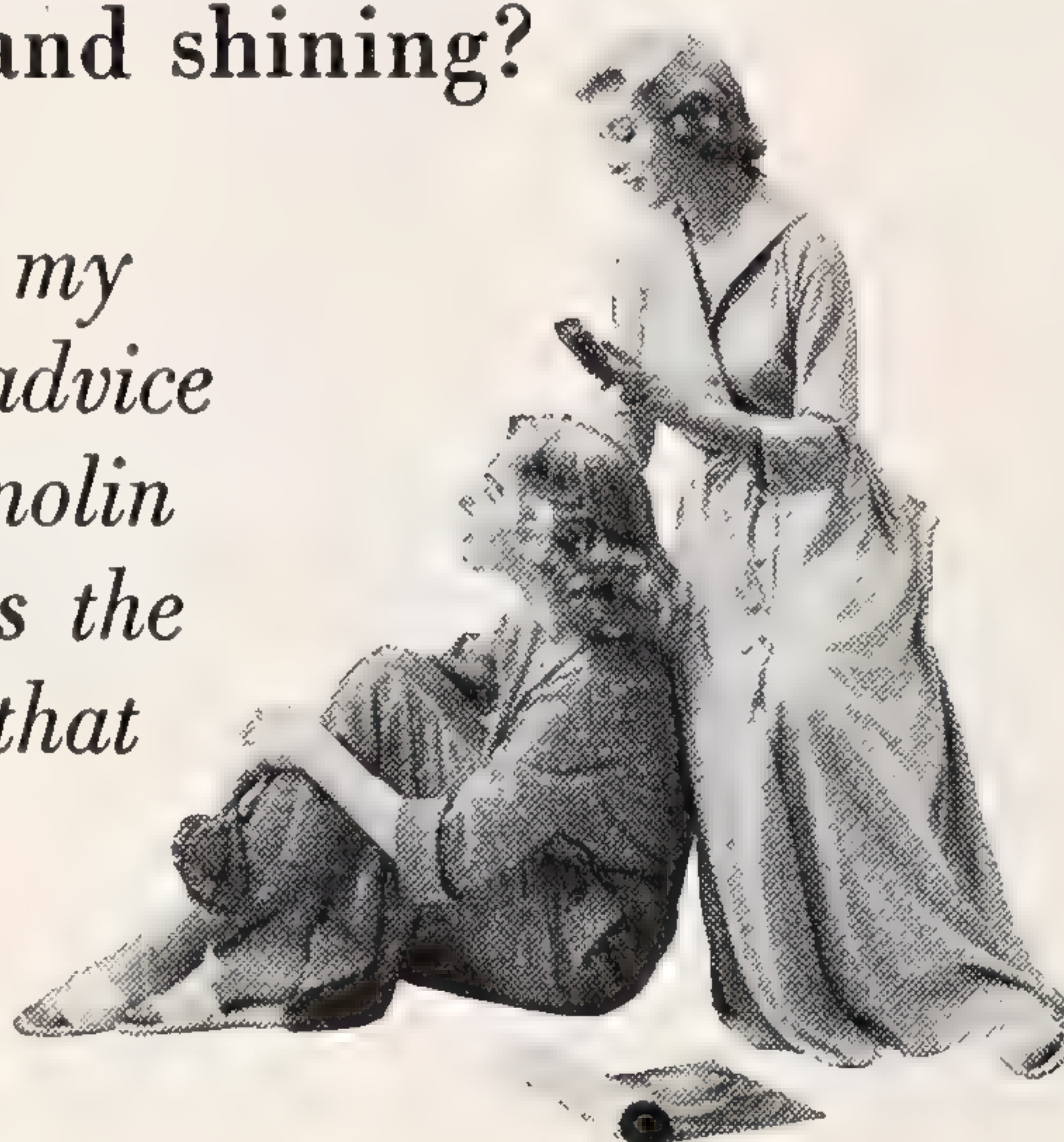
Hollywood found it
first...now
it can be yours!

There are 2 types of Lustre-Net.
Super-soft for loose, casual hair-
do's. Regular for hard-to-manage
hair. 5½ oz. can—a full ounce
more! Only \$1.25 plus tax.

ENDS DULL DRY "THIRSTY" HAIR

Q: How do you make your hair so lustrous and shining?

A: *By following my hairdresser's advice and using Lanolin Discovery. It's the greaseless hairdressing that replaces natural beauty oils.*



Q: What's the difference between Lanolin Discovery and other hairdressings?

A: *Ordinary hairdressings "coat" your hair—make it oily—*

Lanolin Discovery's misty fine spray is absorbed into every hair right down to your scalp.

To enhance the natural color of your hair—to get a shimmery satiny sheen with deep fascinating highlights, just spray on Lanolin Discovery Hairdressing and brush a little. In just seconds you get the same beautiful results as brushing your hair 100 strokes a day.

Helene Curtis Lanolin
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THE NEW HAIRDRESSING IN SPRAY FORM

\$1.25 and \$1.89
both, plus tax



Used and recommended by leading beauticians. Available wherever cosmetics are sold

READERS INC.

Continued

too) did, but nowadays the average Canadian is just like the average American. Our cities and towns are every bit as nice. We have television just as the United States does. But judging by the movies you would think we all lived in the wild north country and ate raw fish as a daily diet.

ALANA L. WILSON
Vancouver, British Columbia

I have always enjoyed Lucy Marlow, but see so little about her. She is a fine actress and is extremely pretty. They tell me that she is married to a Yankee ballplayer. I imagine that their life together is very interesting. Can you picture the Hollywood Bowl and the Yankee Stadium side by side? What a combination!

MISS LO FRANCO
New York, New York

There are a few up-and-coming young actors who deserve special mention for their performances and their possibilities as important stars. John Kerr, for instance ("Tea and Sympathy"). And Perry Lopez ("Steel Jungle"). I am also impressed with Phyllis Kirk, John Saxon and John Cassavetes. I think we will be hearing more about them.

LANA BOCHNER
New York, New York

The guys in our frat recently saw a doll—a real doll—on television and in the pages of a TV magazine. Her name is Judy Busch, and she's been signed by 20th Century-Fox. We flipped. We really flipped. She was the kind of girl you could introduce to your parents with a straight face. Sex appeal was there, but not shouting. A face—beautiful, and a real addition to Hollywood. And she's only about eighteen. Poise she has and talent—we heard her sing. Our frat has voted her The Girl Most Likely to Make the Others Look Sick. Yumm!

ROD BANNTER
BILL DENNIS
Detroit, Michigan

We like Sterling Hayden. He's a wonderful actor, and you guys know it. If you weren't so stubborn you would give him bigger and better roles. We're fed up with movies when you can't tell an excellent actor when you see him. Sure he plays in unfamous pictures. But it's because you won't give him a chance to prove himself. None of you! Give him a *real* role and try him out. You won't regret it, we promise you. How about it, PHOTOPLAY?

DIANE VAN LOPIK
JOAN YOUNG
St. Louis, Missouri

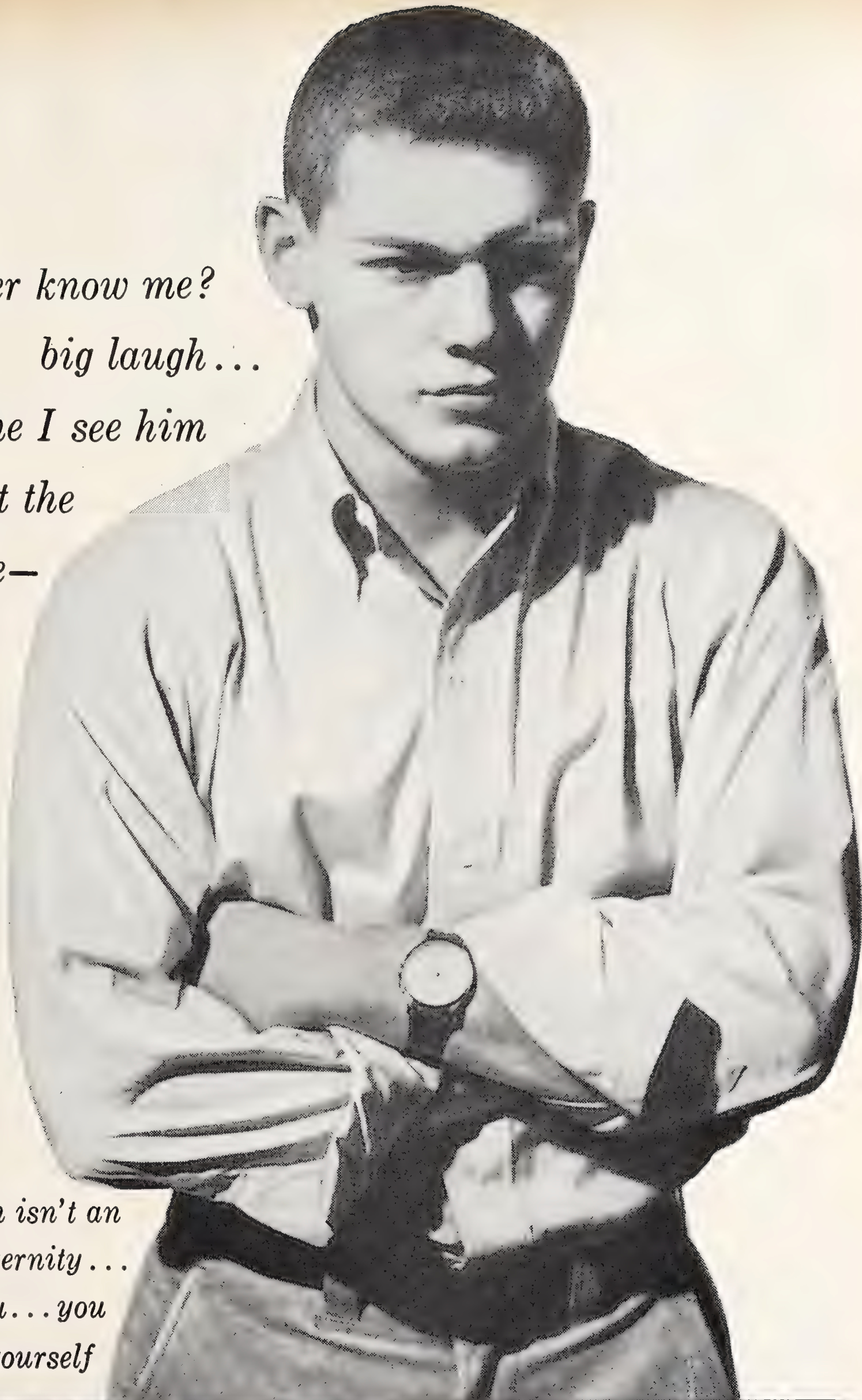
We agree with you, Diane and Joan, that Sterling has not had as much of a chance to prove himself in good pictures as some other actors—but PHOTOPLAY does not select the stars to play in the movies. We suggest that you write to the studios about Sterling, for they are the only ones who can cast him in the kind of films you want to see.—ED.

Some months ago you printed a letter of mine in which I praised Peter Hanson. I thought you would like to know that Mr. Hanson personally called me on the telephone to thank me for my interest. He looked up my number in the directory, and I didn't really believe it was he until I cross-examined him for a full ten minutes about his life and career. When I finally realized that this was actually Peter Han-

Continued

*my father know me?
big laugh...
the only time I see him
is at the
dinner table—
or when
he wants
to
bawl me
out*

*seventeen isn't an
age...it's an eternity...
nobody knows you...you
hardly know yourself*



RKO RADIO PICTURES presents

THE YOUNG STRANGER

STARRING JAMES MacARTHUR • KIM HUNTER • JAMES DALY

WITH JAMES GREGORY • WHIT BISSELL • JEFF SILVER

Written by ROBERT DOZIER • Produced by STUART MILLAR • Directed by JOHN FRANKENHEIMER



son speaking to me, he wasn't at all bothered that I had been doubtful, and completely amazed that I knew so much about him.

E. B. BELL
North Hollywood, California

Elvis Presley is the most
In my book anyway.
No matter what the critics boast,
I think he's here to stay.
What better boy would buy his folks
A home with pool and all?
So why make all those nasty jokes?
Let's get on the ball!

His Cadillacs, which cause a rage,
Are one of his life's dreams.
And when he comes upon the stage
The building rocks with screams.
His singing ranks above the rest,
His styling is unique.
His looks are certainly the best,
His career is at a peak.

His sideburns, which distinguish him,
Are romantic, yes indeed.
For all the folks who slander him
Psychiatrists are in need!
A true love yet has he to find,
But when she comes along
He'll keep her only on his mind.
To Elvis she'll belong.

BETTY BAKER
Divernon, Illinois

I enjoyed the story on Elvis Presley very much. I haven't laughed so much since he was last on Ed Sullivan's show. Earl Wilson, in your article (January, 1957), says, "Elvis pronounced help 'hep' in the enchanting way that most Southerners do." Enchanting! Doesn't he mean illiterate? English is supposed to be Elvis' favorite subject.

Another thing: If Elvis were to "plop" in my lap as he did in Debra Paget's lap, I would have a few words to say on this boy's supposed good manners.

EDNA KING
Lubbock, Texas

Several years ago, when I was fourteen, and Tab Hunter first began to appear in movies, I couldn't stand him. I couldn't stand his name, his looks or his attitude. Things continued this way until one day, about a year and a half ago, I went to see "Battle Cry." It was a great film, but the biggest surprise was Tab. For the first time he was *acting*. He wasn't Tab Hunter, movie star: he was *Danny*, the young boy who got mixed up with an older woman. I came out of that theatre a Hunter fan for life, and I waited eagerly for Tab in bigger and better roles.

So what happens? His studio co-stars him with Natalie Wood in two so-so movies, and calls him and Natalie "Hollywood's Newest Teen-age Love Team," or something like that. This, when Tab is all of twenty-five years old!

Only once, after "Battle Cry," did I see Tab in a good role, and that was on a television. He starred in "The Jim Piersall Story" on "Climax!" and did a superb job. His studio is mad, mad, mad not to star Tab in the movie version of Piersall's life. I just don't get it. Why are they doing this to him? He is good; they're blind not to see it.

A READER
Pattonsburg, Missouri

I have been reading of Debra Paget's seventeen TV sets and jewel-studded car.

Continued

Cleans your skin deeper for a new kind of radiance

New Jergens Deep Cleanser deep cleans your skin—searches out
clogging dirt and make-up . . . to reveal the
clean, clear sparkle of your true complexion



It starts out with a feeling of instant luxury flowing from your fingertips to your face. Reaching deep . . . deep . . . deep . . . so gently . . . but so insistently.

And suddenly . . . deep, beauty-clogging grime and stubborn make-up are gone. Your face feels as if it had a new kind of clear, clean, almost sparkling radiance. And it does.

Reason: there are 4 times as *many* cleansing ingredients in new Jergens Deep Cleanser as in traditional cleansing creams. And each is a recognized skin softener as well.

Do you wonder that Jergens Deep Cleanser was preferred 2 to 1 in a recent hidden-name test among hundreds of women? Try it. *You* love it, too . . . or double your money back. Just **39c** and **69c** plus tax.

Now...end dandruff problems



this pleasant easy shampoo way!



new *Helene Curtis* **ENDEN**^{*}—the first proven medical treatment in shampoo form! *No prescription needed... 99% effective!*

Quickly ends itching, flaking, excess oiliness—without messy salves, ointments or separate lotions—Here at last is an amazingly effective treatment and a rich-sudsing shampoo all in one. You have never used anything as simple, as pleasant and as easy. ENDEN get results even after other methods have failed. While you shampoo, it penetrates to the trouble spots. Between shampoos, it actually inhibits bacteria growth. Use ENDEN regularly and your dandruff problems will be over.

Proved 99% effective in 2-year doctor-supervised clinical tests—Dermatologists and skin specialists have proved ENDEN's basic ingredients. Clinical tests showed 99% of patients enjoyed positive benefits. While ENDEN's medications have been medically approved for years, science was unable to combine them in a pleasant shampoo until now.

A wonderful shampoo for the whole family—ENDEN is especially good for teen-age dandruff. Even children can use ENDEN safely, for it is a superior shampoo as well as a treatment that prevents dandruff problems from starting. ENDEN helps make hair look "alive" and healthy—leaves it shining. And you'll discover ENDEN makes your scalp feel so fresh—far cleaner than with your favorite ordinary shampoo. To end dandruff problems and prevent their return, switch to ENDEN.

use ENDEN instead of your regular shampoo—ends itching scalp and dandruff problems and prevents their return!



big jar
only \$1.50 no tax at drug and cosmetic counters *Trade mark

Guaranteed to end dandruff problems

Developed after years of laboratory tests by Helene Curtis, foremost authority on hair care.

When you're
close enough to kiss...



**Pond's deep cleansings
make a lovely difference**



Ultraviolet test shows end-of-day dirt and make-up patch still remains on skin even after brisk washing.



**Dramatic proof that Pond's Cold Cream removes dirt
other cleansing "skims over"**

Now see Pond's clear a path through the dirt and make-up! Proof no other cleanser cleanses more completely.



It's today's new look in beauty—clean, clear, radiantly *fresh*! Pond's Cold Cream smooths, softens . . . gives your face a wonderful new feeling of freshness. Discover the *refreshing* way to a lovelier complexion—Pond's Cold Cream!

Special

Beauty Offer of the Year! Now get a free 19¢ size Pond's deep-softening Dry Skin Cream when you buy the 65¢ size of Pond's Cold Cream. Regular 84¢ value for only 65¢, plus tax.

**POND'S
Cold Cream**

READERS INC.

Continued

With so much suffering in the world, I think she would be ashamed. Thank goodness there are stars like Danny Kaye and Eleanor Powell who do charitable work and share their fortune with others.

BARBARA DRAGER
Chippewa, Michigan

QUESTION BOX:

In an old snapshot of Debbie Reynolds, which was given to me, I notice a marking on her neck which looks like a scar. Is this really a scar, or is her neck peculiarly wrinkled?

MARIE KARAGAS
San Francisco, California

Neither. There is nothing wrong with Debbie's neck. What you saw may have been a momentary fold or wrinkle, but it is not peculiar.—Ed.

Did Grace Kelly and Celeste Holm do their own singing in "High Society"? Did Rita Moreno do her own singing in "The King and I"?

J. P.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Yes to all three.—Ed.

I should be happy if you would settle an argument between a friend and me. I say that Stephanie Griffin is British, and has appeared as Clifton Webb's secretary in "The Man Who Never Was." My friend says she is American and is a music-hall entertainer in that film. Which of us is right?

JOSE MARIO CAYCEDO-GARCES
Cali, Colombia

Neither. Stephanie Griffin did not appear in "The Man Who Never Was." You are probably thinking of Josephine Griffith, who appeared as Clifton Webb's assistant in the film. Josephine is British.—Ed.

My friend says John Kerr's name is pronounced "cur." I say it is pronounced "car." Who is right?

PEGGY SCHOLZ
Newark, New Jersey

You are.—Ed.

How many wives has Lana's husband, Lex Barker, had?

T. DERRICK DENNER
Oxford, England

Two before Lana: Constance Thurlow and Arlene Dahl.—Ed.

Some of my friends saw Elvis Presley in "Love Me Tender." They claim that it was in color, but I saw it in black and white. My friends also say that in the film Elvis died in a train wreck. I saw him die in a gun fight. Were there two versions of the picture or is someone here making a mistake? Were any of the tunes, other than the title song, recorded?

GINGER HUNTER
Kingston, Tennessee

Your friends have made a mistake. There was one version of "Love Me Tender," in black and white, in which Elvis died in a gun fight. Only the title song was recorded.—Ed.

I have just seen "The Vagabond King" and was very much impressed with the wonderful voice of Oreste. Would you please print some information about him?

D. WESTBROOK
Kenmore, New York

Oreste was born in Hambrun, Malta, on

Continued

**WHAT
WAS THE
FASCINATION
THAT
DREW WOMEN
TO HIS ARMS...
*SOME TO LOVE...
SOME TO HATE?***

Who was this
Mister Cory...
that men feared...

MISTER



CINEMASCOPE
in
Eastman **COLOR**



A Universal-International Picture starring

TONY CURTIS • MARTHA HYER

CHARLES BICKFORD • KATHRYN GRANT

with **RUSS MORGAN** Directed by **BLAKE EDWARDS** Screenplay by **BLAKE EDWARDS** Produced by **ROBERT ARTHUR**





...IN EXQUISITE FORM THE LADY IS YOU!

And a very special "you" in Hi-Appeal! It's the bra with the daring satin lattice top... created solely to make you feel your most desirable self at date-time. Its workaday aspects? A lovely lift, elastic side inserts for complete comfort. See Hi-Appeal, try it today — and you'll always ask for Exquisite Form bras.

A, B, C cups, in white or black nylon lace, satin lattice... style 208 (illus.) \$3.50

White embroidered cotton, satin lattice... style 202, \$2.50

SMARTLY PACKAGED

— DRESS BY SAMUEL WINSTON



Exquisite Form
brassieres give you X APPEAL
(X = glamour plus comfort)

READERS INC.

Continued

July 26, 1926. He has sandy hair and blue eyes, is 5' 10" and weighs 175 lbs. He is unmarried. Oreste now lives in Hollywood, but Paramount has no immediate plans for this singer's future films.—Ed.

Would you please set me straight on something—Natalie Wood's real name? I have seen it printed in various forms.

NADINE VIEIRA
Jacksonville, Illinois

Natalie was born Natasha Gurdin.—Ed.

In reading over the names of the stars listed in the Gold Medal Awards Ballot for 1956-1957, I was unable to find the name of James Dean. Why?

LUCY MIRACLE
Pontiac, Michigan

PHOTOPLAY felt that, though Jimmy Stewart's performance was excellent in "Giant," this year's Gold Medals should be limited to living players. In recognition of Dean's great contribution to the movie industry, PHOTOPLAY awarded him a posthumous Gold Medal for 1955-1956.—Ed.

LOOK ALIKES:

A friend of mine, Nancy Missuk, looks very much like Doris Day. Has her freckles



Look-alikes: Nancy Missuk and Doris Day

too, and even sings like Doris. Nancy was born on April 3; Doris was also.

LOIS ARDIS
Bridgeton, New Jersey

CASTING:

My eleventh grade English class has just finished "Ethan Frome" by Edith Wharton. We think it would make a great movie with Gregory Peck as *Ethan*, Kim Novak as *Mattie*, Bette Davis as *Zeena* and Don Murray as *Ned Hale*.

NANCY WEBER
Rockford, Illinois

I understand that "South Pacific" will soon be filmed in the Todd-AO process. I think that Judy Garland would be perfect in the Mary Martin role.

NANCY WALL
Belleville, Michigan

Some time ago I read the best seller "Lucy Crown," by Irwin Shaw. Now that Hecht-Lancaster has purchased it, I would like to suggest Lana Turner, Ray Milland and Tony Perkins in lead roles.

Lana has been neglected in a bad way recently. I think that talent such as hers must not be wasted. There are so many excellent stories for this fine actress, and if she gets the right one, she may win the Oscar she missed in "Flame and the Flesh" and her very excellent motion picture, "The Bad and the Beautiful."

JOAN METH
Bethesda, Maryland

CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

BARRETT'S OF WIMPOLE STREET, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Sidney Franklin: *Elizabeth*, Jennifer Jones; *Barrett*, John Gielgud; *Robert Browning*, Bill Travers; *Henrietta*, Virginia McKenna; *Bella*, Susan Stephen; *Captain Surtees Cook*, Vernon Gray; *Wilson*, Jean Anderson; *Arabel*, Maxine Audley; *Harry Bevan*, Leslie Phillips.

BUNDLE OF JOY—RKO. Directed by Norman Taurog; *Dan Merlin*, Eddie Fisher; *Polly Parrish*, Debbie Reynolds; *J. B. Merlin*, Adolphe Menjou; *Freddie Miller*, Tommy Noonan; *Mary*, Nita Talbot; *Mrs. Dugan*, Una Merkel; *Adams*, Melville Cooper; *Mr. Creely*, Bill Goodwin.

DON'T KNOCK THE ROCK—Columbia. Directed by Fred F. Sears: *Arnie Haines*, Alan Dale; *Francine MacLaine*, Patricia Hardy; *Arlene MacLaine*, Fay Baker; *Sunny Everett*, Jana Lund; *Musical Personalities*, Themselves.

EDGE OF THE CITY—M-G-M. Directed by Martin Ritt: *Axel North*, John Cassavetes; *Tommy Tyler*, Sidney Poitier; *Charles Malik*, Jack Warden; *Ellen Wilson*, Kathleen Maguire; *Lucy Tyler*, Ruby Dee.

FOUR GIRLS IN TOWN—U-I. Directed by Jack Sher: *Mike*, George Nader; *Kathy*, Julie Adams; *Ina*, Marianne Cook; *Maria*, Elsa Martinelli; *Vicky*, Gia Scala; *Johnny*, Sydney Chaplin.

FULL OF LIFE—Columbia. Directed by Richard Quine: *Emily Rocco*, Judy Holliday; *Nick Rocco*, Richard Conte; *Papa Rocco*, Salvatore Baccaloni; *Mama Rocco*, Esther Minciotti; *Father Gondolfo*, Joe DeSantis; *Joe Muto*, Silvio Minciotti.

GIRL CAN'T HELP IT, THE—20th. Directed by Frank Tashlin: *Tom*, Tom Ewell; *Terri Jordan*, Jayne Mansfield; *Murdock*, Edmond O'Brien; *Mousie*, Henry Jones; *Wheeler*, John Emery; *Hilda*, Juanita Moore; *Musical Personalities*, Themselves.

GREAT MAN, THE—U-I. Directed by Jose Ferrer: *Joe Harris*, Jose Ferrer; *Philip Carleton*, Dean Jagger; *Sid Moore*, Keenan Wynn; *Carol Larson*, Julie London; *Ginny*, Joanne Gilbert; *Paul Beaseley*, Ed Wynn; *Nick Cellantano*, Jim Backus; *Eddie Brand*, Russ Morgan.

HOLLYWOOD OR BUST—Wallis, Paramount. Directed by Frank Tashlin: *Steve Wiley*, Dean Martin; *Malcolm Smith*, Jerry Lewis; *Anita Ekberg*, Herself; *Terry*, Pat Crowley; *Bookie Benny*, Maxie Rosenbloom.

IRON PETTICOAT, THE—M-G-M. Directed by Ralph Thomas: *Chuck Lockwood*, Bob Hope; *Vinka Kovelenko*, Katharine Hepburn; *Colonel Sklarhoff*, James Robertson Justice; *Ivan Kropotkin*, Robert Helpmann; *Dubratz*, David Kossoff.

ISTANBUL—U-I. Directed by Joseph Pevney: *Jim Brennan*, Errol Flynn; *Stephanie Bauer*, Cornell Borchers; *Inspector Nural*, John Bentley; *Danny Rice*, Nat "King" Cole; *Douglas Fielding*, Torin Thatcher; *Charlie Boyle*, Leif Erickson; *Marge Boyle*, Peggy Knudsen; *Mr. Darius*, Martin Benson.

KING AND FOUR QUEENS, THE—U.A. Directed by Raoul Walsh: *Dan Kehoe*, Clark Gable; *Sabina*, Eleanor Parker; *Ma McDade*, Jo Van Fleet; *Ruby*, Jean Willes; *Birdie*, Barbara Nichols; *Oralie*, Sara Shane; *Sheriff Larrabee*, Roy Roberts.

RAINMAKER, THE—Wallis, Paramount. Directed by Joseph Anthony: *Starbuck*, Burt Lancaster; *Lizzie Curry*, Katharine Hepburn; *File*, Wendell Corey; *Noah Curry*, Lloyd Bridges; *Jim Curry*, Earl Holliman; *H. C. Curry*, Cameron Prud'homme; *Sheriff*, Wallace Ford; *Snookie*, Yvonne Lime.

SLANDER—M-G-M. Directed by Roy Rowland: *Scott Ethan Martin*, Van Johnson; *Connie Martin*, Ann Blyth; *H. R. Manley*, Steve Cochran; *Mrs. Manley*, Marjorie Rambeau; *Joey Martin*, Richard Eyer; *Seth Jackson*, Harold J. Stone.

THREE VIOLENT PEOPLE—Paramount. Directed by Rudolph Maté: *Colt Saunders*, Charlton Heston; *Lorna*, Anne Baxter; *Innocencio*, Gilbert Roland; *Cinch*, Tom Tryon; *Cable*, Forrest Tucker; *Harrison*, Bruce Bennett; *Ruby LaSalle*, Elaine Stritch; *Yates*, Barton MacLane; *Lieut. Marr*, Peter Hansen.

WINGS OF EAGLES, THE—M-G-M. Directed by John Ford: *Spig Wead*, John Wayne; *Carson*, Dan Dailey; *Minnie*, Maureen O'Hara; *John Dodge*, Ward Bond; *Herbert Hazard*, Kenneth Tobey.

WRONG MAN, THE—Warners. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock: *Manny Balestrero*, Henry Fonda; *Rose Balestrero*, Vera Miles; *O'Connor*, Anthony Quayle; *Lt. Bowers*, Harold J. Stone; *Detective Matthews*, Charles Cooper; *Tomasini*, John Heldabrand; *Manny's mother*, Esther Minciotti.

YOUNG STRANGER, THE—RKO. Directed by John Frankenheimer: *Hal Ditmar*, James MacArthur; *Helen Ditmar*, Kim Hunter; *Tom Ditmar*, James Daly; *Sgt. Shipley*, James Gregory; *Grubbs*, Walt Bissell; *Jerry*, Jeff Silver.

ZARAK—Columbia. Directed by Terence Young: *Zarak Khan*, Victor Mature; *Major Ingram*, Michael Wilding; *Salma*, Anita Ekberg; *Biri*, Bonar Colleano; *The Mullah*, Finlay Currie.

New sunshine yellow

shampoo

puts sunny

sparkle in hair!



silkier... softer... easier to manage

Brunette? Blonde? Redhead?
You'll thrill when you see how your hair responds to the conditioning benefits of new SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! It's just what *your* hair needs—for new life and luster, for rich silky softness. You'll love the "feel" of your hair—the way it manages.

That's the magic *conditioning* touch of SHAMPOO PLUS EGG! This new kind of shampoo cleans cleaner, rinses super fast. It's the one really *different* shampoo . . . from its sunshine yellow color to the lilting sunny sparkle it puts in your hair! Try it once, you'll use it always.

Economical 29c, 59c, \$1.

Helene Curtis

shampoo

plus egg^{2%}

trade mark

*A loving husband,
happy children and
faith helped Ann Blyth
forget a tragic loss*

BY ERNST JACOBI



When Ann Blyth married Dr. James McNulty she joined a large, happy family, to which she has added Timothy Patrick, aged two, and pretty one-year-old Maureen Ann

COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS



Having lost her mother, Ann was raised by beloved Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat Tobin

● "Timmy is ready to go to sleep, Mrs. McNulty," said the nurse.

Mrs. McNulty, alias Ann Blyth, excused herself and left the dinner table. She was having fun, but seeing Timmy into his bed and kissing him good-night was a nightly ritual she wouldn't miss for the world.

"Good night, Mummy," the child mumbled. At any rate, the sounds he made were a reasonable facsimile of such words and that's what Ann interpreted them to mean.

"Good night, sweet dreams and God bless you, my darling," Ann said, kissing her two-year-old son on the cheek. "Give me another scare like you did (Continued on page 112)



Your dreams
are getting better
all the time!



NOW YOU CAN

WIN \$20,000

maidenform^{}* *dream contest*

Dreams were *never* this good before! What's the dream *you'd* most like to see in one of Maidenform's fabulous ads? *Quick*—write it down, send it in! If your entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* cut from the cardboard tag attached to each bra, or cut from the bra package, *your winnings are doubled!* Yes, your dreams are worth more than ever! Imagine! You can win up to \$20,000 for dreaming up a new Maidenform dream. Don't wait...enter today!

242 Prizes! Each can be doubled! First Prize \$10,000 cash! Second Prize \$3,000 cash! Third Prize \$1,000 cash! 4 prizes of \$250 each; 10 prizes of \$100 each! 25 prizes of \$50 each and 200 prizes of \$20 each!

Remember, each prize is DOUBLED if you follow rules carefully!

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Chansonette*...the all-time favorite—the bra featured in the now-classic dream ads “I dreamed I was a Toreador...”, “I dreamed I played Cleopatra...”, “I dreamed I was voted best dressed woman...”. You, too, can dream up a dream for this bra! Then look like a dream—wear it!

\$2.00, \$2.50

1957 MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST—OFFICIAL RULES

1. Send in as many entries as you wish. However, each entry must be submitted with an official entry blank. Additional entry blanks may be picked up at any Maidenform retailer. Each entry must be accompanied by a different statement of twenty-five words or less which completes this sentence: “I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because...”.
2. All entries will be judged by The Reuben H. Donnelley Corporation on the basis of originality, aptness and general interest of the dream suggestion and statement which accompanies it. Fancy entries won't count extra. Judges' decisions will be final. All entries become the exclusive property of the sponsor, and all rights are given by the contestant, without compensation, for use of all or any part of his entry in the sponsor's advertising. Duplicate prizes awarded in case of ties. The entry must be the original work of the contestant.
3. Prize awards will be doubled providing the prize winning entry is accompanied by the word *maidenform* in its characteristic script cut from the wash tag on a Maidenform brassiere or from any other paper material accompanying the brassiere. This means, any printed trademark *maidenform* on the individual bra package. A sales slip also will qualify if it specifies a Maidenform bra.
4. Any person may enter the contest, except employees, or members of their immediate families, of the sponsor and its advertising agencies. All members of a family may enter, but only one prize will be awarded to a family. Contest is subject to government regulations.
5. Send all entries to: Maidenform Dream Contest, P. O. Box 59A, Mount Vernon 10, New York. Entries must be postmarked no later than April 13, 1957, and received by April 25, 1957.
6. All winners will be notified by mail within six weeks of closing date. Winners' list will be sent to all who request it with a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Official Entry Blank

MAIDENFORM DREAM CONTEST
P. O. Box 59A
Mt. Vernon 10, New York

“I dreamed I _____
_____ in my Maidenform bra.”

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Complete this sentence in 25 words or less: “I prefer Maidenform, world's most popular bra, because



You're *Prettier* than you think you are!
 ...and you can prove it with a Palmolive bar!



Here's Proof

that Mild and Gentle Palmolive Care
 Cleans Cleaner, Deeper, Prettier!

When you wash with your regular soap—in the ordinary, casual way—you leave beauty-robbing hidden dirt behind. But what a glorious difference after a 60-second Palmolive massage! You'll look fresher, lovelier! And to prove that hidden dirt is gone, rub with a tissue: The tissue will stay snowy-white. *Proof* that Palmolive care cleans cleaner, prettier!



**Be Palmolive Sweet
 and Clean All Over
 It's Wonderful for the Bath!*



Yes—new complexion beauty is yours in just one minute with Palmolive Soap. Because Palmolive care removes hidden dirt that casual cleansing misses. And only a soap as mild as Palmolive can cleanse so deeply without irritation. Start Palmolive care today, and see your true complexion beauty come through!

Where can a man go when
he starts to run from himself?

This begins the tragic,
never-before-told story of
the reasons for Monty
Clift's mysterious
recurring "breakdowns"



FLIGHT FROM FEAR

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

● At thirty-six, Montgomery Clift is extraordinarily talented, strikingly handsome and, before his recent and latest breakdown, without doubt one of the finest actors in Hollywood. His ability to concentrate, to lose himself in a part and yet maintain an individualism which pervades his acting, is the envy of every performer who has ever worked with him. The intensity he brings to each role is, at times, terrifying to his colleagues, some of whom feel that each part he plays takes a severe toll of his nervous system. He has a rare charm; men and women alike are attracted to him in large numbers. The films he has been in,

Continued

*What is his torment? Fear
that he betrayed his talent?*

Where does flight begin—in the heart or in the head?

*And lost the "Eternity"
Oscar to Frank Sinatra?*

including "Red River," "The Search," "A Place in the Sun," and "From Here to Eternity" have mainly made money. Moreover, Clift is one of those people who seem able to relate their actual experience to their creative activity. And despite the fact that some of his roles have had a certain sameness, he appears to be growing. He ought to be approaching the peak of his powers as an actor, and enjoying some of the finest days of his life as a human being.

*Does he wish he'd asked
Liz Taylor to marry him?*

Yet, for all of that, Montgomery Clift today appears to be a floundering, confused, insecure actor whose inner torment could easily prevail over his talent. He has just finished "Raintree County," M-G-M's extravagantly-produced version of the late Ross Lockridge's best-selling novel, which may well turn out to be the most successful movie in which he has appeared to date. He is soon to begin work on "The Devil's Disciple" for Hecht-Lancaster. But after I interviewed him in Hollywood, and talked to some of the people who worked with him on "Raintree County," and to people who knew him in New York, I came to the inescapable conclusion that Montgomery Clift is a man in danger of losing everything he had worked so hard to attain. He reminded me of a friend of mine, a talented writer who for the past five years, for secret reasons of his own, has hurled himself hell-bent down a road that can only lead to self-destruction.

*Does he dread losing
friends like Eva Marie Saint?*

*And brood about his serious
attachment to Libby Holman?*

That impression was borne out by some of the conversations I had with people close to him. "The guy acts as though he's trying to hurt himself," said an acquaintance who worked closely with Clift in "Raintree County." "Somehow, he's convinced that everybody hates him—and I think he hates himself. He appears to be doing all sorts of self-destructive things all the time. I don't like to talk about (Continued on page 108)





EENY, MEENY,

MINY, MO,

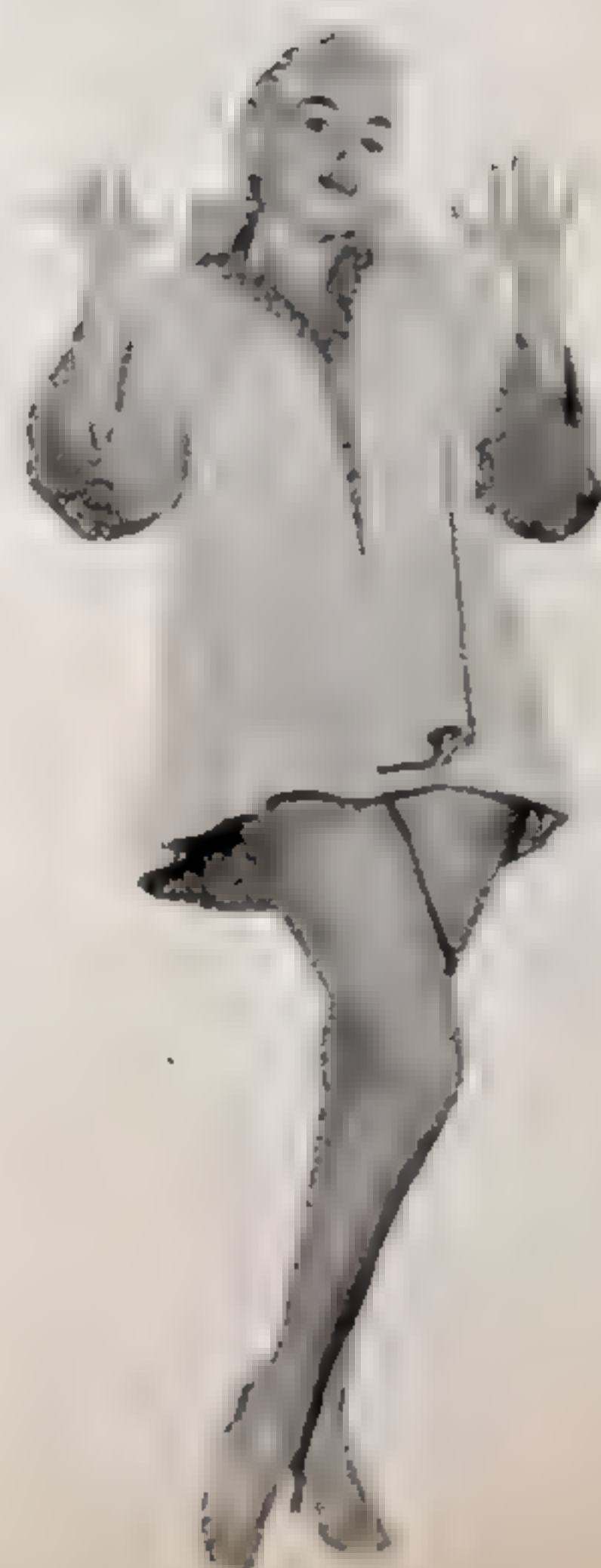
WHO WILL BE THE FIRST



Watch out—those curves are dangerous! But the three most explosive blondes ever to hit Hollywood might be in danger, too • *BY LAURA LANE*

● Hardly a day goes by without Jayne Mansfield's picture appearing in print. Long before she'd gone back to Hollywood for her second—and successful—try for stardom, she was more talked about and better known than stars with a dozen picture credits to their names. Some of the publicity was good and much of it was bad, but Jayne consulted with her astrologer, decided the stars were in her favor, and posed some more, apparently on the thesis that what the newspapers said about her was unimportant as long as they said it—and preferably on the front page. As a result, the picture that emerges is a somewhat confused one, and a great many people are beginning to take Jayne at her worst instead of her best.

Continued





Marilyn Monroe gambled with Hollywood and won, but her victory might be a temporary one

On her first try for stardom, Jayne Mansfield lost out. Now she might be trying too hard



TO GO?



Kim Novak is riding high, but of the three she's the one most apt to trip herself up

WHO WILL BE THE FIRST TO GO?

Continued

Then one wonders whether the purple haze that hovers around Kim Novak's pretty blonde tresses doesn't induce some kind of self-hypnosis when it comes to grading and sorting the men who have played a part in her life. Is it possible that she is more in love with LOVE than with the men who were supposed to arouse this emotion? Which of these is Kim's ideal? Is it steady, long-admiring Mac Krim, who keeps Kim's bedside phone ringing around the world? Do such suave types as Aly Khan and Count Bandini really set Kim in a lavender mood, particularly when a rough-and-ready fellow like Frank Sinatra can raise such a rumpus in her life? Is Kim, like a dainty eater confronted by a huge smorgasbord, just nibbling and tasting? Sometimes a person with a hearty appetite goes away hungry.

When Marilyn Monroe wandered out of the Actors Studio and linked arms with highbrow playwright Arthur Miller, her fans began to wonder if she hadn't gone too far this time. Why doesn't she leave her mind alone? they asked. She had traveled a long way and made a lot of people happy with a provocative wiggle and her natural charm. Now she was going in for Stanislavsky acting theory and classical music. They pointed an accusing finger at drama coach Natasha Lytess, who, they said, started it all by getting MM interested in Russian literature and highbrow ideas. Now the rumors are hitting head-on—"MM will star in Miller's next play . . ." "MM will realize she's met more than her equal in 'The Sleeping Prince' with Olivier . . ." "MM is expecting, and a baby may end her film career . . ." If they're right, Marilyn might find her latest revolt against Hollywood to be her last one.

Jayne, Kim and Marilyn are racing along at top speed on their chosen paths. The chances are that they will be able to side-step all these stumbling blocks. Yet these are things that have tripped up other promising young stars, and we can only hope that an awareness of the changes ahead will dispel the danger. We want all three of these young women here to stay.

Here Are

Kim's Love of LOVE



Mac Krim can be counted on



Aly Khan was a thrill



Frank Sinatra is a challenge

Count Bandini is heady stuff



the Things They Might Trip On:

Jayne's love of PUBLICITY



"Over-exposed!" say Jayne's critics

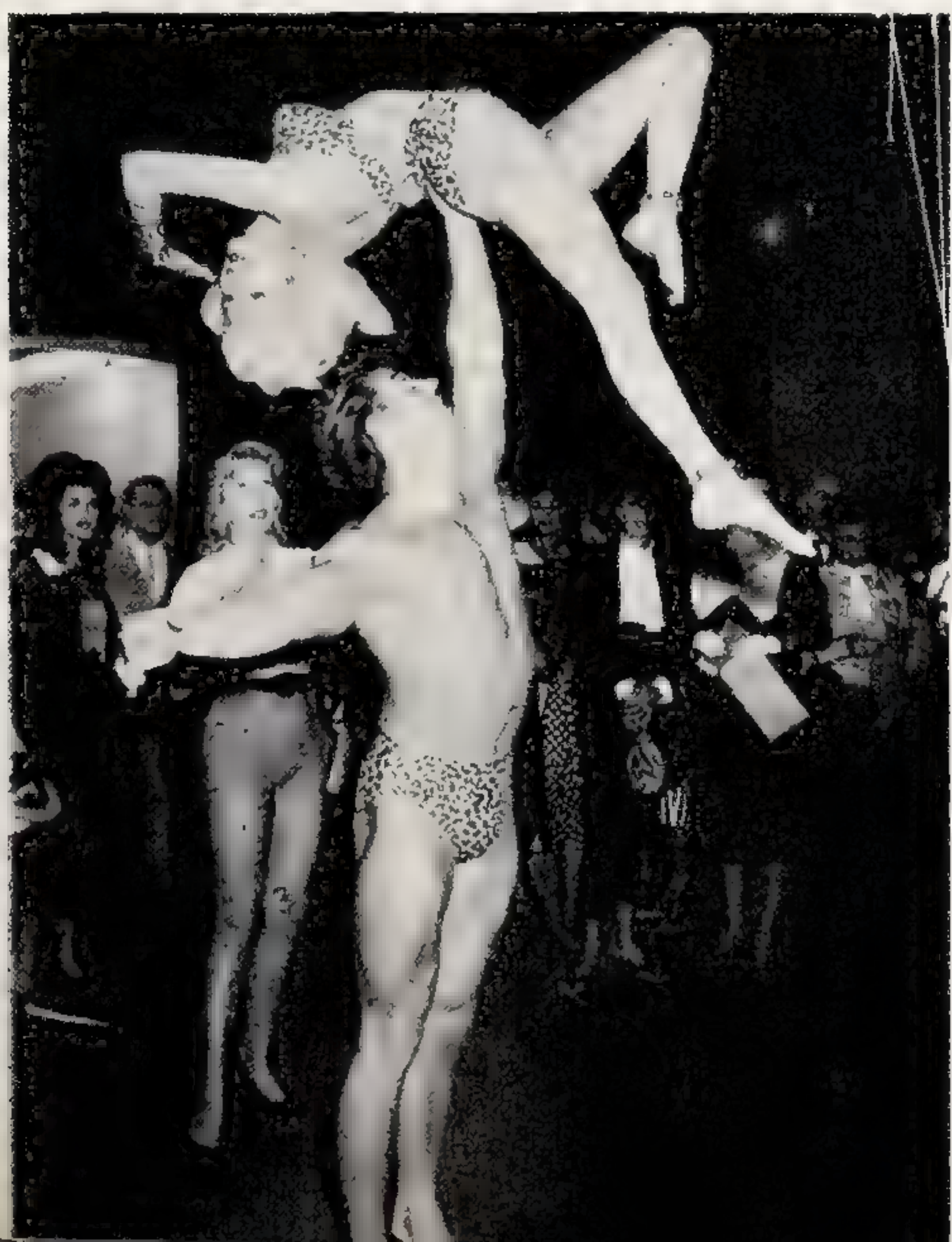


"Is this pose really necessary?"



"Who says she can act?"

Mike Hargitay thinks she's great



Marilyn's love of ART and the ARTY



Actors Studio was "art"

Arthur Miller was a "brain"



Sir Laurence was opportunity

Natasha Lytess was the needle







Why has Jack turned his back . . .

what ever happened to **THAT NICE COUPLE** next door?



. . . on the happy years with Cynthia?

The Jack Lemmons were one of the nicest and happiest couples in town. They never "went Hollywood." What caused the break-up? • BY RUTH WATERBURY

● Frequently, these evenings in Hollywood, you will see Jack Lemmon and starlet Mona Knox at a small café called the Bantam Cock. If you are a quick conclusion-jumper, you might think this a romance. Jack is in the process of being divorced by his lovely blonde wife, Cynthia, and Mona is pretty, witty and unencumbered.

However, if you watch Jack with Mona, or with any of the other girls he has dated since his separa-

tion, you will soon realize there is something awry about the romantic picture. For while Christopher Boyd John Uhler Lemmon III definitely arrives at a café with his girl, and definitely leaves with her, most of the time while he's at a café he is away from her. Generally he spends the entire evening seated at the piano.

With his debonair charm, his comic young face aglow as he crosses the (Continued on page 80)

He got a kiss from Eva Marie Saint and an Oscar for "Mr. Roberts." Did he also undergo a change of heart?



There's no other woman. Rumors linking him with Rita Hayworth on location were without foundation



Mike Wilding finds a friend in Marie MacDonald and fun at a masquerade, but is the Dietrich romance on again?

Exclusively Yours

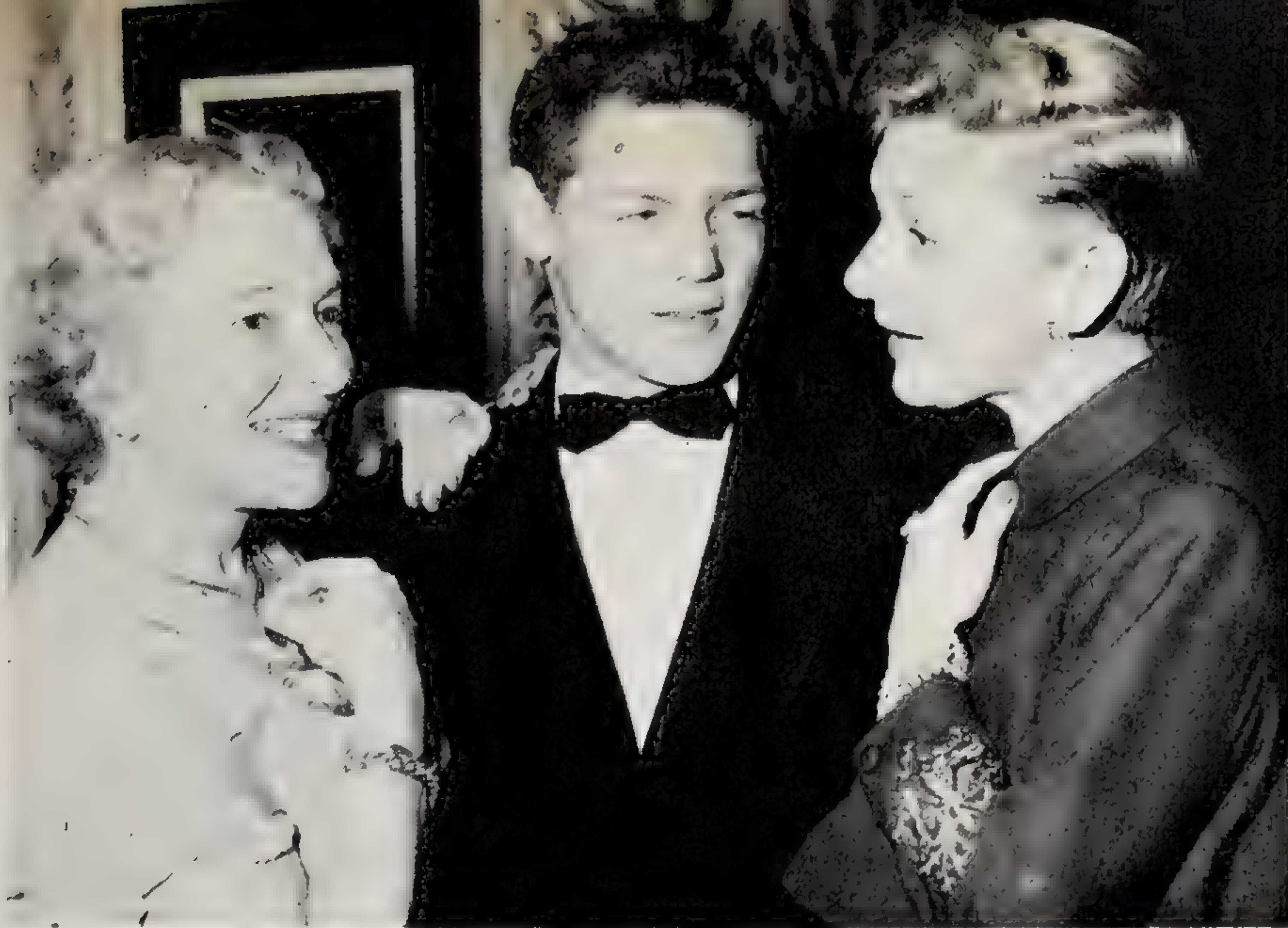
BY
RADIE HARRIS

Why Liz Taylor's men also fall for

Our Strangest Triangle: The bereft Michael Wilding is being consoled by Marlene Dietrich over losing Liz Taylor to another Mike named Todd. Behind this simple statement is a story stranger than all of fiction. About seven years ago, when Mike was at the peak of his screen career as Britain's top leading man, he was borrowed by Alfred Hitchcock to play in a suspense thriller called "Stage Fright." Appearing opposite him in the role of a "glamorous actress" was a glamorous actress named Marlene Dietrich. In one of the scenes, Marlene, lying sextactularly on a sofa, smothered in white maribou, confided in rich, sultry tones, "I'm the laziest gal in town!" But once the cameras stopped, there was nothing lazy about her approach to Mike.

Susan Strasberg, laughing with Cliff Robertson, still walks alone personally and in her work. Parties and boys are few





Mary Martin congratulates Helen Hayes on son Jimmy's acting success. Jim also wanted to be a writer, like his Dad



Another famous combination: June Walker and son John Kerr, proving again that talent runs in families

Dietrich . . . And Ava Gardner's the loneliest gal in town, despite Walter Chiari

Before the film had wound up, Mike had asked Marlene to be his wife. Marlene turned down his proposal, not because of the divergence of their ages (she is attracted to men younger than herself) but for the simple reason that she was—and still is—married to Rudolph Sieber, the father of her only daughter, Maria. Although they have been separated for years, no man has come along for whom she has felt it necessary to seek her freedom—except temporarily as a romance. And so, when "Stage Fright" was finished, Marlene sailed back to America, leaving a lonely, unhappy Mike Wilding behind. But no attractive, unattached male, especially a popular film star, is allowed to be unhappy for long.

One night, shortly after Marlene's departure, Mike was dining at Mayfair's exclusive Les Ambassadeurs Club, when he suddenly found himself staring into the eyes of a dazzling beauty, as different from Marlene as two beautiful women can be. The inevitable happened and the rest is history. When Liz Taylor eventually asked Mike for a separation, the name lingered on in her life with another Mike—Mike Todd. Here again was a study in strange contrasts, this time between two men: Wilding, a reserved Britisher with a quiet, lazy charm, educated in the best public schools (only in England a public school is private), and Todd, volatile and explosive, a born gambler, recklessly extravagant, self-educated and self-made. And here is still another twist to this amazing story. Before Liz came into his life, Todd had persuaded Marlene to play herself as one of the

guest stars in "Around the World in 80 Days." Marlene had succumbed not only to Mike's fast-talking salesmanship, but to Mike, himself, especially his generous purse.

While Marlene was in Hollywood, filming "Around the World," she and Mike were together constantly. On her return to New York, they were seen at all the first nights and other glamour spots in town. Then she left for the Riviera to make "The Monte Carlo Story" with Vittorio De Sica. The picture ran way over schedule and Marlene was miserable through most of it. Then she returned to New York for the gala opening of "Around the World," only to discover that the "hot Toddy" she had left behind hadn't

cooled off. But now he was even hotter about Mrs. Mike Wilding, and it was she who decorated his arm at the premiere and midnight supper party afterward. Marlene was escorted by an old friend, Noel Coward.

Then Marlene had to fly to Hollywood to see Jean Louis about another staggering wardrobe for her third appearance at Las Vegas. On her arrival, she heard that Liz had asked Wilding for a divorce. Call it good timing, call it destiny, or pure accident, or what you will, the fact remains that Marlene and her first Mike caught up with each other again at the precise psychological moment for both of them. Whether this reunion after a seven-year interlude will rekindle their former flame, and

Continued

Paul Douglas and Jan Sterling never bore one another, and her new figure, new play are good conversation items





Tony Perkins never stays at a party for very long, but he's always seen in the right places with right people—like Elaine Aiken

Audrey Hepburn takes being Mrs. Mel Ferrer very seriously. But, more importantly, is she taking her film star status too seriously?



Glenn Ford loved being in Japan. When he returned, he and his Ellie were tops with these young guests at the "Teahouse" premiere



Lana Turner's friends are afraid she's been off the screen too long, but with independently wealthy Lex Barker around, she won't worry



The Stewart Grangers confused all and sundry when they named their baby Tracy, had the press reporting their child was a son

When Marlene Dietrich visits Hollywood, her first stop is the Van Johnsons' to cook beef stroganoff and exchange the latest gossip



this time wind up at the altar, is anybody's guess. But if it does, I predict they have a very good chance of making a go of it.

Mike needs a woman to dominate him. And don't let Marlene's *femme fatale* trappings fool you. Basically, she has the disciplined mind of a German officer with the soul of a German hausfrau. She is at her happiest when she can "mother" someone—man, woman or child—and she doesn't care whether it takes the form of cooking, nursing, baby-sitting, or giving helpful advice. Some men—and I can name several—have been scared off by Marlene's complete "taking over." But not Mike. He's the type of easygoing Britisher who needs someone like that. His first wife, Kay, now married to actor Douglass Montgomery, was the stronger of the two, and so was Liz Taylor. Only Liz's dominance was in relation to herself. "Let's leave here now," she'd command at a party when *she* was tired. Marlene, on the other hand, would have whispered, "Darling, *you* look tired. Let's go home and I'll warm some milk for you." And in all probability, while Mike is sipping his milk, Marlene will be massaging his neck



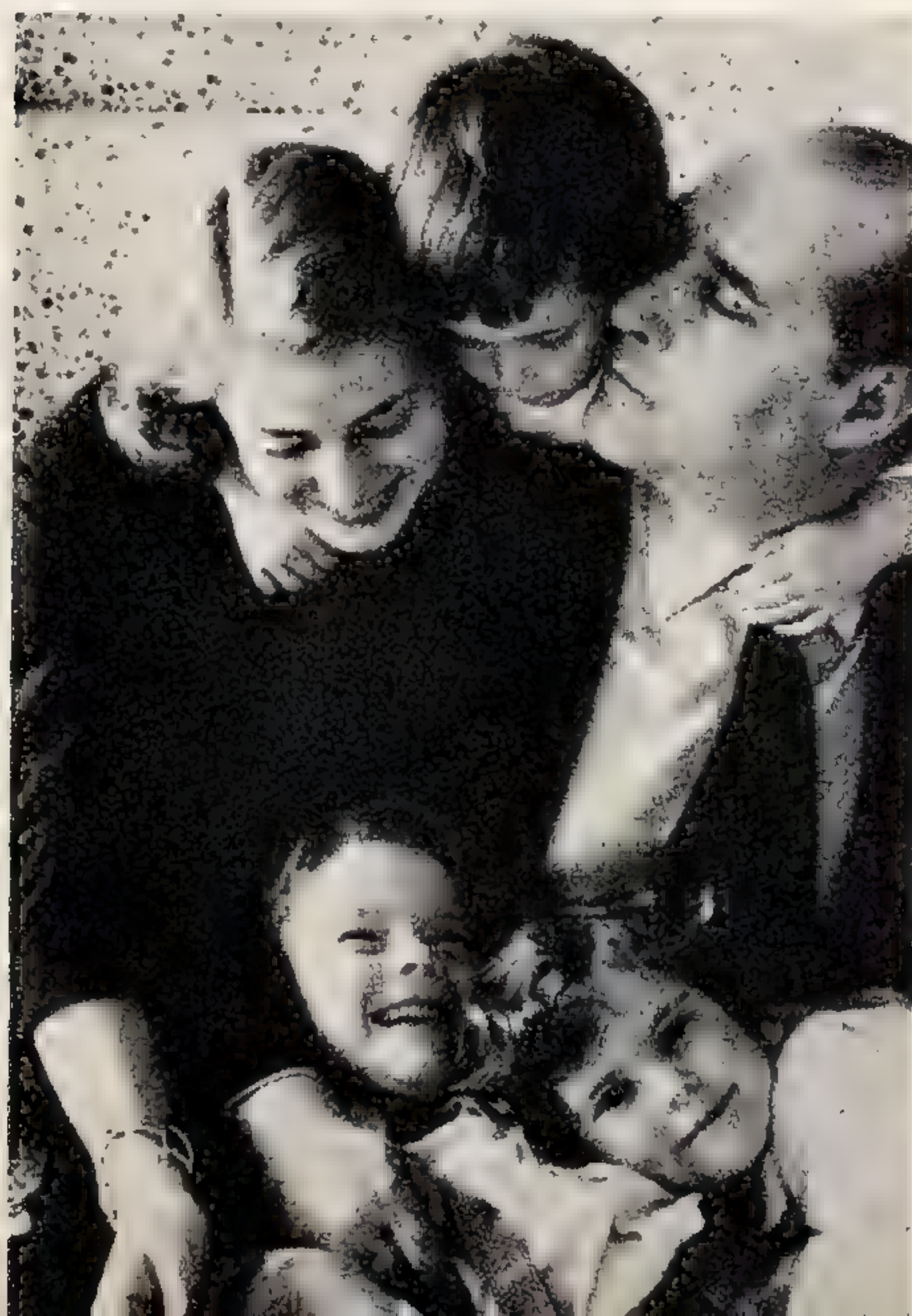
Eddie and Debbie are all smiles now, but things weren't always so rosy

and back with the efficiency of a trained masseuse, while at the same time she will be advising him what to say when he sees his agent in the morning. And he, in turn, will bring to Marlene the physical attraction of a younger man; a lack of temperament and ego, rare in an actor; two more little children to

adore, and the security of love that every woman needs. Especially glamorous women like Dietrich, who are the loneliest in the world.

Footsteps to Glory: "Relatively" speaking, this is an amazing year. Practically every big Hollywood film and Broadway play can boast some relation of a famous parent who is making good on his or her own. Just consider a few: Tony Perkins, Susan Strasberg, Johnny Kerr, Jim MacArthur, Sidney Chaplin, Jack Merivale and Anna and David Massey. Tony, incidentally, adds to the merry-go-round by dating the daughter of a notable Hollywoodite: Maria Cooper, offspring of Gary. This fact helps to dispel the gloom of some of Tony's fans, who wondered when he would come off his ivory perch for a *real* date. Perhaps the most notable event of this offspring wave is the great personal success scored by Charlie Chaplin's son, who is making his Broadway debut in the Judy Holliday smash hit musical "Bells Are Ringing." But Sidney's father can take none of the bows for launching this stage career. It was Judy, and Judy alone, who insisted that Sidney be given the audition that finally won him the role of her leading man against competition from established names like Howard Keel and Johnny Johnston. She foresaw what all the drama critics "discovered" *after* the opening: that Sidney, with his dark good looks, effortless charm and stage poise (won after a long apprenticeship at the Circle Players in Hollywood, where he did everything, including sweeping the stage) would be a matinee heartthrob, younger and handsomer than Yul Brynner, Ezio Pinza and Rex Harrison.

The happy and loving Rossellinis are faced with some temporary problems



Strangely enough, although he was completely ignored by Hollywood and equally overlooked in London, where he had gone hoping that his father's homeland might give him a break, Sidney has always scored heavily in private life. Three of the loveliest bundles from Britain, Kay Kendall, Claire Bloom and Joan Collins, have fallen victim to his charm in the past. Now Judy Holliday is continuing to hear "bells ringing" after the show's curtain rings down.

That Judy's current romantic interest in her on-stage leading man will lead to the altar doesn't seem likely to their intimates. For one thing, there's the age difference between them, and secondly, Sidney is the type who believes there is safety in numbers. He's



Rossano Brazzi was a conquest for Crawford, but only on the screen

playing it safe now as far as all women are concerned, by living as a bachelor but sharing his apartment with Adolph Green, who, with Betty Comden, wrote book and lyrics for "Bells."

Stop the Press: How does Lana Turner feel about being off screen for so long? Friends feel she ought to be worried, but when she snuggles up to handsome, wealthy Lex Barker they get the idea that she couldn't care less. . . . Jan Sterling has buckled down to a new diet and the results are a brand-new, lithe figure. Hubby Paul Douglas' eyes, which always light up whenever Jan is around, shine brighter than ever at the sight of the (Continued on page 96)



THE ROCK HUDSON



George Stevens, producer and director of "Giant," long ago saw the potential in the young Rock Hudson

Roy Fitzgerald came to Hollywood, became Rock Hudson—and went on from there. But on the way there was pain, hope, fear and joy



To the struggling Rock, Julie Adams offered a gay and sympathetic companionship that he needed very much



Except for Phyllis, no one in Rock's life gave him so much warm understanding as script girl Betty Abbott



Piper Laurie was just one of the girls Rock dated during the period when he was trying to find himself

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: Part I of Joe Hyams' life story of the man legally named Roy Fitzgerald told of his boyhood, his disturbed family life, his early search for a way of life. Rock was a letter carrier on the streets of Winnetka, Illinois, a truck driver in Hollywood and later a bit player.

● When a man stands in front of a mirror shaving, there come the days when he stops looking at the whiskers and takes a good look at himself. On one such occasion recently, Rock Hudson looked at his face in wonderment and asked himself—for perhaps the fiftieth time—what am I doing here in this house in Hollywood as a movie star?

Rock has never been able to satisfy himself with an answer. None of his countless biographers have ever been able to draw (Continued on page 104)



STORY

BY JOE HYAMS

Today Rock's emotional life centers on Phyllis and his work, including Korean orphans of "Battle Hymn"

*Neither tears nor jewels are strangers to Debra
Paget. Hers is a world of dreams come true*



Half saint- Half



The mermaid murals are jeweled

● In a fabulous story-book house a block off Sunset Boulevard a lovely girl lay on a bed of strawberry velvet and white satin. She was crying, because Fate had been unkind—or so it seemed.

Debra Paget, actress, wept because a role she had been promised had gone to another young star. (*Continued on page 100*)





BY MAXINE ARNOLD

*Her birds live in cages that are
not just gilded, but bespangled!*



*Her car is like none ever seen
before, thanks to a night's work*

Siren.



HE'LL NEVER WIN AN OSCAR

BY CHARLES DESMOND

We didn't say that — and we don't believe it. But Cary Grant insists he's having too much fun to worry about being rewarded



*Cary Grant not only likes his fans,
he's genuinely interested in them*

● It is a curious and yet undeniable fact that in forty-odd years of show business—the last twenty-four of them in Hollywood—Archibald Alexander Leach has rarely been tabbed “An Actor.” Not in the sense that indicates lofty critical praise. He has been acknowledged to have, and he has, great physical magnetism. It is generally conceded that he is handsome. But in the last definition of the craftsmanship he has sought and in which he has been so long successful, he has been little honored.

It may be said now that this circumstance has not escaped the attention of Mr. Leach—who in 1932 decided (Continued on page 75)



*Successful TV writer Betsy Drake
prefers being Mrs. Grant to acting*

*A very successful film was Cary's
"Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream
House." Applause, no Oscar!*



*His latest film is "The Pride and
the Passion" with two-time Oscar
winner Sinatra and Sophia Loren*



*"None But the Lonely Heart" co-
starred Ethel Barrymore, proved
Cary's great range as an actor*





The Hollywood Story

“Sorry, No Casting Today . . .”

● The telephone is what Hollywood lives by. At the other end of it is fame and fortune or despair and hunger. Every actor has an answering service. Even if he has to paste cardboard in the soles of his shoes and sleep until late afternoon so that he only needs one meal a day, the price of an answering service is a must. In good times, an actor checks in once or twice a day. In bad times, he hangs on it, waits for it. He's afraid to answer that ringing phone and afraid not to. He puts off checking with his answering service while he plays a game with himself and says, "If it's good news I'll get it anyway. If it's bad news, I don't want it." Bill Phipps, whose serious acting started when he got the lead in George Pal's "Five," knows what it is to get the good news, and what it's like to get the bad news. Listed in the casting directory as "Every mother's son, every girl's brother," he seemed on his way to quick stardom. But Bill is one of many competent actors—in fact, several directors have called him a potentially great actor—for whom the big break didn't come. In steady demand by studios and TV, successful financially, he missed stardom by a heartbeat. Now he's cast in solid and important character parts, but he's the exception to the Hollywood rule that says, "If you've got it, you'll get it." Bill Phipps got a lot from Hollywood—more than most ever get. He just didn't get what he might have gotten.

BILL PHIPPS IS IN COLUMBIA'S "THE BROTHERS RICO"

A black and white photograph of a young man standing on a sandy beach. He is shirtless, wearing patterned swim trunks, and is holding a light-colored towel. He is looking down at a large, speckled dog standing in front of him. A smaller, dark-colored dog is also visible in the foreground. The background shows the ocean with some rocks or seaweed visible in the shallow water.

A LONG

WAY



FROM HOME

*Rod Taylor came all the way from
Australia to keep a promise that he made himself—
the promise to be an ACTOR*

BY HYATT DOWNING

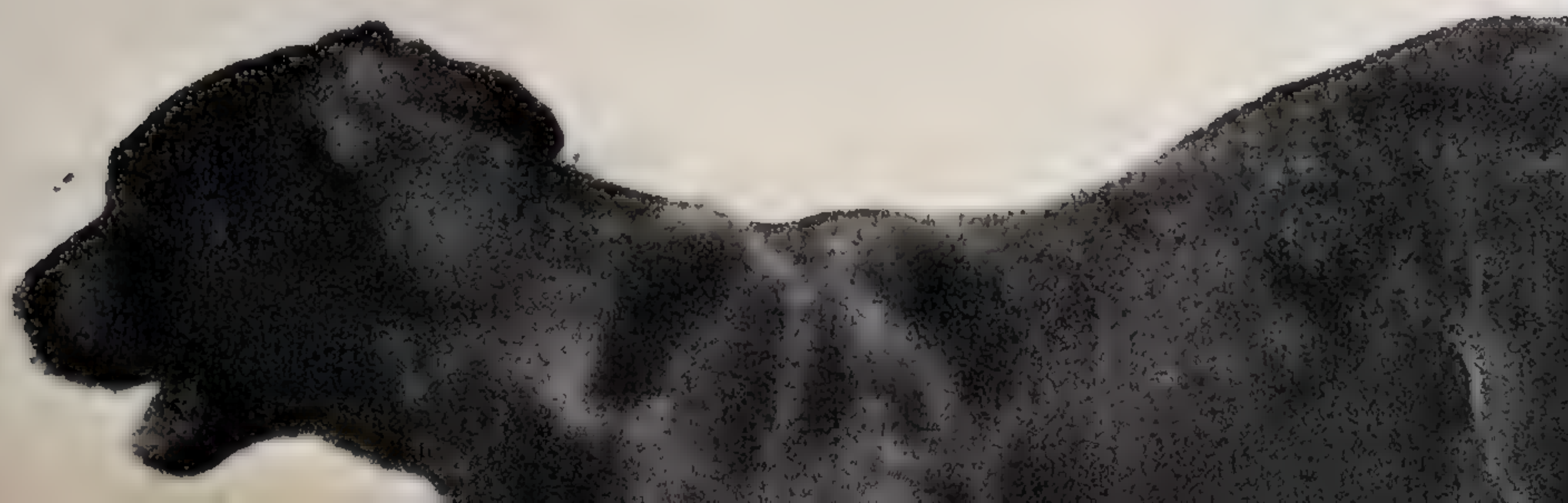


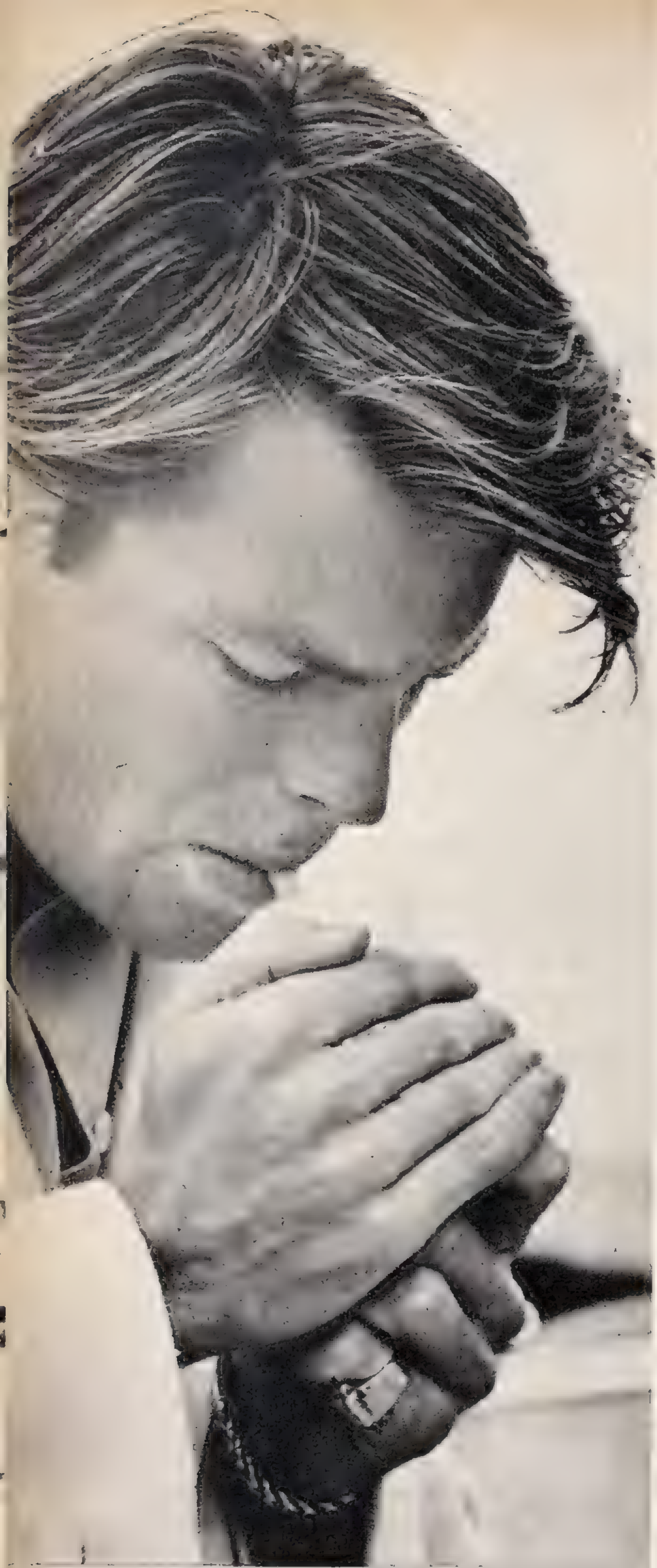
*Bachelor Rod makes a late telephone call
when loneliness gets too much for him*

● Most mornings before the sun has risen too high in the sky, a tall, dark young man in bathing shorts steps from a modest beach house at Malibu, stretches his arms into the air and looks out over the Pacific before racing across the sand for a dip. Gazing into the distance across the blue water, Rod Taylor, the young Australian who has made such a hit in "Giant" and "Raintree County," probably is thinking of home and what a long way he has come to put his mark on the Hollywood scene.

Rod, who shares the beach house with Jeff Richards, an M-G-M player, and Bob Walker, casting director of Review Productions, at first glance lacks most of the outward signs of so many Hollywood hopefuls who are trying to crack the sound barrier of stardom. He is not handsome in the conventional Hollywood sense. Clad in blue jeans and a stained sweat shirt, he might easily be mistaken for a young lumberjack about to enter a log-rolling contest. Wearing high- (Continued on page 98)

*Judi Jordan's just a casual friend. Rod
is a man with a mission—to make good*





Whatever you have thought or said about Bob Wagner in praise or blame, read this story, please, and cheer him—as we do

● Robert John Wagner, Jr., a 26-year-old film player of “feature” stature in the minds of the industry, but a star in the eyes of the public, reached his studio dressing room one day in the semi-darkness of early evening. He was edgy, voluble and apparently suffering from mild exhaustion. The apparel he was wearing was part sports and part Western, including boots. He was not altogether happy.

Bob Wagner had spent most of the day “looping,” a term that in Hollywood has nothing to do with exuberant celebration, but means dubbing lines to his own lips in scenes where exterior noises have made them unintelligible during outdoor shooting. It is a difficult and exacting business, and in this instance especially so, since Wagner had had to re-enact the gasping, broken words of a badly wounded man—himself, as Jesse James. Now, however, it was over and, from a bar on one side of the room, he poured himself a fair-sized Scotch and water. “You can call it a Coke if you want,” he said to a visitor. “But you don’t have to. How I’m sick of that Coke bit. ‘For recreation, Bob likes nothing better than an early movie and a Coke,’” he said with a rather bitter overtone. “I think maybe we’ve outgrown that.”

“Dressing room” as a description of the studio quarters of an actor of Wagner’s professional rank is both a misnomer and an understatement. Situated on a second-floor level directly across from the 20th Century-Fox commissary, the setup is more properly a suite or even an apartment: a kind of office in the front, behind it a

Continued

PROFILE IN COURAGE

BY JOHN MAYNARD



He has talent, he has brains, he has looks. Who's at fault, Bob or Hollywood?



Seldom has an actor as talented as Bob Wagner had to make a movie as bad as "Prince Valiant"



As Joanne Woodward's psychopathic killer in "A Kiss Before Dying," Bob did his best, in vain



Of "The Mountain," with Spencer Tracy, critics said, "This boy still has to reach maturity as an actor"



Bob's next is "The Jesse James Story," of which Bob says, "Jesse James wasn't a kid. Well, neither am I. When will Hollywood realize it?"

living room, complete with hi-fi and the bar and a lavatory. Wagner's retreat is also something of a social center, and now, in the cold twilight, several people were present: a writer-director named Richard Sale; a man with cropped, sparse white hair and a musical voice whom everyone called Duke; Barbara Rush, a young actress; Nena Wills, Wagner's secretary, and the casual visitor. Wagner sank heavily into a swivel chair and regarded Miss Rush with something between friendly admiration and mock ecstasy.

"You doll!" he said. "You gorgeous doll!"

Miss Rush grinned at him. "I know," she said.

"You absolute doll!" said Wagner. "Wait a minute." He swiveled around to the phone and dialed a number. "Mr. Wagner, Sr.?" he said. "Wagner, Jr., here. I'm going to be tied up just a little. Keep everything hot, will you? Thanks, Dad." When he swung back, his face had become moody, and for a moment his vague gesture seemed to groom the protruding forelock of hair that characterizes his screen appearance. It is like the hair of the small child who lives next to *Dagwood Bumstead* in the comic strip. Wagner never brushes it back; he appears to encourage it. "A phase," he said. "It's time I came out of a phase. Earnest Robert Wagner, God's gift to the soda fountain, is not long for this earth. You suppose Jesse James ever had a soda?"

"You can't be a juvenile forever," someone said.

"I already have been," said Wagner. "What's another eternity going to matter? It's a funny thing. Somebody says you're a star. Then somebody else says so. It's wonderful how everyone agrees to it. There's only one thing wrong: You're not a star. You know it. The technicians know it. But it's too late. (Continued on page 90)

LIVING WITH YOUNG IDEAS

JOAN COLLINS
IS IN 20TH CENTURY-FOX'S
"SEAWIFE" AND
"ISLAND IN THE SUN."
NEGLIGEE BY JUEL PARK.

THE UNDERCOVER STORY OF THE YEAR

- Beauty Begins in the Boudoir
- How to Have the Bustline You Want
- Fashion a Beautiful Figure

ALSO

Etiquette
For a Bachelor Girl



YOUNG IDEAS:
UNDERCOVER
STORY OF
THE YEAR

Beauty Begins in the BOUDOIR

● We all know that a daily shower is a "must" for the girl who would be truly beautiful. Next, comes dainty lingerie — which is a positive obsession with Natalie Wood. Lingerie, too, should come in for a daily "showering". Then, what's more luxurious than a liberal dousing with any good toilet water for that tingling, head-to-foot feeling of "coming to life"? With those things out of the way, it's time to concentrate on beauty: foundation creams, astringents, and so on. When it comes to the application of make-up, remember, too little is always far better than too much.

Beauty begins with good grooming, and Natalie Wood will tell you that good grooming begins with you alone



Like most Hollywood stars, Natalie uses a brush to get a smooth outline when applying lipstick. She's careful to avoid an exaggerated lipline.



Outline your eyes with a very, very thin pencil in any color you feel accentuates the color of your eyes. Keep the line close to your eyelashes.



Eyebrows should not be plucked or shaved to pencil-thinness. They add character to your face, so it's best to pluck them out one by careful one.



Mascara is good for practically everyone. There are all sorts of tricks, including vaseline, then powder, then mascara, to make lashes thicker.

out of color TV comes a new make-up to make you
look naturally lovely
 in any light...day or **night**



Max Factor's new **hi-fi** Fluid Make-Up

You'll love the Hi-Fi look...and so will he! Because Hi-Fi makes a natural beauty of you...ends the "made-up" look once and for all. There's a whole new range of high fidelity shades in Hi-Fi...shades that emphasize the loveliest you!

Hi-Fi does for color what high fidelity does for music! Reproduces perfect natural skin tones that blend invisibly with your own complexion. In bright sunlight, glaring or artificial light, there's no tell-tale mark — all anyone can tell is that you're *lovely!*

Hi-Fi heightens your own color...hides flaws! The delicate color Hi-Fi gives you is remarkable...because it's so fresh, so natural-looking...yet it hides whatever you want to hide with a sheer veil of beauty! It smoothes and softens skin quickly, easily — never streaks or smears.

Any light is flattering with Hi-Fi. Glaring lights of color TV made existing make-ups appear harsh, unflattering. So the great networks called on Max Factor. From his research, he developed an exclusive new color principle, creating a make-up that stayed smooth and radiant under the most glaring light. From this same color principle, Max Factor created this wonderful new make-up for you. Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up!

Natural-looking beauty can be yours...now! Choose the perfect shade for your complexion from six new high fidelity shades in Hi-Fi. \$1.75 plus tax at your favorite cosmetics counters. Fluid Rouge in new high fidelity colors, \$1.25 plus tax.



**NEW
 HIGH FIDELITY
 SKIN TONES
 NEVER BEFORE
 POSSIBLE**

Send in this coupon for "Try Size" Hi-Fi, enough for at least TEN make-ups for only 25¢! You will also receive FREE Max Factor's new book "YOU AT YOUR LOVELIEST" Max Factor, Dept. H, P. O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, California Please send me my shade in the special "Try Size" Hi-Fi Fluid Make-Up. I enclose 25¢. My natural skin tone is (check one)

☐ Fair Tone (fair) ☐ Tempting Tone (natural) ☐ Blush Tone (med. rose) ☐ Candle Tone (medium) ☐ Gay Tone (deep natural) ☐ Sun Tone (tan) ☐ Bronze Tone (deep tan) 1-3

Name..... PLEASE PRINT

Street.....City.....Zone.....State.....



To look at her now you'd never know...but her face "broke out" an hour ago. The 2-step Medicare Set saved her then. Medicare Stick saves her now.



to be as lovely as you can be...

TUSSY medicare

Set of Creamy Masque and Medicated Lotion (Light or Medium Shade), \$2. Medicare Stick, \$1. All tax free. On Canadian counters, too.

YOUNG IDEAS:
UNDERCOVER STORY
OF THE YEAR

How to have the Bustline you want

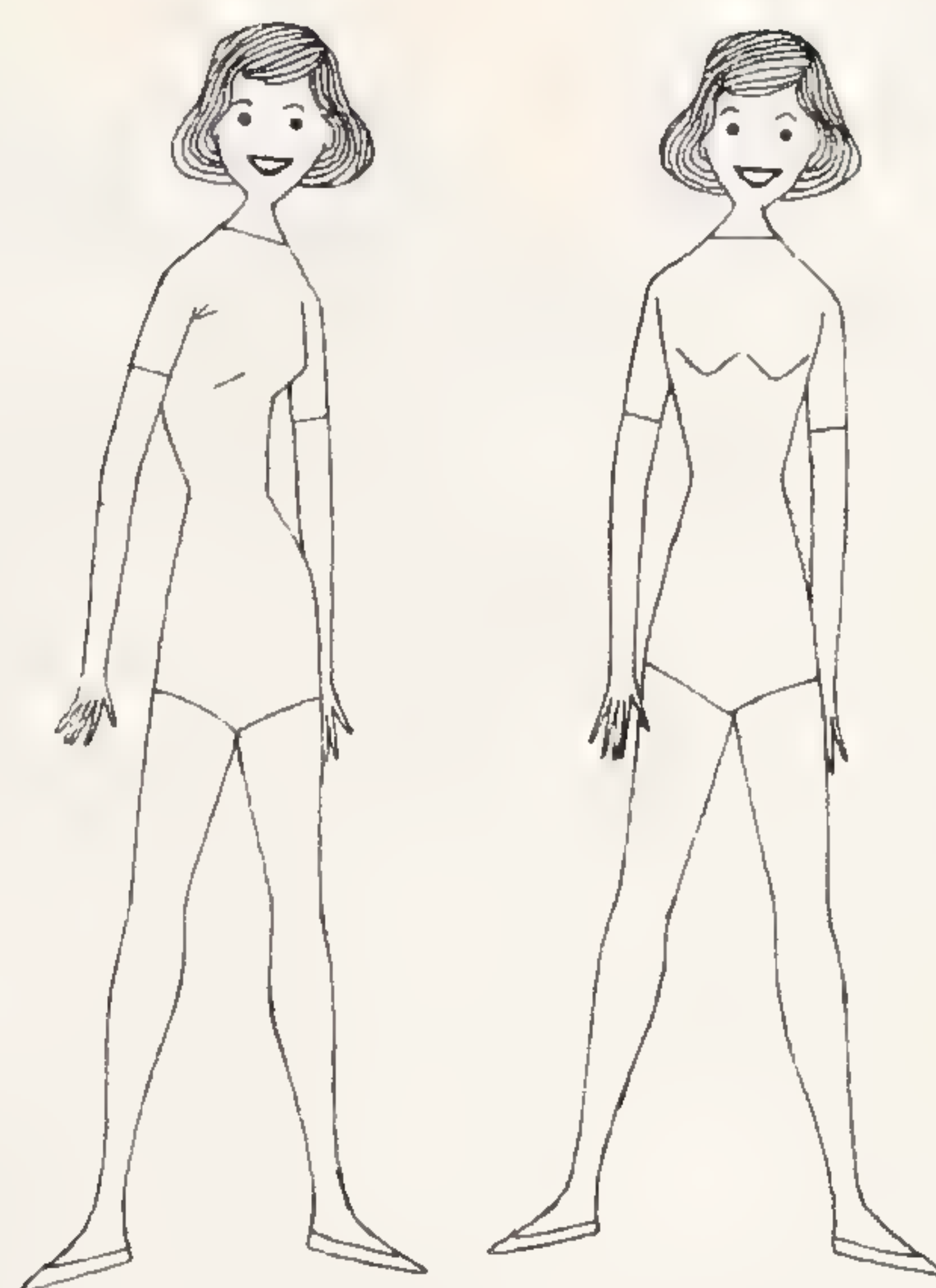
For a shape more chic, Hollywood's famous beauty expert reveals his personal bust-building formula as used by the movie stars • BY TERRY HUNT



Cleo Moore, Virginia Leith, Shelley Winters visit Hunt's salon

• Many Hollywood stars have come to my figure-building salon in Beverly Hills for the beauty courses which I have perfected. I promise them no miracles, as I promise none to you. But I do predict that, like so many of the movie stars, your bustline will show *improvement* by following my directions for these simple exercises.

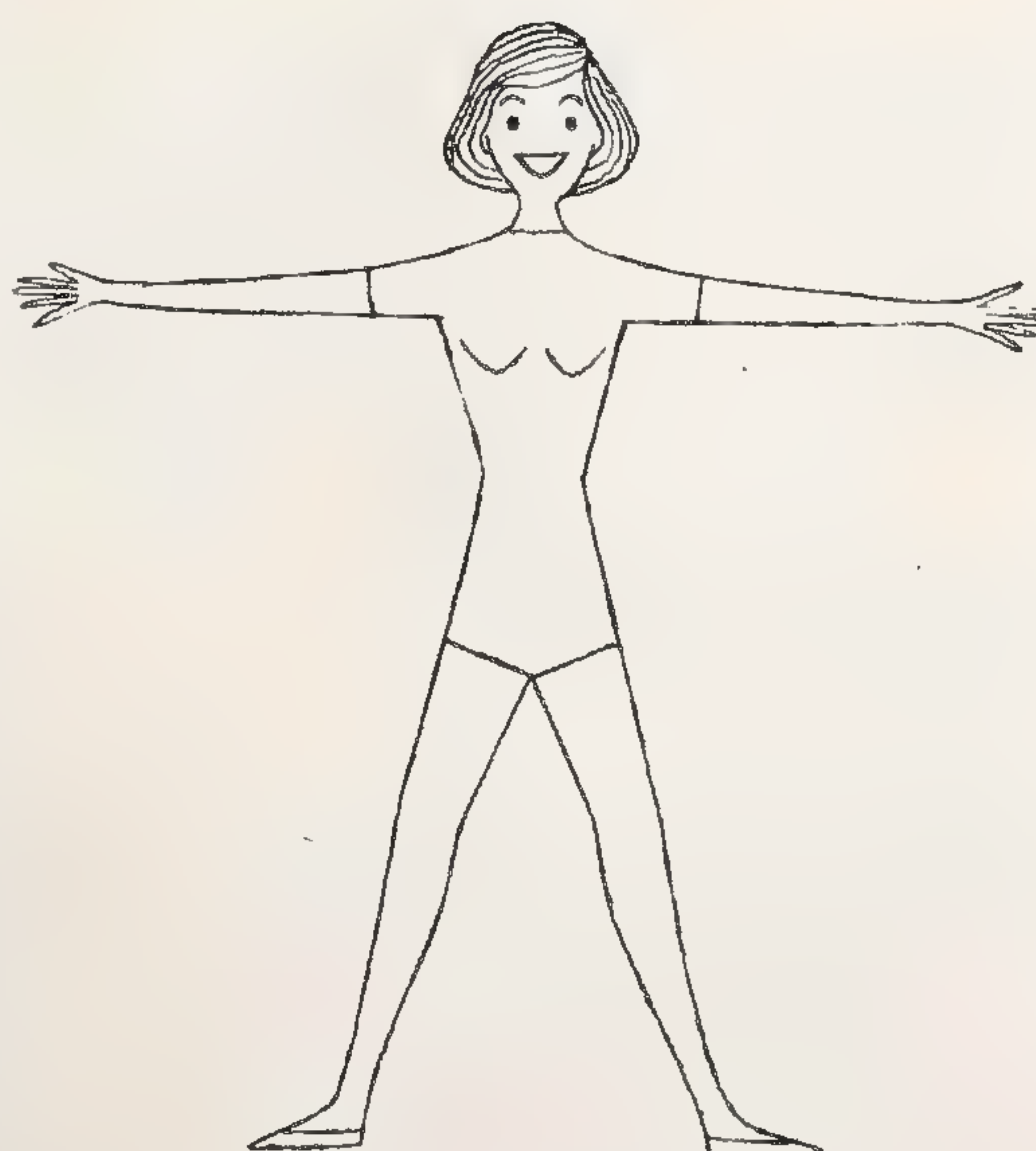
Correcting poor posture can do much to make your line trim. The three most common forms of poor posture are pictured with this story. A sidewise curved back (on this page) is often caused by habitually carrying heavy books on the same arm. Exercises to strengthen the muscles evenly and sufficiently to support the frame will help. An uneven hip line (pictured in back of book) can only be corrected by determined effort to straighten the spine and by developing better tone in the abdominal muscles to make the lower back more normal. A forward thrusting of the head results in a badly sunken chest. Exercises can help you stretch and (Continued on page 78)



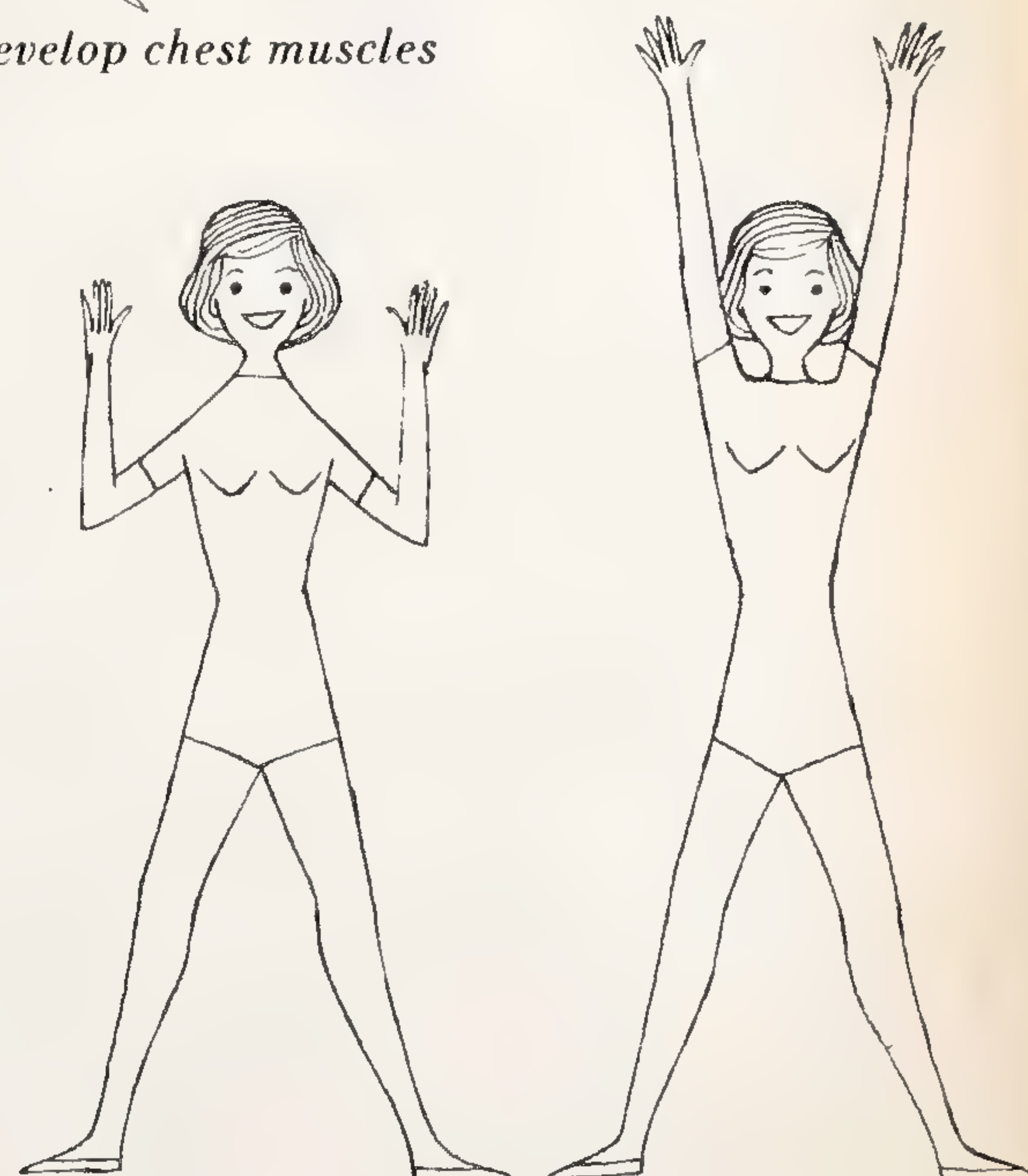
Curved back spoils your line



Pushups develop chest muscles



Extend and swing or rotate arms



Arm-raising is very effective

For More Bustline Beauty and How to Choose Your Bra, Turn to Page 78

YOUNG IDEAS:
UNDERCOVER
STORY OF
THE YEAR

*There's more than
meets the eye in be
well-dressed. These new
hidden attractions
help you to*

Fashion



A An airy pantie girdle of elastic mesh with shaped satin Lastex panels front and back, extending to cushion the inner leg. Detachable garters. S, M, L. By Sarong. \$5.95

B For a perfect profile, a girdle in nylon power net, inch-paring satin elastic contour panels front, back, sides. White. Waist sizes 25-34. By Flexees. \$12.95

C Dipping waistband for comfort in a black nylon power net girdle, smooth satin Lastex panel embroidered in blue. Also white. S, M, L, extra-L. Youthcraft. \$7.95

D Curve control made easy in this flower-patterned, seamless cotton and latex girdle. New added plus: an easy-slide zipper. Extra-S to L. Playtex. \$10.95



a Beautiful Figure

E Gently wired, figure-molding bra shaped to a plunge, with circular-stitched nylon lace cups, leno elastic band. White, black. 32-44 A, B, C, D. Maidenform. \$5.95

F Nylon lace bandeau with slender torso band, a pretty conceit in the inset lattice-work of satin ribbons. Black, white. Exquisite Form. 32-42 A, B, C. \$3.50

G Wired and boned bra, Alençon lace-over-satin cups lined with contour foam. Convertible straps. White, black, pastels. 32-36 A, B, C. Hollywood-Maxwell. \$5

H Beauty treatment bra — Dacron elastic supports heart-embroidered cotton cups defined by twin bands, shaped with light foam. White. 32-40 A, B, C. Lovable. \$2.50

I Well-separated bra with neat front hook closing. White cotton, the cups delicately embroidered and lightly padded with foam. 32-38 A, B, C. By Gossard. \$3

J Crisp cotton shapes a high, round bra, cups V-stitched, underscored with elastic, framed in embroidered marquisette. White. 32-40 A, B, C. By Formaid. \$3



To buy undercover fashions, see information and stores listed on page 111

Continued

YOUNG IDEAS:
UNDERCOVER
STORY OF
THE YEAR

A

B

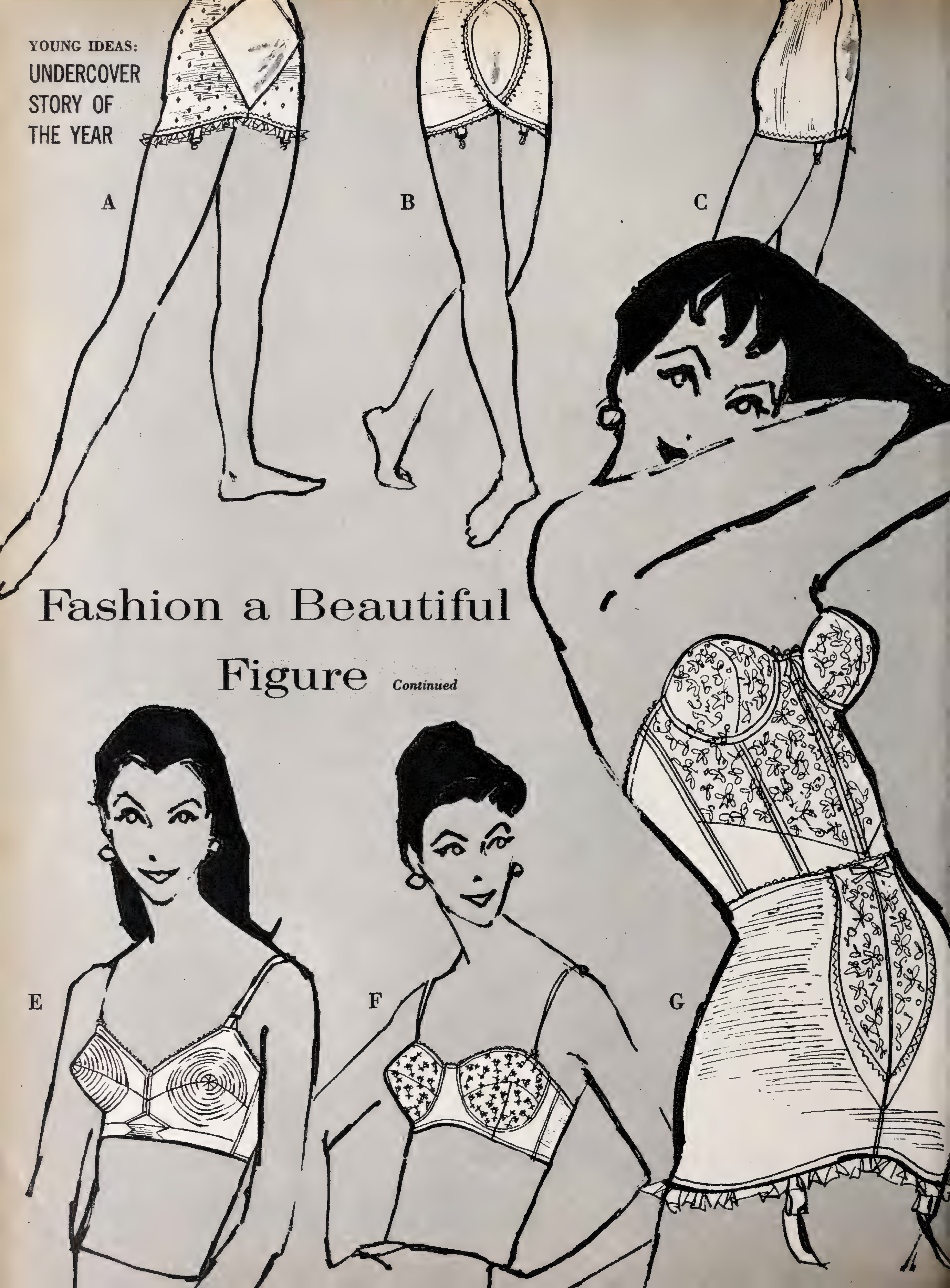
C

Fashion a Beautiful Figure *Continued*

E

F

G



A Control in brief, a handsome girdle in patterned nylon power net, slimming satin elastic diamond panels front and back. White, red, black, pastels. S, M, L. Enhance Jr. by Lily of France. \$7.95

B Shaped for a young figure, hip-smoothing power net girdle. The control: an elastic waistband continuing around pink-etched panel. S, M, L. Warner's. \$7.50

C For ease and freedom, all-over-stretch girdle in rayon elastic with overlaid rayon satin panel, nary a seam. White or black. S, M, L. Silf-Skin. About \$3

D Carefree pull-on girdle in perforated velvety rubber, hidden tummy panel. The prettiness here: a printed red rose. White. Waists 24-36. Kleiner's. \$4.95

E Bandeau of smooth cotton with elastic insert. Rounded cups concentrically-stitched, lightly padded, tricot-lined. White. 32-38 A, B. By Stardust. \$1.50

F Pretty and practical bra in batiste elastic. Cups, embroidered cotton, foam-lined. Mobile straps convert to six-way wear. White. 32-38 A, B. Lewella. \$2

G Matched pair: lacy nylon "Curvallure" low-backed bra, boned, wired, contour padded, with Dacron elastic support. 32-36 A, B. \$8.95. Slimming power net girdle shaped with lace and satin elastic panels. S, M, L. \$8.95. White. By Jantzen

H Sleek new all-in-one shaped to whittle a young figure. Firming elastic net, elasticized marquisette, and circular-stitched sheer net cups. All nylon traced with pink embroidery. White or black. 33-38 B, C. By Formfit. \$16.50

I Elegant strapless—a bosom, midriff and hip smoother in lace-touched Dacron. Gently wired and boned with front hook closing, low criss-cross back. Black, white. 32-40 A, B, C. Perma-lift. \$13.50

J For the smaller bosom, three-quarter bra in cotton and batiste elastic, under-wired cups foam-lined. Attachable four-way straps. 30-36 AAA cup. By Peter Pan. \$5

To buy undercover fashions, see information and stores listed on page 111

Continued on page 72



H

I

J

DRAWINGS BY MAGGIE MACGOWAN

What Every Bachelor Girl Should “NO”!

BY
JERRY ASHER



I'm lonely — shall I ask him in?

Shall I drink if I don't want to?

Shall I kiss him to be a good sport?

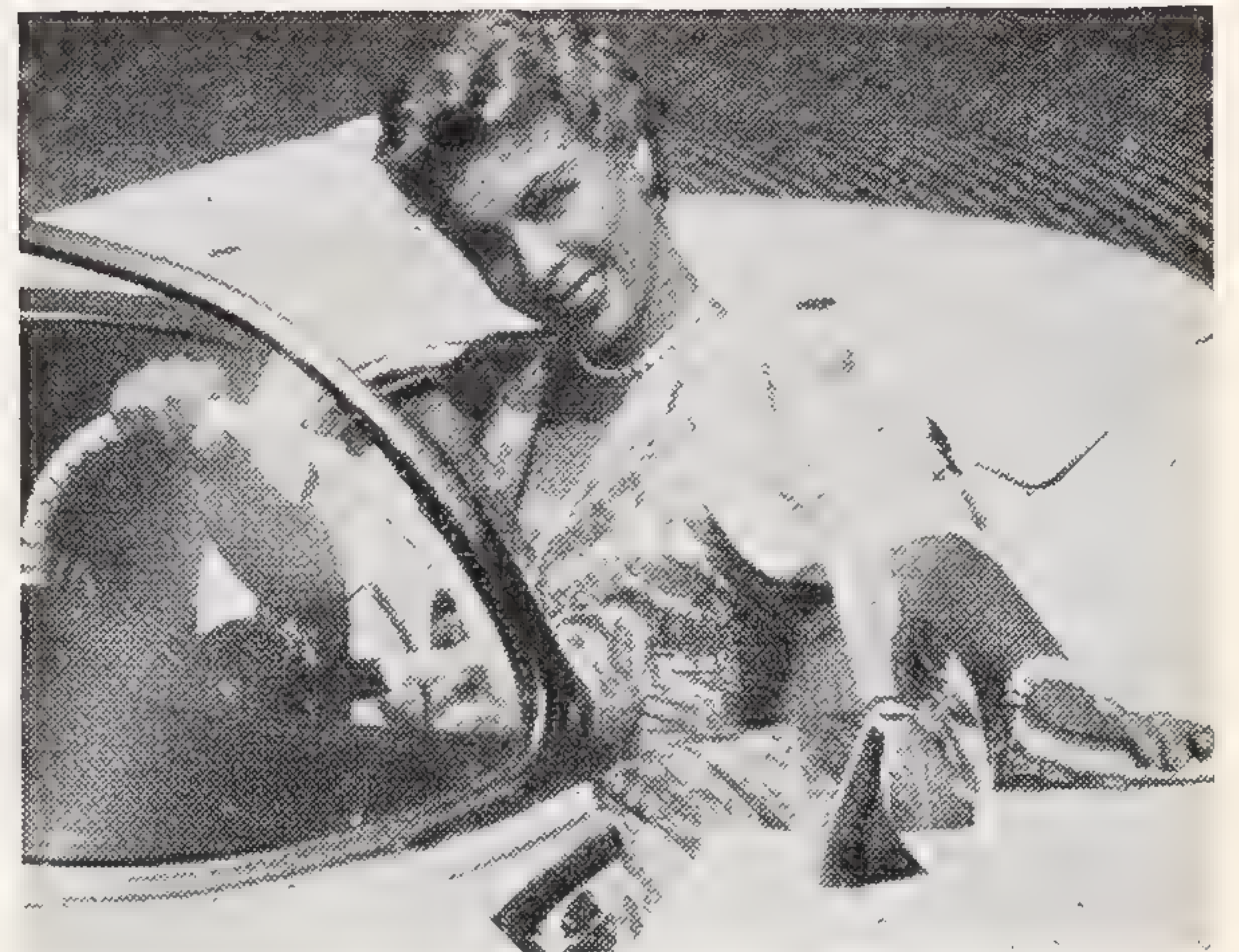
Nowhere are the wolves so hungry as in Hollywood. But Dolores Gray has fool-proof rules for being good, also popular

● To look at and listen to bachelor girl Dolores Gray, who is so progressively modern, you'd never suspect her of having certain values and viewpoints that are considered revolutionary in today's fast-moving world.

"I'm practically Victorian about some things," is the way Dolores sums it up. "For example, some girls actually can phone a man and ask for a date. Why, a good friend of mine, a popular and eligible Hollywood bachelor, had three invitations from three famous female stars to attend a recent premiere. All three had bought their tickets themselves! My reaction remains the same. It's the man's place to do the pursuing in *every* way—always!"

Brown-eyed, blonde-haired Dolores Gray (36½-22-36!), who sparkles like her favorite pink champagne, is a scintillating sophisticate. She makes a habit of meeting life head on, making no attempt to change the established rules and regulations. But in her own inimitable way, Dolores juggles them around a bit to suit her own individual needs and purposes.

About dating, for instance, she says, "Dating has always presented, shall we say, situations. When it's with a man you've met recently, it (Continued on page 93)



Dolores often goes to a party alone rather than settle for an escort whose company she doesn't enjoy. And she finds there's nothing like a dog or two to keep the wolf from the door!



YOUNG IDEAS:
UNDERCOVER
STORY OF
THE YEAR

Fashion a Beautiful Figure

Continued from page 69

A Smooth-line slip, its shaped bodice frosted with inset bands of nylon lace, embroidery, pleating. Bonus: a shadow-proof panel. Silky cool, no-iron cotton batiste. White. 32-44. Artemis. \$5.95

B Slim-to-the-knee petticoat, widening to a deep, scalloped flounce gathered by appliquéd lilies. Bates airy cotton batiste that dries in a wink. White, yellow, pink. S, M, L. Mojud. \$3.98

C Elegantly tapered half-slip in easy-to-care-for Dacron, nylon, and cotton. Scalloped lacy hemline encircled with sheer embroidered appliqué. White only. S, M, L. By Sans Souci. About \$4

To buy lingerie, see information and stores listed on page 111.

DRAWINGS BY MAGGIE MACGOWAN





Obviously, the lady doesn't know

Perma•lift's Magic Oval Pantie **CAN'T RIDE UP—EVER!**

Obviously the trim, although uncomfortable, little lady on your left doesn't know that "Perma•lift's" * Magic Oval Pantie ** Can't Ride Up—Ever! And if you're always pulling a stubborn girdle back into place, too, it's time you were wearing a "Perma•lift" Magic Oval Pantie. It will never ride up, chafe, or irritate. Ask your corsetiere for a fitting today.

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Bra 33—Circular stitched cups. In Dacron. \$3.95.

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BY CHRIS DAGGETT

Crazy, man, crazy! The rock 'n' rollers on a disk are Sal Mineo and young Susan Volkman, stars of U-I's "Rock, Pretty Baby," a picture with some of the liveliest rock 'n' roll sets we've heard



what's spinning?



Bouncy Robert Clary is back again with a twelve-tune offering on Epic entitled "Hooray for Love," a lively and varied performance ably assisted by Neal Hefti and his orchestra. The prettiest tune in the set is the lovely "Avec Ce Soleil," sung in French in Clary's husky-voice style. He is his swinging self in "Hooray for Love," "Thou Swell," "Triplets" and "Love Is a Simple Thing," in which he sings a round with himself. He dips into the Calypso vein with "White Witch" and "Calypso Blues." For the very touching "Ship Without a Sail," Robert becomes quieter and wistful, but returns to the happy mood on "Le Gamin de Paris." The cover pictures are a lot of fun too.

"He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not" on the Atlantic label is an LP that has been prepared with consummate taste and care. First, there is Chris Connors. Her warmth of sound is individual and attractive. Her sensitivity and phrasing do justice to what the lyrics are saying. Ralph Burns conducts a large orchestra of strings and rhythm in his

own caressing, romantic-mood arrangements. The choice of tunes is superb, including a particular gem, "Round About," recorded here for only the second time.

"Swingin' With Her Nibs" on Mercury is just that. Miss Georgia Gibbs swings through twelve standards, backed by Buddy Weed on piano, Tony Mottola on guitar, Jimmy Crawford on drums, and Arnold Fishkin on bass. Miss Gibbs' sophisticated sound makes the most of the tunes, and her impressive feel for the beat genuinely justifies the album title. Glen Osser did the arrangements.

M-G-M's "Am I Blue?" is Betty Madigan's first venture into the world of LP. Out of the endlessly rocking cradle nurturing new vocalists, Miss Madigan steps forward with a delightfully straightforward approach. Although the content lacks variety, Miss Madigan has a delicate, perceptive pop appeal. She realizes the value of dynamics and injects this into the collection. Included in the dozen selections are the title tune, "I Get Along With-

out You Very Well," "Love, You Funny Thing," "Everytime," "I'll Never Be the Same," "Please Be Kind" and "Trouble Is a Man." The obvious conclusion is that this first LP deserves a second.

Critics have said that Tony Scott's clarinet successfully bridges the gap between swing and extremely progressive music, and his new album for RCA Victor proves it. "The Touch of Tony Scott" is swinging, imaginative jazz. Such numbers as "Rock Me But Don't Roll Me," "The Jitterbug Waltz in Four" and "Yesterdays" demonstrate Tony's control of big band music. One of the featured quartet numbers in the album, the "Aeolian Drinking Song," swinging from start to finish and building to a frenzied pitch, is destined to become a jazz classic. Tony's background includes study at

(Continued from page 52)

he would be more euphoniously known as Cary Grant. Indeed, it has irked him, since Cary Grant's notion of screen acting is vastly different from that of the press or public.

So, for that matter, is Cary Grant's notion of everyday behavior. But it is only recently that Mr. Grant has got around to unburdening himself on these and a few other subjects. Apparently, up to now, no one remembered to ask him.

One day in the late winter of this year, Grant sat himself down behind a pot of tea—since a vicious attack of hepatic jaundice, he no longer drinks or smokes—and answered anyway. He was a little harassed by time and pressure. In a few days he would leave for Spain and the making of "The Pride and the Passion" for Stanley Kramer. Frank Sinatra and Italy's Sophia Loren would also be among those present, but Grant's was the bedrock name. He'd been setting in order a house in Palm Springs and a house in Beverly Hills. But he behaved like a man who had not a single urgent engagement until 1960. He is a singularly courteous, uninhibited fellow.

Mention inevitably was made of the then upcoming Oscar awards, and he smiled whitely beneath his somewhat graying hair and above his rather full chin. "I won't win it," he said equably. "Not that I'm nominated, of course. But when I say I won't win it, I mean now or any other year. I don't say I should, and I have nothing but respect for the nominees. But 'acting' by today's critical lights has something to do with facial acrobatics and missing teeth. Light comedy has no more chance than the man who keeps his features still. You know, any amateur can black out a tooth, stick on a beard, and pretend he's something he isn't. The tough thing, the final thing, is to be yourself. *That* takes doing, and I should know. I used to be Noel Coward. Hand plunged in the jacket pocket, you know. It took me three years to get that hand out of there, and they were three years wasted. Noel Coward is great at being Noel Coward, but the role I do best is Cary Grant.

"In fact," says Mr. Grant, "the same general idea goes for everyone under every circumstance. But it's so hard for people, especially the young, to find it out. You see a girl enter a party or any kind of crowded room. In a moment, she goes into a role. Her hand touches her hair. She does something meaningless with her arms. Her natural poise has deserted her so she's superimposed another poise. If she'd simply stick to being herself, she'd be a hundred times more charming. But that's something *she'll* have to learn. I doubt that it can be taught."

Grant, oblivious to the double-takes of fellow-diners who by then realized they'd flushed a screen star, poured more tea and re-routed himself to the original subject of Oscars, cutting across a few hilly digressions to head them off at the pass.

"So I'll never get one," he said. "I had a crack once. Instead of a droll fellow in a dinner jacket, I was a psychopathic murderer. Picture called "Suspicion." But when it was over, my poor victim got the statue. Joan Fontaine. That's when I folded my tent and stole away.

"Really, though—and this isn't sour grapes—actors know the problems of acting and no one else does. Not fully anyway. Well, how could they? A fan letter from Ethel Barrymore would be worth more to a player's self-esteem than a thousand good notices. The truth is, not many critics know what they're talking about. That's

an observation, not an indictment. They've been kind enough to me. But they just don't know. It's what I've been talking about. Let a player roll his eyes and chew scenery and the critics get excited. They dig up that one about 'submerging himself in the role,' and I guess by inference curl their lip at Cary Grants. So all right. But they still don't know what they're talking about. The stage—that's something else. But on film, the actor who controls his face and plays himself—he's the one who's learned his business."

On reconsideration, the reference to the stage suddenly agitated Mr. Grant's bile. He's done the stage bit himself, and presumably knew whereof he spoke.

"Now *there's* something," he said. "Broadway's assumption of superiority to Hollywood. *There is something.* And the gifted young men—and they *are* gifted, more times than not—come here from there and promptly fall apart on the simplest take. Because they know nothing of the making of pictures. Where they had a whole stage to work on and could cover for a multitude of errors, here the smallest mistake screens as a cataclysm. And I can't tell you how many mistakes you can make in one close-up scene. I can't even show you because it would take too long."

But there *was* time for seventeen technical errors, which he demonstrated in rapid succession. "I'm before a camera now. It's a close shot, necktie up. You're—oh, Grace Kelly. I say to you: 'I'm here today, gone tomorrow.' That's all. And take a sip of water somewhere in between." He spoke the line and went through the business. At the end of each take, he said: "But I can't do it like that. Setting down the glass, I drowned out a word. And I can't do it *this* way. Did you see why? I've a double-chin and forgot to hold it up. This time I'm holding the glass so an arc-light's reflected in it. Broadway wouldn't know about these things."

Did Grant, then, as an established star, have doubts about those who were coming up so fast behind him, the Rocks and the Tabs, the Rorays and Tonys?

"No!" he said. "In fact, I'm glad you asked me that. I'm with them all, and I know what they're going through because I went through it once. I was talking about technical deficiencies. No, these kids have it and they're going to deliver it. Their problem is one of concentration, utter concentration. There's so much, when you're on the way up, to distract you. So many trimmings and trappings. And all necessary. Makeup, publicity, photographer, that first self-consciousness at being a more or less public figure—oh, everything in the world. Including the fear you might not stay on the streetcar. I'll come to that. But in spite of it all, their big job is to concentrate, learn their business, and forget the rest while that's going on.

"See, if you can't do that, you've *really* got a problem. I mentioned Grace Kelly. Of course, we've lost her now. But *concentration!* That girl could study a script with a house burning down around her. And when she'd finished, she'd know every nuance and every thought the character had to have. That's only one of the things that made her great. Bergman had it, too. The big ones all have it. I know someone once asked Spence Tracy what the first important thing was a young actor should do to get a foothold in this business. I imagine they expected one of those faith-and-courage answers. But Spence just looked up for a second and said, 'Well, it might be a good idea if he'd learn his lines.' He wasn't kidding a bit, either. I'm

the Juilliard School of Music. Years at the feet of such jazz greats as Charlie Parker and Ben Webster have endowed Tony with a dazzling technique, combined with a deep respect and feeling for America's native roots, the folk music that is jazz. He displays here the talent which marks him as the world's top clarinetist, so recognized by all leading jazz critics.

"Dinah Washington in the Land of Hi-Fi," on EmArcy, is a 100-proof, bonded antidote to the affected line of pink gin, female jazz singers of the past couple of years. Dinah is a shouter with a beat that can shake bridges. In everything she sings there is the earthy honesty of the blues. Dinah is becoming more and more effective on standards; invariably, her interpretation is fresh and invigorating. Among the standards are, "Our Love Is Here to Stay," "My Ideal," "I've Got a Crush on You" and "If I Were a Bell." Dinah is a bell, a big brass one; one, fortunately, that nothing can muffle.

Odds and Ends:

Dave Brubeck has returned to the San Francisco area for bookings until the end of March, when he will leave for other parts of the country. Among his new originals which will comprise his next album are "Histoire du Boy Scout," "Ode to a Cowboy" and "Tea Down Yonder for Two." . . . Three movie companies, including Warners and Paramount, are interested in the George Shearing autobiography. . . . Ted Heath is expected to grace America with another visit in February, when he will be on an exchange tour with Count Basie. . . . For you lucky Californians, Billie Holiday returns to Jazz City in February. . . . When you're at Hermosa and feeling two-beaty, don't pass up Tom Riley's Saints smacking it out at the Inn on Pier Avenue. . . . Art Pepper will have a Contemporary album soon with an octet and smaller combos featuring Conti Candoli, Frank Rosolino and Hampton Hawes. Don't miss this one. . . . In Montreal, Marian McPartland will be at the Circus Lounge for two weeks beginning January 28th. Following her will be Don Elliot for three weeks beginning February 11th. . . . In Washington, D. C., billed as "Jazz for Moderns," the Teddy Carter quartet is due for a long stint at the Village Inn. . . . In Chicago, Barbara Carroll will be at the London House in February. At the Blue Note in Chicago, Dizzy Gillespie and Oscar Peterson are booked for some time in February and March. . . . Dolores Gray will star in a new musical, "But Not for Marriage," scheduled to open in April in New York. Louie Bellson wrote the music and Phil Lang, who orchestrated the score of "My Fair Lady," is set to arrange Bellson's music. Sounds good!

not running down faith and courage, but learning your lines is at least just as practical."

And what about the streetcar bit?

"The streetcar bit," said Grant. "It's my visual apparatus for the Hollywood scramble. The streetcar fills up in the back and empties out the front. And there's only room for so many. It's a precarious sort of streetcar. Call it Aspire. Call it anything. When I first jumped on the back and was hanging on the rail for dear life, the ones up front in the aisle seats were people like Richard Barthelmess. You know? Well, I hung on like mad and shoved and pushed and finally had a little room with the standees on the rear platform, and I thought, well, so far, so good. Then I looked behind me and there was another crowd trying to get on. And a few of them do and that shoves you up a little further toward the front. Gary Cooper got on about the same time, I think, only a little earlier, but he's the one nobody's shoving. Coop sits there with his legs stretched out and lets people trip over him.

"Then all of a sudden you hear a shout, and someone yells back to us in the rear, 'Hey, So-and-So's fallen out the front!' And that's the last you hear of So-and-So. That streetcar represents Hollywood to me, and where I am now I won't guess."

About three-quarters forward with a snug seat at the window?

"That's a comforting way to look at it."

Yes. But there is also the possibility that the point does not really concern Grant to any great extent. At a youthful fifty-two and in his full streetcar status, Cary Grant is thought by his friends today to be bearing away on a course parallel to stardom rather than toward it. That is, his career has come to have more significance to him as a means than an end.

"I don't think," an intimate observed of him recently, "that Cary wants to work his head off any more. Say three pictures every two years, and the rest of the time traveling or just taking it easy and boning up on the civilization he lives in. His horizons have broadened—and God knows, he isn't hungry any more."

Nor are these the only changes evident in the man. The younger Cary Grant was a fellow with a considerable range of mood, from a kind of euphoric gaiety to numbing, surly depressions. These last were particularly apparent after the break-up of his marriage to Barbara Hutton Reventlow, which had a tragic quality of its own. Of all the unions this unhappy woman has essayed, that with Grant seemed to have had the best footing. From

her, Cary Grant neither wanted nor needed a single thing; this made him distinctive in the ranks. No one doubts that he loved her, and most think this love was tinged with a measure of tenderness that could be called pity. Assuredly he wanted to see the marriage work. Just as certainly, he exerted a heroic effort toward that end.

But he failed. Or someone failed. Or something. Miss Hutton was said not to be terribly fond of Cary's friends, for example; and not exactly overwhelmed by Hollywood, when she saw it against her *haut monde* playgrounds in Europe.

Cary and Barbara were married on July 8, 1942, in a ceremony at Lake Arrowhead, and Grant at that time was a gregarious, earthy sort of chap who liked Cockney dialect, sang ribald songs to his own piano accompaniment, and talked incessantly—as on occasion he still does. "You'll find me a fertile subject," he told an interviewer recently. "I gabble on like a New York cab driver."

But when the two were divorced a little more than four years later, Grant went into periods of dark silence, and strange phases of passing friends without recognition. His habitual expression became a glower, and friends guessed he had reached a point of view that could be summed up in the words: Success is a phony and attainment absolutely pointless. Well, it is possibly not a very healthy way to feel.

But, as history well knows by now, along came a young actress named Betsy Drake, and to him she was the redemption of everything, most conspicuously love and hope. They met in 1948 and were married as soon as humanly feasible. She is Cary's third wife—his first was Virginia Cherrill, a 1934 union that lasted two years—and by any reasonable betting odds his last one.

"I love her so much," Grant said a few weeks ago, "that for once, words fail me."

Now the moods and depressions are gone, the gaiety less hectic. With maturity (and Betsy) has come an amiable mellowness, together with an inclination to stay home and investigate in more detail what goes on between the covers of books. Home is high in the section of Beverly Hills that really is given over to hills, the suburban extension of a flatland of box hedges and well-manicured lawns. Here the Grants live quietly, staying away from television a good deal of the time, while Betsy reads or putters and Cary continues his scholarly pursuit of what the hypnotists are up to; a subject, by the way, that interested him long before Morey Bernstein took out after Bridey Murphy.

There was a time, according to associates, when Grant drove too conspicuous cars at too many miles per hour. Now he drives modest, middle-priced cars at a sedate pace, staying over in the right-hand lane and rarely moving to pass the slowest deterrent to his progress.

"Cary," a friend has said, "even if he was late to a party, wouldn't pull out to get around Don Wilson pulling Jackie Gleason in a rickshaw."

Our newly tranquil Mr. Grant was born in Bristol, England, on January 18, 1904, the son of a clothing manufacturer and grandson of a British actor of some repute. Cary himself thought at an early age he'd like to follow Grandpa's steps, but he likewise thought he'd like to be an electrician. Presently, while he was still not much more than a child, a chance to bracket the two arose. He conceived a new theatrical lighting effect and took it to the manager of Bristol's Princess Theatre, who was delighted. He even installed it.

And thus a bridge was crossed. The lighting device was the last Grant was ever to create, but the theatre became his love forever. At thirteen, he broke out of the home corral to join the troupe of one Bob Pender, a group that specialized in eccentric dancing, stilt walking, clown routines and pantomime. Cary had been with it four weeks when Leach père dropped around and dragged him home by the scruff of the neck.

Eighteen months later, however, our hero escaped again, rejoined Pender, and got his father's blessing.

Now Grant was a knockout comic—strange apprenticeship for the economy of style and motion he later was to evolve—and the company played the Hippodrome in New York. The year was 1920—and nothing happened. But back in England, something did. Grant, singing now, was noticed by producer Arthur Hammerstein, who brought him back to the States for "Golden Dawn."

Grant remained on Broadway for a succession of musicals: "Polly," with Fred Allen and Lady Inverclyde; "Boom Boom," with Jeanette MacDonald; "Street Singer," with Queenie Smith; and "Nikki," with Fay Wray and Douglass Montgomery.

"I got by in New York," he has lately recalled, "but it's hard to say just why. Because I had black hair and white teeth, I guess. Looking back now, I can't account for it any other way. But I found out one thing: The stage actor who yells that he can't be bothered with Hollywood—that guy already has his bags packed. And the louder he yells, the bigger his hope chest."

Grant, who has admitted from the first he had his bags packed, motored to California after "Nikki" closed, and by and by was playing straight to a promising actress for a Paramount screen test. And as happens now and then, the lady turned out to be not so promising, but the stooge caught a few influential eyes.

They became ayes as well, which leaves us with very little more to say that is not a matter of record.

Grant, who became an American citizen on June 26, 1942, and meanwhile took time to legalize his more famous name, enjoyed a success that for its unbroken nature has proved somewhat monotonous. Not to him, though.

He also enjoys tennis, badminton and swimming, roughly in the order named, but professes no hobby in particular. Still, there is ample time for him to find one. Outdoor dinner parties featuring barbecued critic, for instance, might prove just the thing.

THE END

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How to Have the Bustline You Want

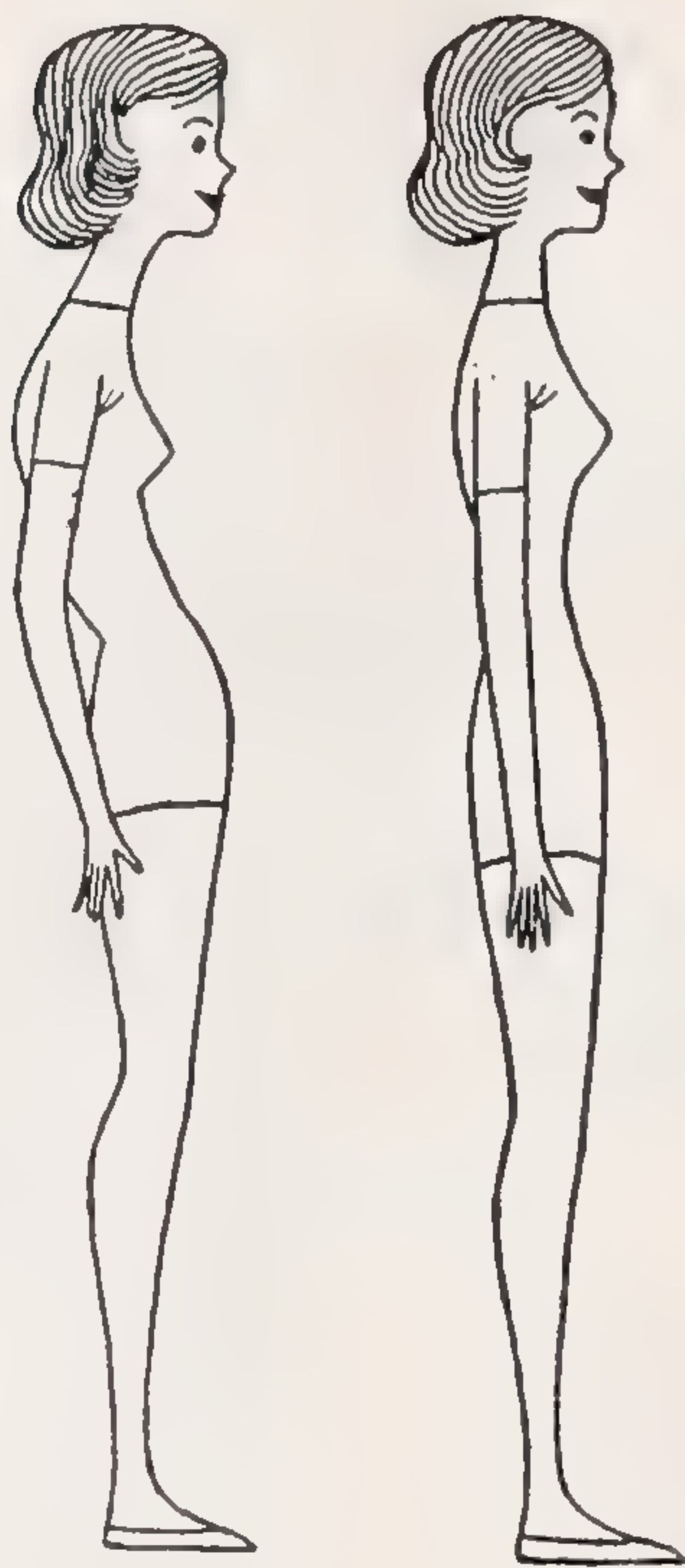
(Continued from page 65)

tone up the muscles of the chest and shoulders, and to tighten the abdominal muscles.

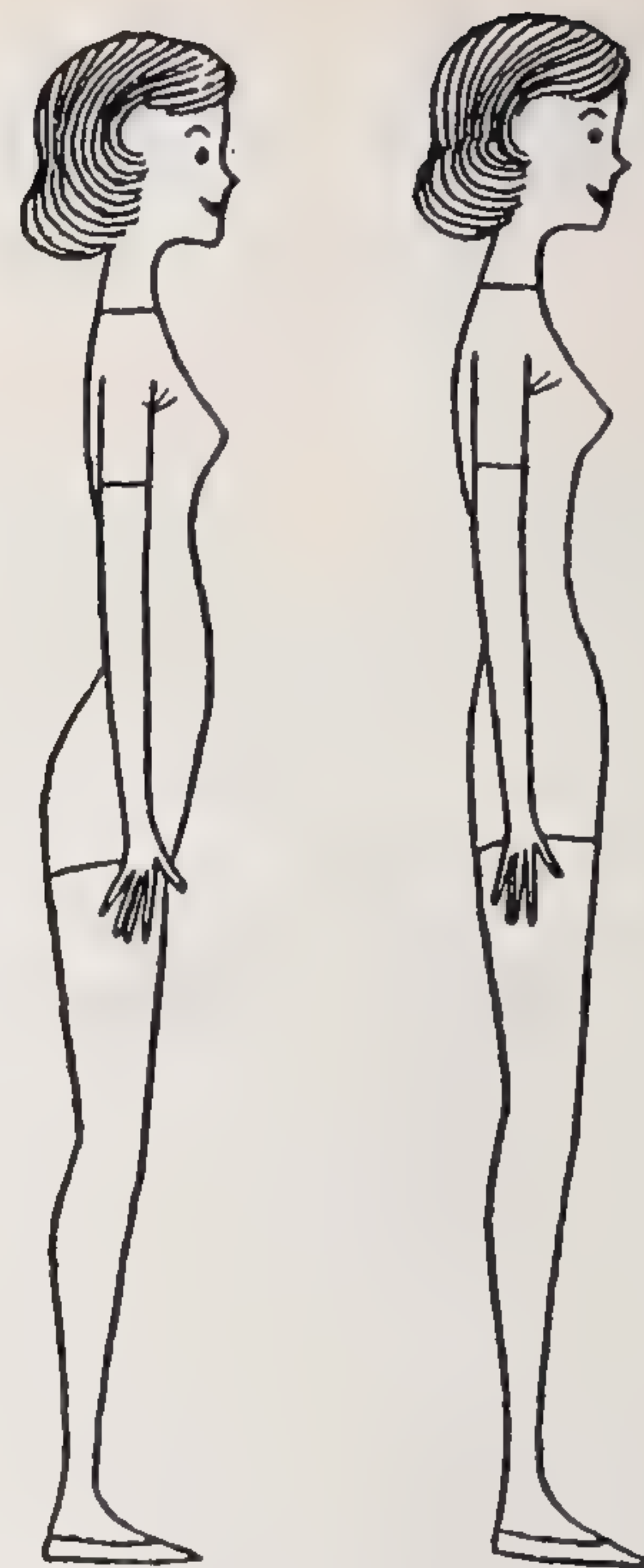
Do pushups regularly to aid posture and strengthen chest muscles. Three special exercises: Stand with arms extended sideways (see bottom row, first girl, page 65) and bring forward, repeating five to ten times.

Then, with arms sideways again, rotate arms, keeping elbows stiff. Now study the last two girls. These are your positions for the final exercise, consisting of raising the hands high above the head and lowering them to shoulder level in a steady rhythm. For best results I recommend the use of dumbbells or weights in the hands.

Remember, the secret of effective exercise depends on regularity (every day for reducing, alternate days for building). Begin with a ten-minute routine and work up to twenty, never exercising until at least two hours or so after a meal. The all-important Don'ts: Don't bathe directly after a workout. Don't overdo it. Don't begin exercising without your doctor's okay. Most of all, don't get discouraged. Your rewards will come. —TERRY HUNT

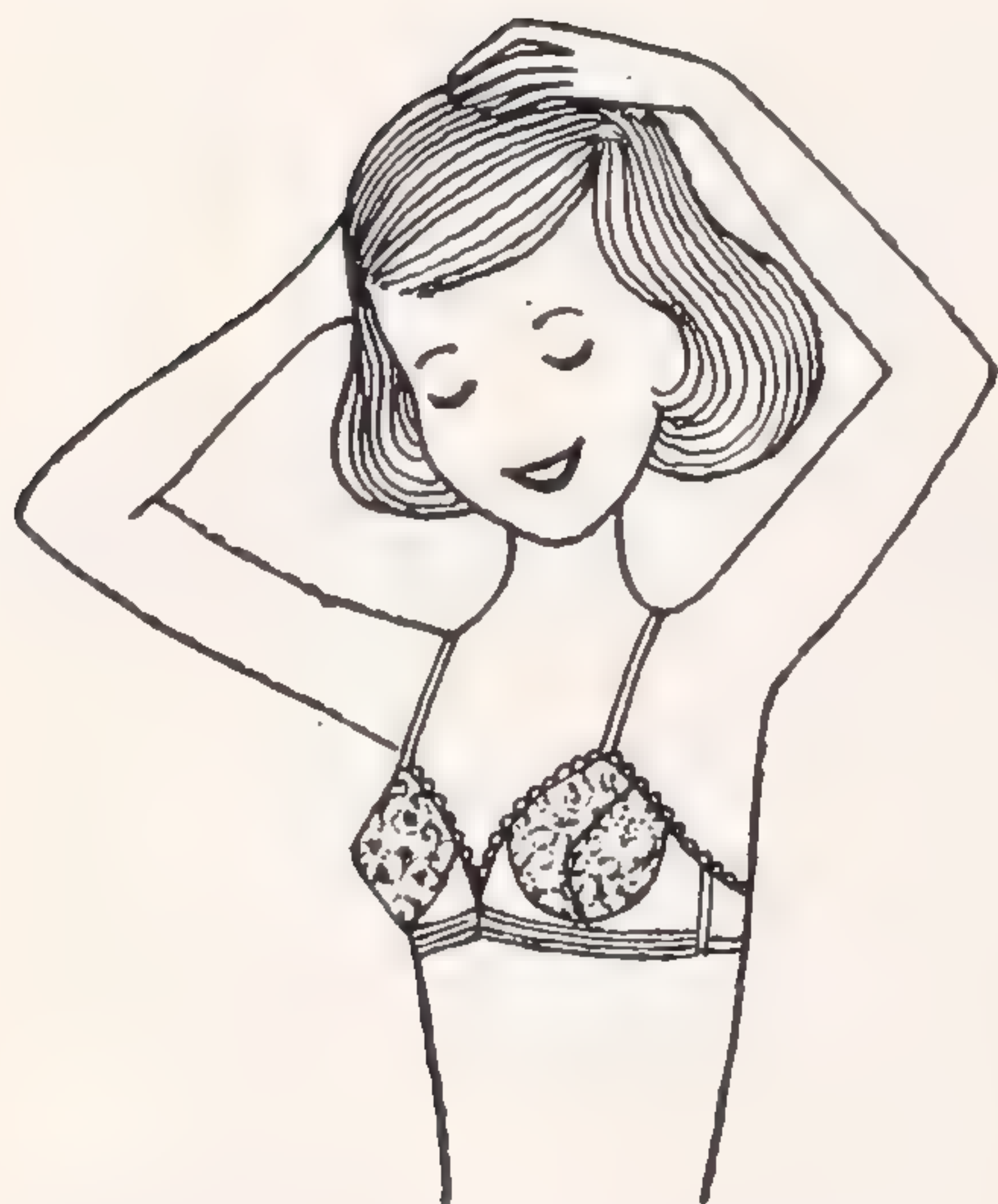


Poor posture causes not only sunken chest but protruding head, abdomen



Correct protruding hips and other posture defects with regular pushups

How to Choose and Care for Your Bra



Small bosom bra should be lightly padded with foam, or have small pads set in the undercups for prettier contours. Bandeau type is good basic, with narrow underband to keep it in place



Average bosom bra should hold the bust firmly in place following the natural contours, not too pointed or too round. Four-section cup is suggested for fit. It should anchor firmly at back



Full figure bra should have cups full enough to hold entire bust firmly with good separation, be as wide under the arm as bosom itself. Deep underband style gives best support, smooth midriff

Improving your bustline is only half the story. To make the most of your natural assets, you need a good bra. PHOTOPLAY sought the advice of Edith Head, designer for Paramount Pictures and winner of several Academy Awards, and compiled the following suggestions, endorsed by Miss Head's chief corsetiere, Bessie Lowery:

A bra should hold the bust firmly in the position in which it grows from the body. Thus, the points of the bosom will be half-way between elbows and shoulders. The bra should provide neither a too-pointed nor a too-rounded look, should fit the natural contours, and should not ride up in

back. Pulling the straps too tightly limits bust separation and may give an abnormal "shelf" look; too loosely will provide insufficient support. Never let the straps cut into the shoulders.

The proper width of the bra is also important. Width under the arms should approximate width of the bust itself, insuring firmness.

The girl with the tiny bust may wear a lightly padded bra or small tapering pads lining the undercups, for pretty new contours.

The too-large bust must always be supported properly by a deep-cup fit to prevent ugly bulging under the arms. The

bra must also avoid pulling the breasts tightly together, because the divided look is much healthier and far more attractive.

To wash your bra, use lukewarm water and mild soap, applying a hand brush to scrub out the dirt. Never put a bra into the washing machine; even hand-rubbing breaks down the fibers of the material. If your bra has picked up dye from a dress and requires a bleach, be careful not to use a strong one. A mild color remover is a safer procedure, particularly with nylons. To dry, hang your bra by the straps, stretching out as many wrinkles as possible. Press with a moderate iron and a damp cloth if necessary. THE END

here's the entire

Hollywood Year

The book
that tells you
everything you want
to know about
everyone in
Hollywood



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(Continued from page 43)

restaurant, Jack waves a quick and humorous hand to move the professional piano player away from the keyboard. Then he takes over, for a brief moment looking exactly like the slap-happy *Ensign Pulver* of "Mr. Roberts." Already the on-lookers are laughing appreciatively.

Jack grins at his audience. But as they turn back to their drinks and their dinners, his face sobers and saddens. He goes into a swing number, softly; one called "I'm With You." Then he modulates into a sentimental tune called "Now." These are songs of his own composition, which he wrote several years ago for a musical which was never produced.

As he sits at the piano strumming, he seems to forget the time, the place and, most particularly, the girl.

At these moments, he is not the funny *Ensign Pulver*. Nor is he the zany young fellow he was a couple of years back at a certain Compo luncheon.

Compo is an inner-Hollywood affair, which each year nominates the most promising new players. At that luncheon, Jack had been called on stage with Tab Hunter and George Nader, two of the other winners. There the three of them stood, when Rita Moreno was called forth. Tab and George gave her friendly smiles as she walked toward them, but Jack was visibly transfixed, his big eyes taking in every delicious curve of the Moreno figure. Naturally, Rita got it quickly and wiggled exactly the right amount as she approached, whereupon a low wolf whistle escaped Jack. This moan of pure masculinity brought down the house.

No, these nights around Hollywood, Jack rarely reveals this dashing side of his nature. But neither is he the rather tense young man he was last spring, when he and his wife first broke up. Then, the worry evident in his voice, he said that he "hoped it would be all right." Before that, he had been the doting young father, telling stories about his small son, Chris. He'd stop you on the street or at a party to tell you such sweetly innocent things as how Chris had stood at the window and addressed the sky, saying, "Moon too high for boy. Come down, come down."

But these evenings, since Cynthia has gone ahead with her divorce action, you can see that Jack is fluctuating among many moods. He now has a swank bachelor house in the most exclusive section of Bel Air. He drives a dashing red Thunderbird. And he is casual—much too carefully casual—as he explains that, though divorced, he and Cynnie, as he calls her, are still such good friends that they baby-sit for one another. Cynnie for him when he has a date with another girl, and he for Cynnie when she has a date with another man.

It was last summer, while Jack was making "Fire Down Below" on the island of Tobago, that I first comprehended what was going on—that Jack Lemmon was probably acting as much for himself as he was for audiences, trying to persuade himself that he was happier than he is, that he could do anything, and hadn't a care in the world.

Superficially, it was great. Career-wise, he was hot as a tin pistol. His contract with Columbia is one of the best. It even permits him to make outside pictures like "Mr. Roberts" and collect his own salary on them. It would have been perfect—if only, just a few weeks before his Tobago location, he and Cynthia hadn't separated. This was a real Hollywood shocker, because the Lemmons had seemed such an

ideal young couple—popular, well-off, well-bred, intelligent. Their future looked platinum-plated, until they agreed to part and neither of them would tell why.

Of course there had been some buzz around Hollywood when, at the exclusive Robert Mitchum dinner-dance last spring, Jack, who had come stag, had been seen dancing almost every dance with June Allyson, his co-star in "You Can't Run Away from It." But nobody took that seriously, since Jack and Dick Powell and June were obviously all such good friends. Furthermore, both Cynthia and Jack said they had no immediate plans for divorce. It was, they said, merely a separation.

By mid-summer, however, when Jack was in Tobago, the rumors that he was interested in beautiful Rita Hayworth were being flashed everywhere. These, I am here to tell you, were just more quick conclusion-jumping. I know, because I went down there, stayed for a long, dreamy week with the "Fire Down Below" company and saw Rita and Jack day after day and evening after evening.

As a setting for romance Tobago is a dream. The luxury hotel where the

the piano. Actually this kept him within sight and sound of the others, since the hotel has big open arches in place of the usual windows and doors. All the same, while the rest of the troupe were laughing and chatting together, Jack Lemmon would be alone, playing those nostalgic compositions of his.

On a tropical island under a tropical moon, with one of the most beautiful women in the world present, Jack Lemmon stayed alone. If that's not carrying a torch a mile high, you name it.

But Jack wouldn't admit the torch then and he won't admit it now. In many ways this comic fellow is unaccountably moody, quixotically stubborn, and unpredictable. It is like his growing up a rich boy and then, when he decided to become an actor, nearly starving himself to death while he lived in the cheapest of New York's miserable cold-water flats. Then there was his taking Cynthia to the Automat for dinner on their first date together—the Automat is practically New York's cheapest eating place—when it turned out that he could afford even that only because he had gone without lunch. And there was the ridiculous way he and Cynnie, when they arrived in California, moved into such an enormous house that they couldn't afford any furniture for it or any servants.

Mixed up in all this, in a way expressing it all, is Jack's piano playing. He said to me, "This is just something with me. Unless I can get to hitting the keys at least once every day I become restless and depressed for no good reason." On screen he's a very glib talker. Off screen he is not. Speaking of his music, he had to pause. Then he added, "I write—or I try to write—a song nearly every day. I can't put into words how much I want to write a hit tune. Someday I will."

But just why he wants this he doesn't seem to know. Another of his complex sides rises when it comes to his acting. He is a superb comedian, but he hates to be known as one. He wants to be known as a serious Actor, with a capital A. That's why he was so delighted about his role in "Fire Down Below"; it was serious in every frame. And he was even more delighted about a TV show he did in which he played Abraham Lincoln.

Even when he talks about his war service—and he does it amusingly—he is actually emphasizing this quality of his nature. In this case, he was quite innocently put into a false position and emerged from it with what looked like heroism and brilliance. He feels he appeared to be something which actually he was not.

Jack, who grew up in Brookline, Massachusetts, the very, very fashionable suburb of Boston, and whose father was and is the vice-president of the Doughnut Corporation of America, went to Harvard for his Naval training. He emerged an ensign and was put into communications and sent to sea almost at once. Only he hadn't had any training in communications. He couldn't have read a signal flag if it had come up and clunked him.

A mere ensign, as every mere ensign knows, doesn't complain of such things to his superiors. Ensign Lemmon did not. And thus, one day, he got a fast call from the bridge to read a message which an approaching vessel was flashing. Desperately Mr. Lemmon looked at the fluttering signals. Desperately he gambled.

"Sir," he said, "the vessel wishes right of way." By the grace of heaven, that was just what the other ship wanted. By the grace of heaven, each ship moved just in

TO REACH THE STARS

In most cases your letters will reach a star if addressed in care of the studio at which he made his last picture. If you have no luck there, try writing to *each star individually*, c/o Screen Actors Guild, 7046 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28, Calif.

Allied Artists, 4376 Sunset Drive, Hollywood 27

Columbia Pictures, 1438 North Gower Street, Hollywood 28

Samuel Goldwyn Productions, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

M-G-M Studios, 10202 West Washington Blvd., Culver City

Paramount Pictures, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood 38

RKO Radio Pictures, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood 38

Republic Studios, 4020 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood

20th Century-Fox, 10201 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 35

United Artists, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Los Angeles 46

Universal-International, Universal City

Warner Brothers Pictures, 4000 West Olive Avenue, Burbank

company was staying is located on a little hill, deep in cocoanut palms. In one direction stretches the jade-green Caribbean. In the other is the sapphire blue Atlantic. The temperature is a constant 80 degrees, day and night, cooled by scented breezes. Strange, wild birds sing the whole night long.

The "Fire" company was a very congenial one. Evenings, after the hard day's shooting far out at sea, they would all gather together on the vast porch of the hotel, for laughter, talk and cocktails. Rita, vividly beautiful, her red hair flying about her shoulders, would be there with co-star Bob Mitchum, director Bob Parrish, producer Cubby Broccoli and Cubby's wife, as well as the character actors and the crew. Everyone was there, in fact, but Jack.

Jack would be in the hotel parlor, at

time to avoid a collision. Later, the commander said, "Well done, Mr. Lemmon." Shortly thereafter Mr. Lemmon was transferred to a shore base and never was a man happier.

In actuality, however, this was Jack's luck holding again—and his holding his tongue about it was typical, too. So was his nearly starving when he got out of service and came to New York to try to be an actor. He could perfectly well have borrowed the money from his rich father or his adoring mother. He stuck it out on his own, however.

Cynthia was the same type of girl. Born Cynthia Stone, she, too, came from folks blessed with much more than the average possessions. Yet she seems always to have been willing to share the wild kind of thrift which Jack persisted in, originally in New York, and later when they both came to Hollywood. They first met in 1947, were married in 1950 and in 1954 Chris was born. In between there were more than 500 TV shows for Jack. There were almost that many for Cynnie. She was, in fact, more important in radio and TV circles than Jack, and she taught him many a trick about using his voice.

Back there, in the days of their courtship and the first years of their marriage, they had everything in common—ambition, laughter, hard work, and their self-imposed poverty. They could dine together because Jack had a side job as checker for a restaurant chain, and had to go from café to café to test out the food. Once they were married, they co-starred in and produced three different TV series. They were convinced nothing would ever part them.

In 1951, after a series of flop plays, Jack was signed by Columbia for Judy Holliday's picture, "Phffft." Joyously he and Cynnie came West, got the big house, in which for a long time they had virtually no furniture, did all their own work, including the housework, cooking and gardening, and waited for the baby.

But the closeness they had shared began to evaporate, at first slightly, then more and more. Cynnie was home, too often alone. Jack was at the studio or somewhere else, recording or whatever, and the whispers were that he wasn't always alone. Last April the blow-up came.

Jack said, very dignified, "We just haven't been able to get along together and we thought this would be best for our child. Neither of us is considering a divorce, but there is no thought of any reconciliation. There is no other man or other woman."

That's what the man said—in April. But in June, in Tobago, he was saying he "hoped everything would be all right." In October, Cynnie filed for her divorce, charging incompatibility, and in the beginning of the winter they were talking about what good friends they were, with both of them being most careful not to say one word that might hurt the other.

Which is really a hopeful sign. For in this they are like the Jeff Chandlers, who separated, and reconciled, and separated again and were to have it "all over"—except that they couldn't stop thinking of one another's feelings, or about their children.

Under his natural charm, beneath the drive of his intense ambition, it's plain that Jack Lemmon is not happy. Just as Jeff Chandler wasn't.

Jeff went back and Marge Chandler forgot past hurts for the sake of a future happiness. I hope it works out the same way for Jack Lemmon and his Cynnie and their Chris.

THE END

SEE: Jack Lemmon in Columbia's "Fire Down Below."

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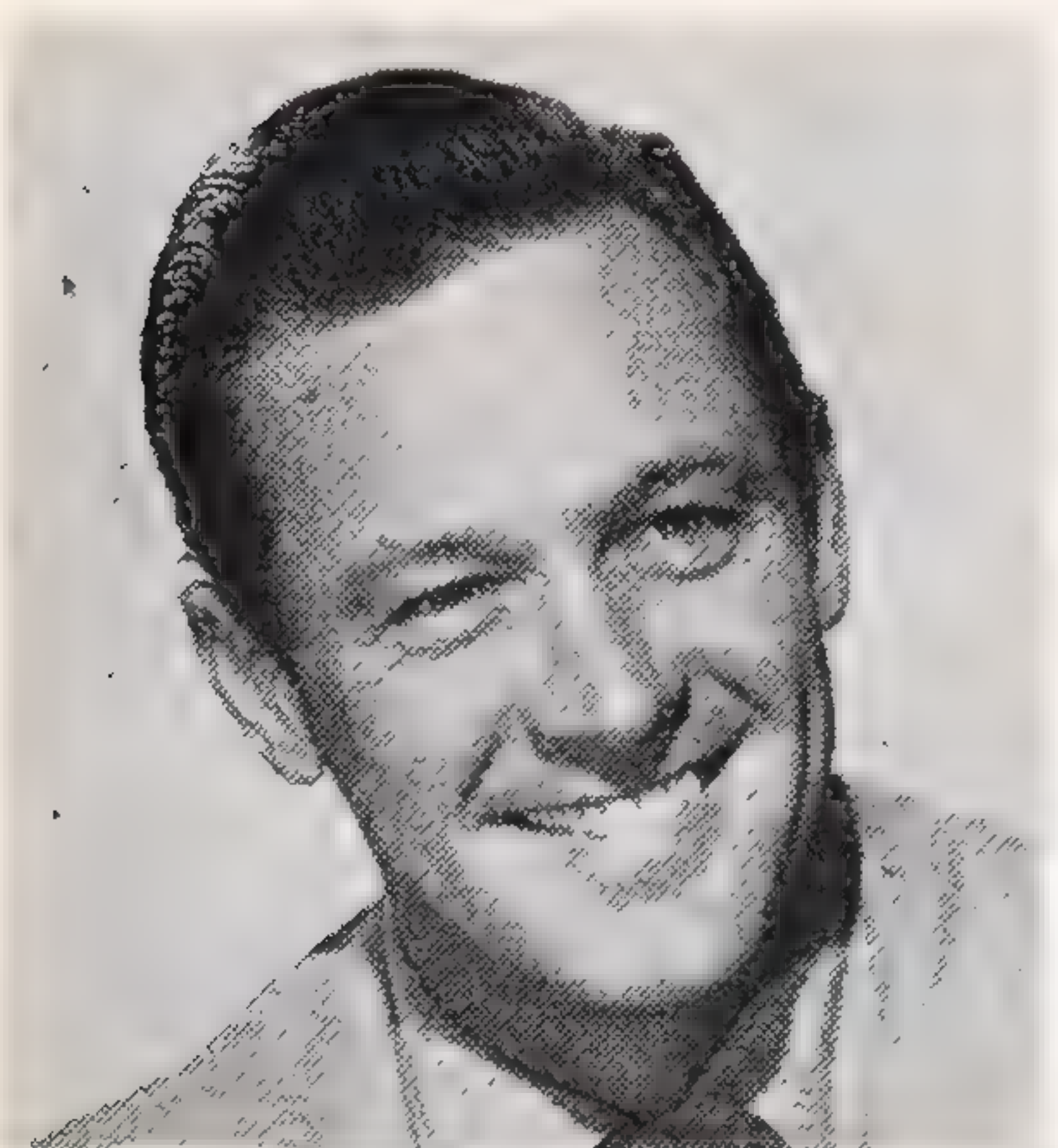


Who needs hair? Yul Brynner doesn't. This virile newcomer won out in his first film year

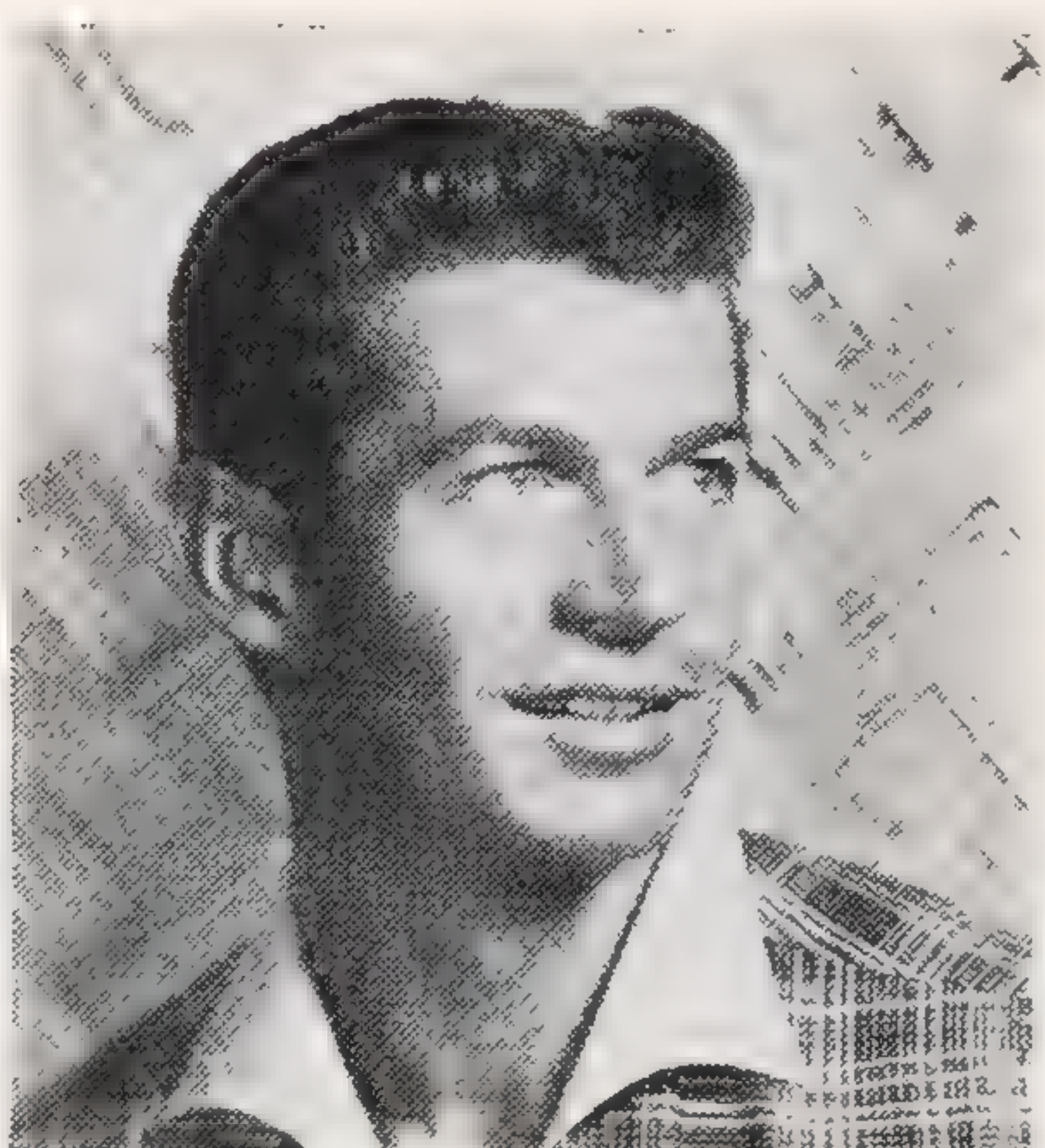


Tony Curtis, too, got acting plaudits by sacrificing ample locks, crew-cut in "Trapeze"

Announcing



Top Gold Medal star in 1956, Bill Holden is still in there pitching, a sure bet for 1957



When PHOTOPLAY readers chose George Nader as a future star, they got a winner



Once the sunny singer, Doris Day dispensed suspense in the year 1956, kept fans' loyalty



Always the lady, Deborah Kerr is also all woman, and that's forever a surefire combination



A new mother this year, Janet Leigh joins husband Curtis as a runner-up for Gold Medal



Call her Mom, too, and readers call Debbie Reynolds another of their best-loved stars

(Continued from page 19)

Eddy Duchin Story," then an arresting dramatic job in U.A.'s "The Man with the Golden Arm." Among runners-up, Doris Day scores outside her one-time musical bracket, with acting hits in "The Man Who Knew Too Much," for Paramount, and "Julie," for Metro. Deborah Kerr's queenly manner in 20th's "The King and I," Paramount's "The Proud and Profane" and M-G-M's "Tea and Sympathy" brings her into the winners' circle, too. Though Janet Leigh made only one 1956 film, Columbia's "Safari," her fans voted her a top star of the year. While working on a little production of her own, Debbie Reynolds turned in a nice performance for M-G-M's "The Catered Affair" and is currently in RKO's "Bundle of Joy."

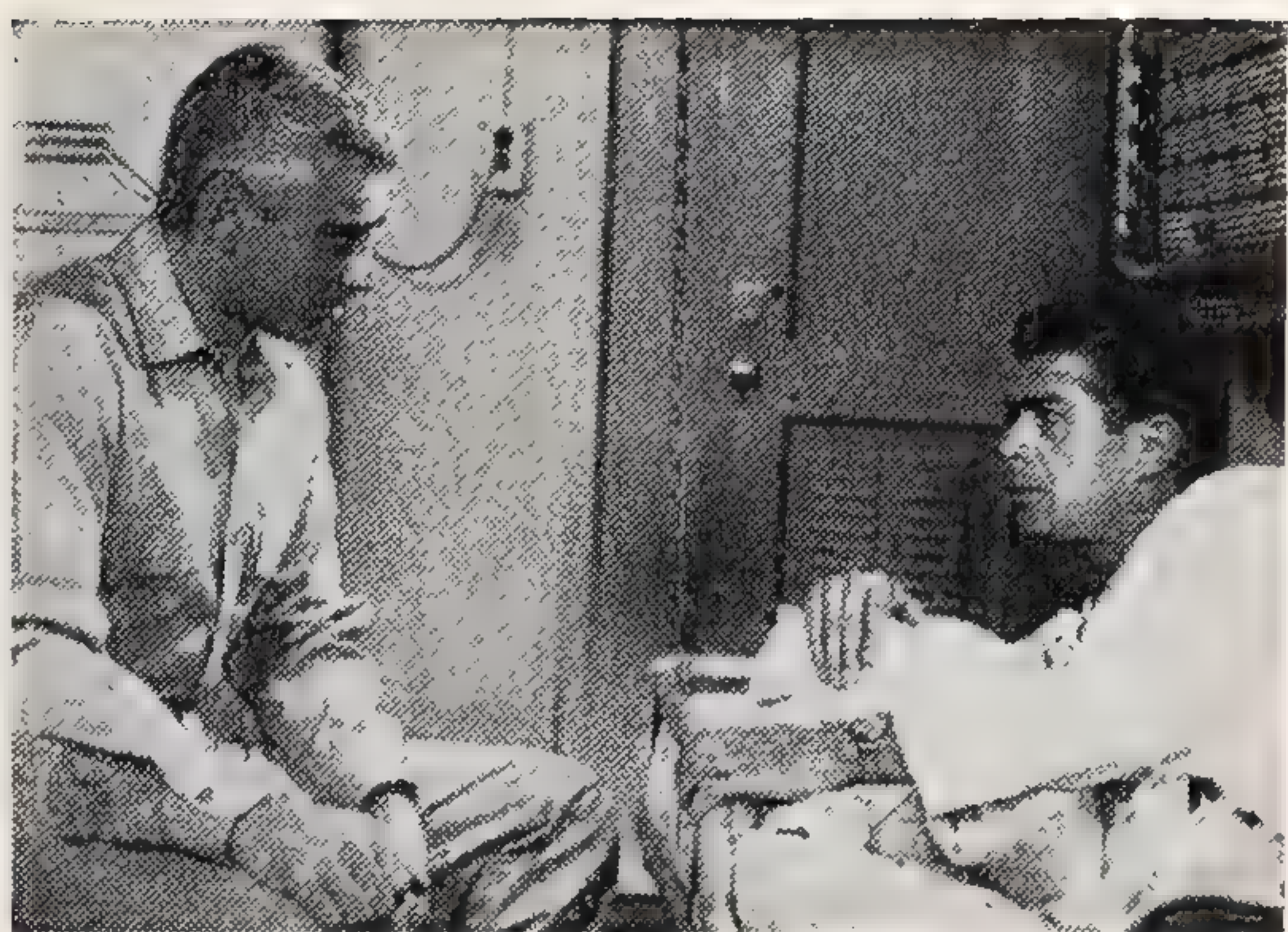
Male runners-up include Yul Brynner, a dazzling new personality in 20th's "The King and I" and "Anastasia," and a commanding performer in Paramount's "The Ten Commandments." Tony Curtis retained his hold on moviegoers' affections with U-I's "The Square Jungle" and "The Rawhide Years," strengthened it with U.A.'s "Trapeze." Showing his known versatility, William Holden remains a top favorite, applauded for Columbia's "Picnic," Paramount's "The Proud and Profane," Warners' "Toward the Unknown." A comparative newcomer, George Nader has built a solid fan following with U-I's "Away All Boats," "Congo Crossing" and "The Unguarded Moment," and he clinches it with "Four Girls in Town."

Nine runner-up movies join "Giant" in the Gold Medal festivities: "Away All Boats," "The Eddy Duchin Story," "Friendly Persuasion," "The King and I," "Picnic," "Somebody Up There Likes Me," "Tea and Sympathy," "The Ten Commandments" and "Trapeze." Ten young players are tabbed as stars likely to shine with new splendor in 1957: Carroll Baker, Jayne Mansfield, Vera Miles, Susan Strasberg, Natalie Wood, John Kerr, Paul Newman, Anthony Perkins, Elvis Presley and Robert Wagner. While celebrities cheer the winners in person, air waves also carry the good news. On Lux Video Theatre (NBC-TV, February 7th, 10:00 P.M. EST) Gordon MacRae hails players and movies that you, the readers of PHOTOPLAY, have elected.

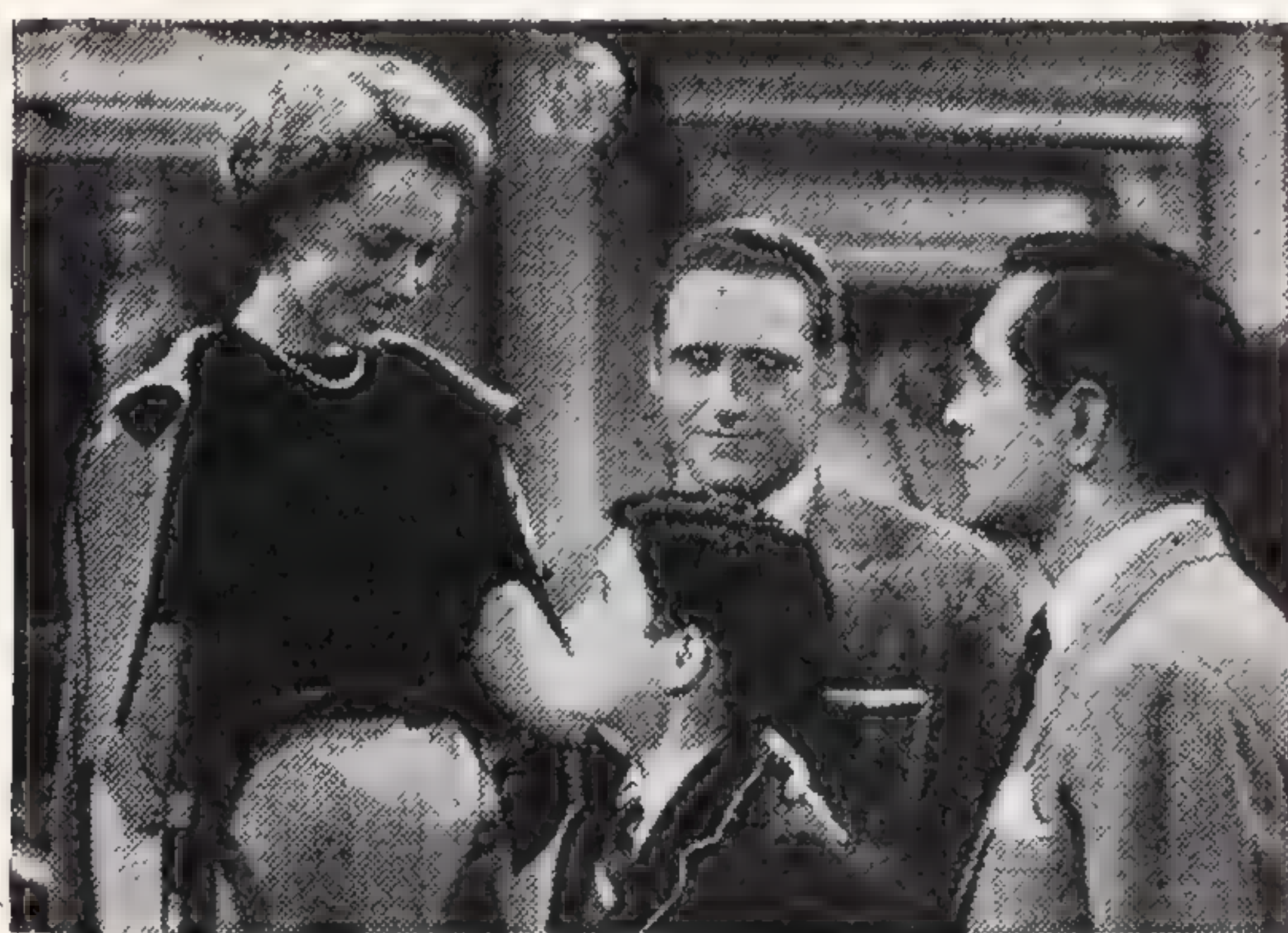
Continued on page 84



PHOTOPLAY'S Award Winners of 1956-'57



AWAY ALL BOATS (U-I): Jeff Chandler and George Nader were among the gallant Navy men in this fine sea saga



THE EDDY DUCHIN STORY (Columbia): A music-film gave Victoria Shaw, Rex Thompson, Whitmore roles in Ty's life



FRIENDLY PERSUASION (A.A.): Dorothy McGuire, Anthony Perkins and Gary Cooper faced Quakers' war problems



THE KING AND I (20th): As teacher to Yul Brynner's children—and wives—Deborah Kerr felt a deep involvement



PICNIC (Columbia): In a mellow mood, Roz Russell, Arthur O'Connell, William Holden, Susan Strasberg searched souls



SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES ME (M-G-M): Pier Angeli and Everett Sloane helped Paul Newman come to terms with reality



TEA AND SYMPATHY (M-G-M): Caught in a terrible dilemma, John Kerr found an understanding friend in Deborah



THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (Paramount): As Moses, Charlton Heston gave his erring people warning of vengeance to come

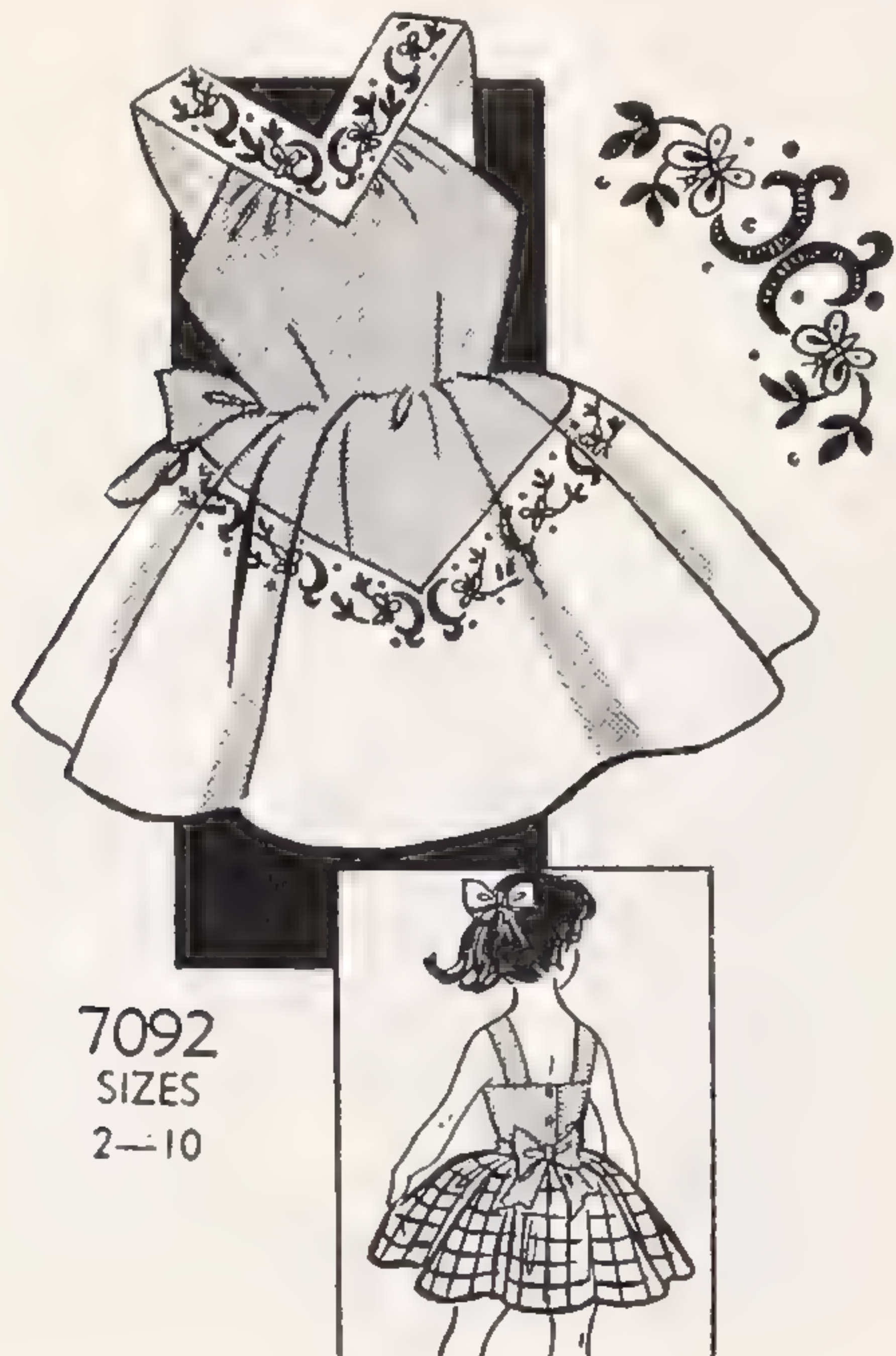


TRAPEZE (U.A.): As show people off duty, Tony Curtis, Burt Lancaster, Gina Lollobrigida had personal difficulties

NEEDLE NEWS

7284—Look the picture of pretty summer fashion in this cool, graceful maternity top! Sew-easy, embroidered style. Maternity misses' sizes 10-12; 14-16 included. With transfer, directions.

7092—Little girls love a whirly dress! This one is prettiest—frosted with embroidery, tied with a big bow. Tissue pattern, transfers, directions for a pinafore in child's 2, 4, 6, 8, 10. *State size.*



7092
SIZES
2-10



7284

7274—Doily favorite in pineapple crochet! Crochet oval doily 15 x 26 inches, matching 15-inch round doily, using No. 30 mercerized cotton. Make smaller sizes with No. 50; larger with string.



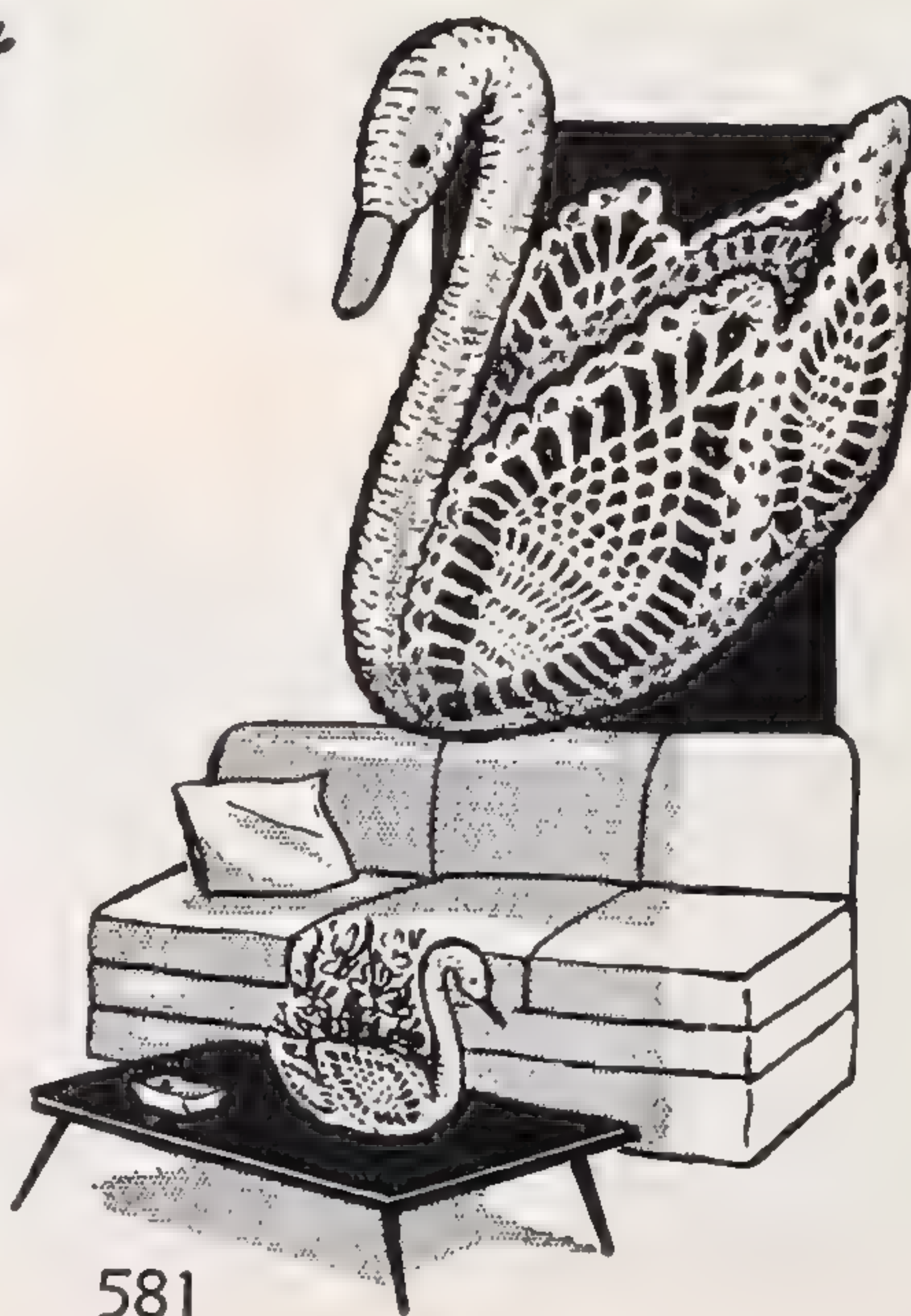
7274



806

806—Colorful vegetables on black lattice-work make a cheerful-looking sextette of kitchen towels. Simple embroidery. Pattern includes transfer of six embroidery motifs, 5 1/4 x 6 1/2 inches.

581—Elegant centerpiece for your dining table! A graceful swan crocheted in pineapple design. Crochet directions for centerpiece; body about 12 x 6 1/2 inches. Use heavy cotton, starch stiffly.



581

Award Winners

Continued from page 83

STARS



CARROLL BAKER looked deceptively colorless on her first appearance, in Warners' "Giant." But in the same studio's controversial "Baby Doll," she started a furor. In her personal life, the slender blonde is wife of director Jack Garfein, mother of baby daughter Blanche.



JAYNE MANSFIELD set no worlds afire on her first Hollywood try. But she got lots of fancy publicity after she landed an important Broadway role. Movies rewarded her with "The Girl Can't Help It." Also for 20th, she'll repeat stage hit "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?"



VERA MILES is prime bet to take over the niche vacated by Princess Grace Kelly. More actress than glamour type, Vera's the director's darling. You saw her last year in "23 Paces to Baker Street," for 20th, and for Warners both "The Searchers" and "The Wrong Man."



SUSAN STRASBERG proved with Columbia's "Picnic" that she inherited a full measure of talent from her famous dad, stage director and drama coach Lee Strasberg. An onstage click with "The Diary of Anne Frank," Susan will play an ambitious actress in RKO's "Stagestruck."



NATALIE WOOD, a very youthful movie veteran, started out as a child actress, but gained her greatest acclaim within the past year, thanks to Warners' "The Searchers" and "The Girl He Left Behind." Also for Warners, she'll star in the air epic "Bombers B-52."

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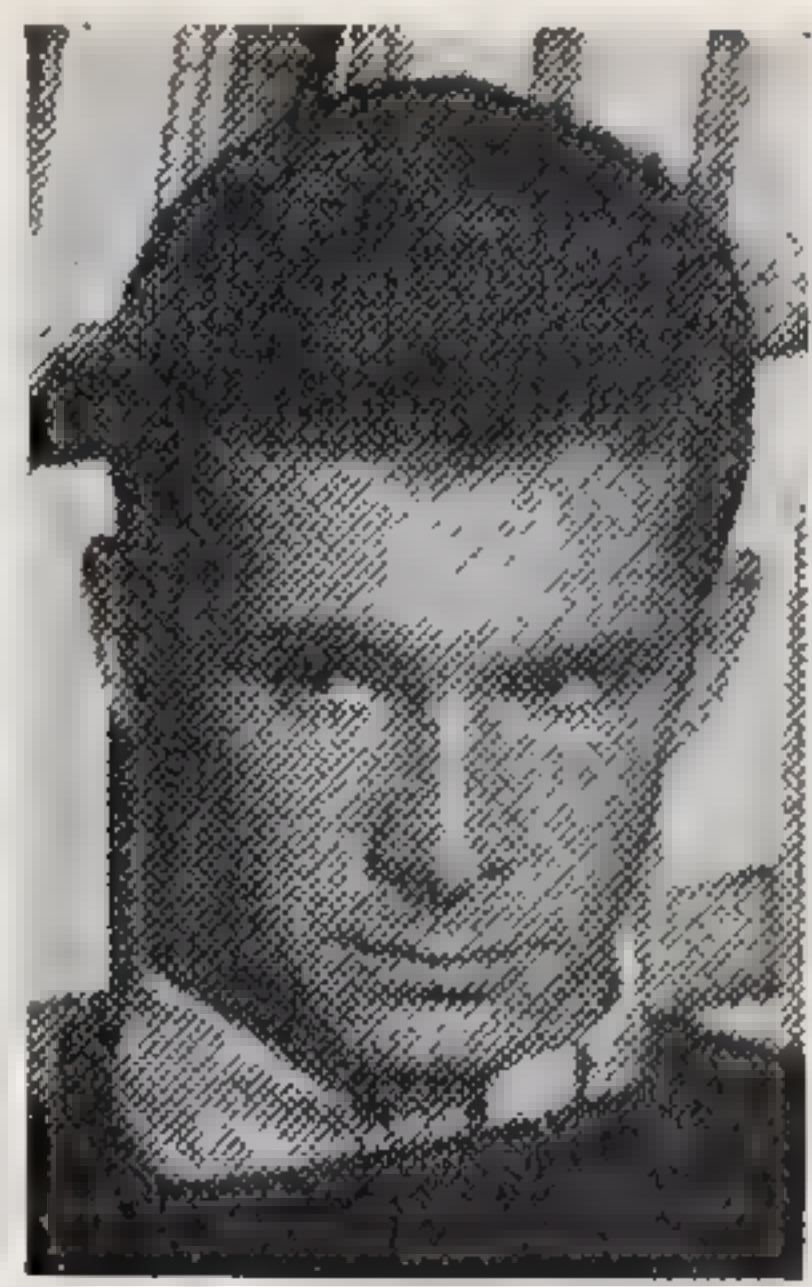
OF 1957



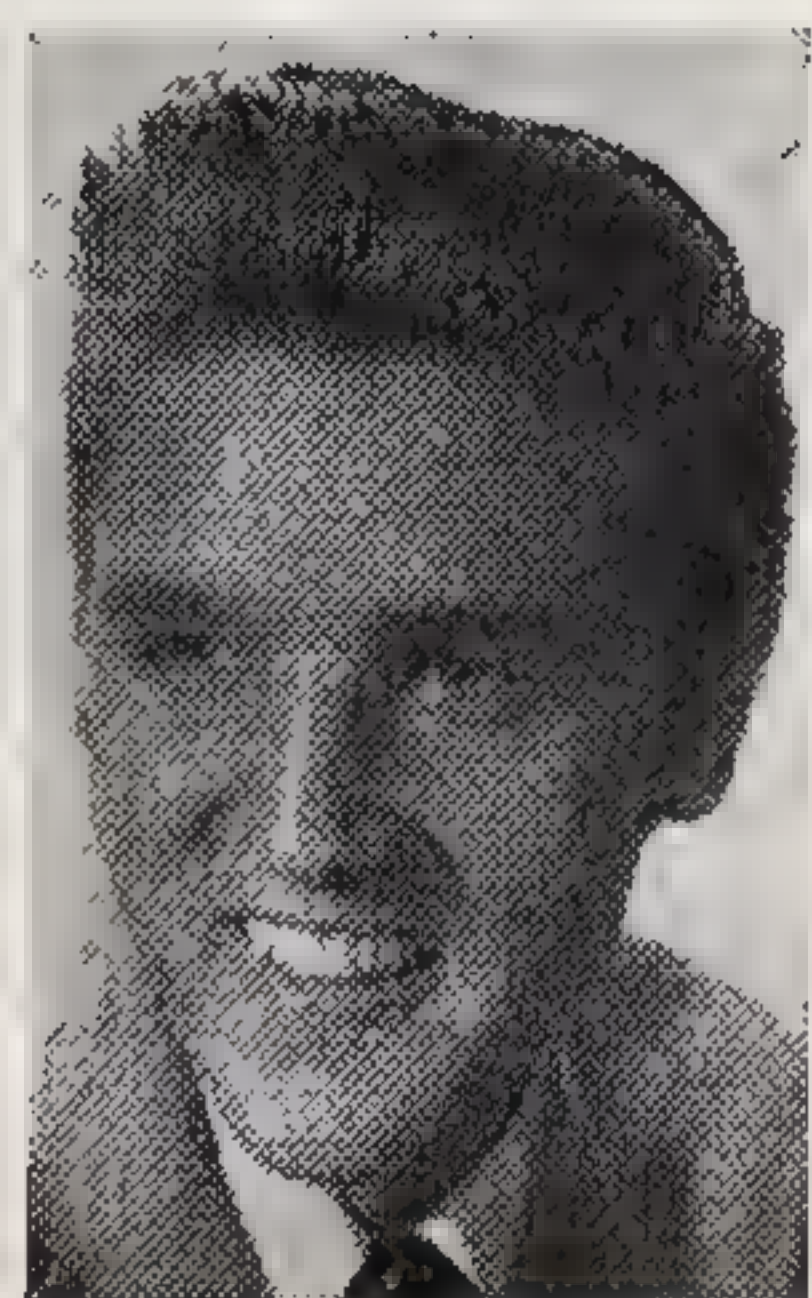
JOHN KERR did a spectacular double play during the year 1956, with the romance "Gaby" and complex drama "Tea and Sympathy." Under contract to M-G-M, the brilliant young actor journeyed to Europe for his latest role, opposite Pier Angeli in "The Vintage."



PAUL NEWMAN made his movie debut earlier, but really came into his own in 1956, with his startlingly different portrayals in M-G-M's "Somebody Up There Likes Me" and "The Rack." Personally a quiet young husband, with two small children, Paul's striking on screen.



ANTHONY PERKINS, like Paul, needed a second try to make the grade. Overlooked after his 1953 debut in movies, Tony hit the jackpot with A.A.'s "Friendly Persuasion." A Paramount player, he'll be given a star's rating with "Fear Strikes Out" and "The Lonely Man."



ELVIS PRESLEY was, without a doubt, the show-business sensation of the year. The rock 'n' roll singer also turned out to be competent in the acting business, making his bow in "Love Me Tender," for 20th. His next is a Hal Wallis production, Paramount release.



ROBERT WAGNER, once the hottest young name in pictures, did a smashing comeback in 1956, daring unsympathetic roles in "A Kiss Before Dying" (U. A.) and "The Mountain" (Paramount), going dramatic in 20th's "Between Heaven and Hell." His new role is Jesse James.

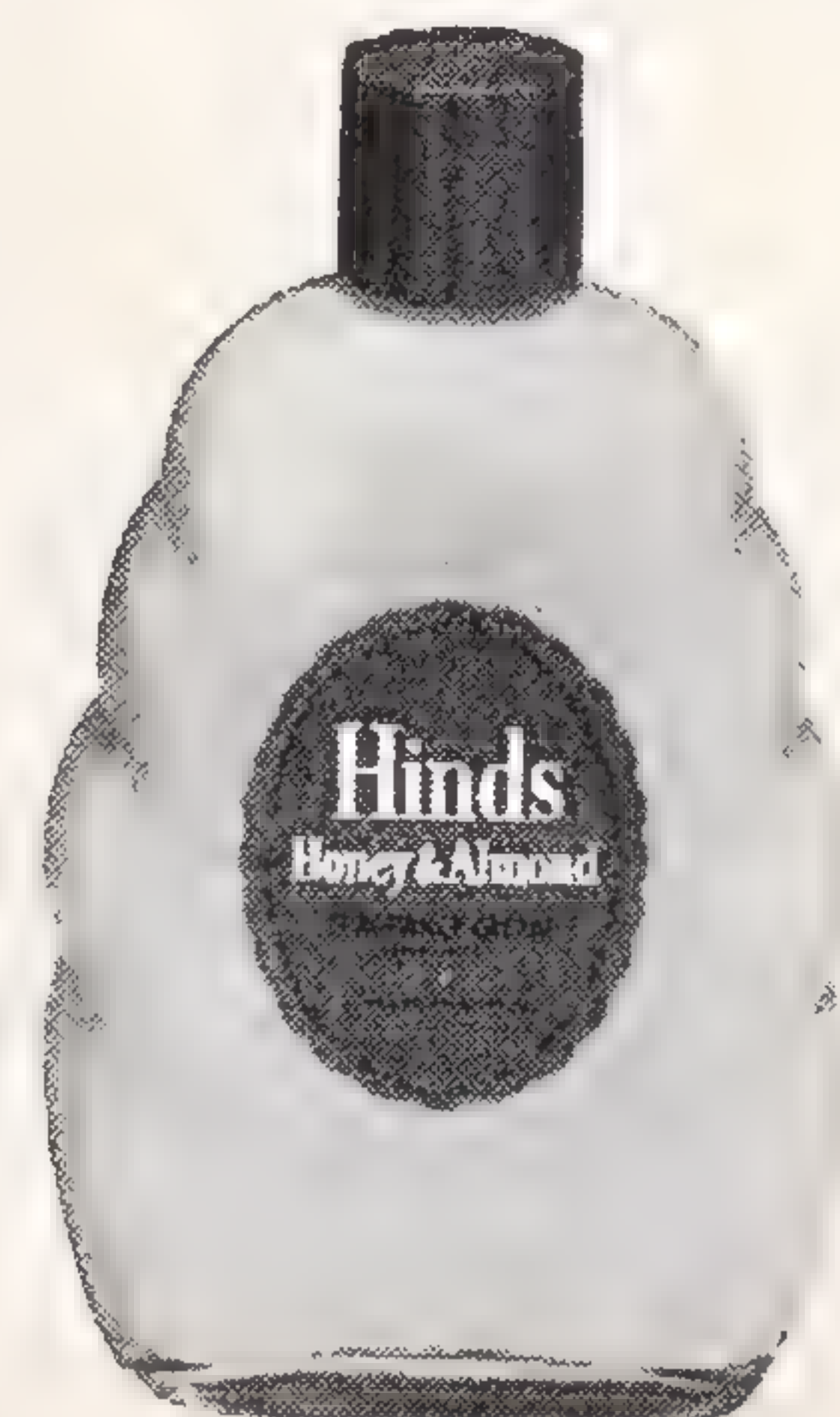
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Burt tries to tell disheartened Katie that romance can be hers

The Rainmaker

WALLIS, PARAMOUNT; VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓✓ Funny, touching, lightly fanciful, this story of a farm family gives Katharine Hepburn a thoroughly lovable role. Resigned to her fate of spinsterhood, she keeps house for her menfolk, all of whom are devoted to her, but keep insulting her in their efforts to get her a husband. Only her father, splendidly portrayed by Cameron Prud'homme, truly understands her. Young Earl Holliman does a stand-out job as the harum-scarum kid brother, madly in love with pixie Yvonne Lime. Like Katie, Earl is bullied by older brother Lloyd Bridges. Suddenly, showman Burt Lancaster blows in at the drought-ridden farm, promising to bring rain—and excitement. Is he a faker? Should Katie marry him or sheriff Wendell Corey? The answers are enchanting, yet sensible.

FAMILY

LET'S GO TO THE MOVIES

WITH JANET GRAVES

✓✓✓✓ EXCELLENT
✓✓ GOOD

✓✓✓ VERY GOOD
✓ FAIR

BEST ACTING: JAMES MACARTHUR



With Jack Mulhaney and pal Jeff Silver, James sweats it out

The Young Stranger

RKO

✓✓✓✓ With his first movie, teen-aged James MacArthur is marked as an actor to watch. It's a thoughtful study of the delicate relationships between father and son, husband and wife. Jim plays a normally spirited young male, who gets into a fight at a movie theatre, winding up in the hands of the law. Policeman James Gregory doesn't believe the boy's honest plea of self-defense. But a worse blow comes when Jim's father proves equally skeptical. James Daly does a fine job in this role, as a successful movie producer too busy to get to know his own son. Disapproving, but ready to pass the incident off as a prank, Daly merely puts pressure on theatre-manager Whit Bissell to withdraw charges. Kim Hunter is sympathetic as Daly's wife, also neglected.

FAMILY



Ed's star-making plan seems impossible—until Tom sees Jayne

The Girl Can't Help It

20TH; CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR

✓✓✓✓ Call it cool or crazy, it's wacky fun from start to finish. It has lots of rock 'n' roll. It has irresistible comic Tom Ewell. It has sumptuous Jayne Mansfield. It has shrewd character man Edmond O'Brien. As a retired but still prosperous racketeer, Ed hires Tom, an unemployed agent, to make an overnight singing star out of girlfriend Jayne. There's a catch. Jayne has a fantastic shape and a gait that makes her a one-woman parade. But she can't sing. Moreover, she doesn't want a career; she's an utterly domestic type at heart. From this feather-light material is fashioned a continuously entertaining comedy. Top musical personalities of the moment show up at their best, and Henry Jones adds extra chuckles as O'Brien's gentle bodyguard.

ADULT



"Newlyweds" Dick and Judy startle the maternity-ward intern

Full of Life

COLUMBIA

✓✓✓✓ Here's a new sort of vehicle for Judy Holliday, a warm and tender close-up of a family with endearingly everyday problems. Wife of writer Richard Conte, Judy's about to have their first baby. Checks haven't been coming in, and the couple can't even afford to have needed repairs done to their house. So Dick's old man, heartily portrayed by opera star Salvatore Baccaloni, is called in to use his skills in stone-masonry and bricklaying. Judy and her father-in-law get along fine. But Salvatore is resentful because his son hasn't followed the family trade, and Dick feels the typical second-generation embarrassment over his dad's old-country ways. Though there are laughs aplenty, they aren't of the artificial sort, but founded firmly in character and believable reactions.

FAMILY



Against Gielgud, Virginia McKenna and Jennifer are helpless

The Barretts of Wimpole Street

M-G-M; CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓✓ One of the world's great love stories again reaches the screen, with Jennifer Jones as Elizabeth Barrett, Bill Travers as Robert Browning, John Gielgud as Edward Moulton-Barrett. This last character is so much the ogre that it's on the verge of being funny—but Gielgud's assured performance makes the man frighteningly real. He's the worst of Victorian fathers, keeping his six sons and three daughters utterly cowed. Jennifer is an invalid, confined to her room, and it's soon clear that her father, in his possessive affection, doesn't really want her to get well. As the fellow poet determined to rescue her, Travers gives his debonair role a welcome light touch. Virginia McKenna is charming as the young sister, fighting for her own romance with a young soldier.

ADULT



Sydney and George keep Gia Scala, Marianne Cook in suspense

Four Girls in Town

U-I; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ For once, Hollywood takes a quietly realistic look at itself, with sly wit, but without burlesque. There's a talent hunt on to find an unknown as replacement for a temperamental star in an upcoming epic. Would-be director George Nader is assigned to handle the tests for the four young candidates, and he begins to feel personal interest in their situations. Julie Adams, only American in the quartet, has been pushed toward an acting career by her mother. Gia Scala has left a husband and child in France, to pursue her ambition. Italian Elsa Martinelli, a pert and smart little cookie, needs nobody's advice. Austrian widow Marianne Cook comes out of her despair when George persuades her to help Sydney Chaplin, writer who's hitting the bottle after losing self-confidence.

ADULT

Continued

Bundle of Joy

RKO, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Nicely timed to celebrate their parenthood, the first co-starring vehicle for Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher has a cheerful, disarming air. It's a music-trimmed remake of "Bachelor Mother," with Debbie in the old Ginger Rogers role of the department-store employee who suddenly finds herself a mother, only because she happened to pick up an abandoned infant that was about to roll off the steps of a foundling home. Very earnest but a little awkward, Eddie does an acting debut as the boss's son, considered to be the father of Debbie's child. Adolphe Menjou is his dad, eager to become a grandpop. **FAMILY**

The Wings of the Eagles

M-G-M;

CINEMASCOPE, METROCOLOR

✓✓✓ John Wayne stars in a strange movie based upon the strange career of flyer-writer Frank Wead. The story keeps shifting gears abruptly, from Keystone Kops comedy to tragedy, as the hero breaks rules to show post-World War I Navy brass the importance of flying, then is crippled in a household accident. Playing the loyal, waiting wife, Maureen O'Hara gets tossed as far out of the June Allyson pattern as possible. She smokes cigarettes jauntily; she laps up highballs; she turns to heaving crockery around when tension gets too tight. As a paralytic, Wayne is badgered into partial recovery by a Navy noncom friend, Dan Dailey. When the gallant cripple becomes a successful movie scenario writer, Ward Bond steps in with a kindly caricature of the movie's own director, John Ford. World War II gets Wayne into battle action, with some impressive documentary clips. **FAMILY**

Edge of the City

M-G-M

✓✓✓✓ Simple and unpretentious, this understanding drama about ordinary people gives John Cassavetes and Sidney Poitier deeply sympathetic roles. Because of a family tragedy, young John thinks of himself as an outcast. A wanderer, he has cut himself off from his parents, even deserted from the Army. When he gets a job handling freight in a New York railroad yard, he begins to find healing in Sidney's easy, relaxed offer of friendship. Sidney

and wife Ruby Dee make him a welcome occasional guest in their home, introduce him to a shy young teacher (Kathleen McGuire), who also helps him. The fact that Sidney is a Negro has no bearing on the friends' relationship. But it does influence Jack Warden, mean-spirited foreman, and the consequences are ugly. **FAMILY**

The Great Man

U-I

✓✓✓✓ The TV industry gets a real sharp going-over from director-star Jose Ferrer in this glittering comedy-drama. By its very nature, it's full of talk, but all lively talk. The story imagines that a top TV and radio star, a folksy fellow, has suddenly been killed in a highway crash. Assigned to do a memorial program on radio—and perhaps to slip into the shoes of "the great man"—Jose sets about getting



Jose Ferrer hears a revealing story from Ed Wynn, owner of a small radio station

tape-recorded interviews from the co-workers and old associates of the deceased. Turns out they all hated the guy, with good reason in every case. There's excellent acting in scene after scene (no flashbacks): Keenan Wynn, as the agent who discovered the late star, then got the knife; Julie London, as a slightly alcoholic singer who was among his many girlfriends; Jim Backus, press agent with no illusions; Ed Wynn, foolish, touchingly idealistic owner of a small radio station; Joanne Gilbert, Jose's overworked secretary. Ferrer himself quietly plays the observer. **ADULT**

Hollywood or Bust

WALLIS, PARAMOUNT;

VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Starting off with a satirical salute to the world's movie fans (all impersonated by Jerry Lewis), this pleasantly daffy comedy casts Jerry as an Anita Ekberg fan who wins a convertible in a theatre contest and is promptly Hollywood-bound. But his crooked co-winner is Dean Martin, gambler anxious to evade muscleman Maxie Rosenbloom's efforts to collect. On their westward route, the oddly matched

pair picks up Pat Crowley, dancer headed for a Las Vegas job. **FAMILY**

The Iron Petticoat

M-G-M; VISTAVISION,

TECHNICOLOR

✓✓✓ Similar in story line to the brilliant "Ninotchka," this should be classified rather as a regular Bob Hope farce, giving Bob an unlikely teammate in the sprightly Katharine Hepburn. Bob plays an American flyer stationed in West Berlin; Katie, a Soviet flyer who leaves her native country in a fit of pique, without any political discontent. As you may imagine, Bob's brusque American approach brings out Katie's hidden femininity and stirs up political complications. **FAMILY**

Don't Knock the Rock

COLUMBIA

✓✓ Because agent Alan Freed has been pushing too hard for publicity, singer Alan Dale gets a rough reception when he returns to the small town of his birth. The blue-nosed mayor sets off a nationwide movement to boycott rock 'n' roll. Well, that's enough plot—and a pretty silly business it is. But who cares about the story when Bill Haley and his gang are in there pitching? Also on hand are the Treniers, Little Richard and other big names of modern music. **FAMILY**

Istanbul

U-I, CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ With the picturesque backgrounds of the Turkish capital and the regal beauty of Cornell Borchers, this melodrama of international intrigue is a real eye-filler. Errol Flynn plays an American adventurer who falls in love with Cornell, loses her, then meets her for a second time after she has fallen victim to amnesia and married another man. In all the melodramatic to-do, Leif Erickson and Peggy Knudsen provide comic relief, as tourists. **FAMILY**

Zarak

COLUMBIA; CINEMASCOPE, TECHNICOLOR

✓✓ Other colorful locales (Spanish Morocco, this time) liven up an Eastern Western. The setting is supposed to be India of the last century, with Victor Mature as a daring outlaw, Michael Wilding as the British officer out to corral him, Anita Ekberg as the scantily clad dancing girl who is Mature's sweetheart. Though the plot doesn't make much sense, it's all entertaining to look at, featuring some splendid galloping over the sand. **FAMILY**

Slander

M-G-M

✓✓ With Van Johnson as oppressed hero and Steve Cochran as blackhearted villain, outraged Hollywood attacks the scandal magazines. Van's a puppeteer who has just struck it rich on TV; Steve, the publisher who threatens to expose Van's prison past, not because this nearly unknown entertainer means big news, but because he could provide a clue to a juicy interlude in the life of a former neighbor, much more famous. In spite of pressure from wife Ann Blyth, Van refuses to save his own reputation at the cost of another's. Though it's an interesting idea, it's pre-



Baited by their vindictive foreman, Sidney Poitier, John Cassavetes remain firm

sented in such a mood of furious anger that it becomes implausible. ADULT

Three Violent People PARAMOUNT;
VISTAVISION, TECHNICOLOR
✓✓ Consider the setting alone, and you may classify this as a Western. But it's actually more a feminine sort of picture, with Anne Baxter as a very genteel type who corrals rancher Charlton Heston without telling him that her personal history is on the gaudy side. Even without the addition of such a dubious wife, Heston's family set-up is already complicated by his embittered, crippled kid brother, played by Tom Tryon. ADULT

The King and Four Queens U.A.;
CINEMASCOPE, DE LUXE COLOR
✓✓ An equally gentle Western gives Clark Gable five leading ladies. Mom Jo Van Fleet stands guard over the supposed widows of her bandit sons. One outlaw is thought to have survived, and Jo is determined to see that the wife, whichever girl she may be, remains true to her spouse. Like all the dames, Clark is after the hidden loot. He has a fine time flirting with the quartet: strong-minded Eleanor Parker, voluptuous Jean Willes, polite-mannered Barbara Nichols, flutter-brained Sara Shane. FAMILY

The Wrong Man WARNERS
✓✓✓ From New York newspaper stories, director Alfred Hitchcock draws a dramatic role for Henry Fonda. Fonda plays a



Playing the horses is just a hobby for Fonda, he tells Vera, his worried wife
Stork Club musician, victim of a shocking mistaken-identity case. On his way home to wife Vera Miles and their children, he is arrested on a robbery charge, and confused witnesses attest that he is a wanted criminal. As the case drags on, with lawyer Anthony Quayle pleading for Fonda and police detective Harold J. Stone nursing misgivings, Vera's mind gives way under the strain. At first, you can uneasily feel yourself in the same fix as the innocent hero, but the story is presented in a style too subdued for thrills. FAMILY

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| 5. Alan Ladd | 107. Richard Todd | 192. Jean Simmons | 228. Clint Walker |
| 6. Tyrone Power | 109. Dean Martin | 194. Audrey Hepburn | 229. Pat Boone |
| 7. Gregory Peck | 110. Jerry Lewis | 198. Gale Storm | 230. Paul Newman |
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| 25. Dale Evans | 139. Debra Paget | 216. Richard Davalos | 240. Patti Page |
| 27. June Allyson | 140. Dale Robertson | 218. Eva Marie Saint | 241. Lawrence Welk |
| 33. Gene Autry | 141. Marilyn Monroe | 219. Natalie Wood | 242. Alice Lon |
| 34. Roy Rogers | 142. Leslie Caron | 220. Dewey Martin | 243. Larry Dean |
| 35. Sunset Carson | 143. Pier Angeli | 221. Joan Collins | 244. Buddy Merrill |
| 50. Diana Lynn | 144. Mitzi Gaynor | 222. Jayne Mansfield | 245. Hugh O'Brian |
| 51. Doris Day | 145. Marlon Brando | 223. Sal Mineo | 246. Jim Arness |
| 52. Montgomery Clift | 146. Aldo Ray | 224. Shirley Jones | 247. Sanford Clark |
| 53. Richard Widmark | 147. Tab Hunter | | |
| 56. Perry Como | 148. Robert Wagner | | |
| 57. Bill Holden | 149. Russ Tamblyn | | |
| 66. Gordon MacRae | 150. Jeff Hunter | | |
| 67. Ann Blyth | 152. Marge and Gower Champion | | |
| 68. Jeanne Crain | 174. Rita Gam | | |
| 69. Jane Russell | 175. Charlton Heston | | |
| 74. John Wayne | 176. Steve Cochran | | |
| 78. Audie Murphy | 177. Richard Burton | | |
| 84. Janet Leigh | 179. Julius La Rosa | | |
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Profile in Courage

(Continued from page 60)

The brand is there. You're in the deep water now. But you haven't found out whether you can swim. Now I'm learning to swim. So what's the next phase? I need a phase, I'm not kidding."

"Movie stars have it the greatest," the same person said, smiling.

"You're quoting from my fan mail," said Wagner. "Just the same, there's something to it. Any one of us who beefs should be shot. I see people waiting for buses, this time of night, which is real creepy. And I'm doing the only thing I love to do. Plus the salary. No problems." He looked at his glass as though he expected it to answer him. "No problems," he repeated.

A man burst through the door. He wore an expensive blue suit; indeed, he looked expensive from top to bottom. He sat down on a sofa next to Wagner with an air of almost violent assertion, and launched without preamble into what was unmistakably an agent's directive. It was his opinion that Wagner should appear, in a non-speaking capacity, on a certain television show. It was Wagner's foreboding that by so doing he would antagonize a powerful columnist who also had a television show. Wagner sat, irresolute and worried. Presently he rose and mixed another drink. "About the other thing . . ."

"The other thing" evolved into a request from a famed comedian that Wagner join his improvised troupe on a visit to a far north military base.

The man in the blue suit was of no two minds about this either. "Five thousand dollars!" he said. "You know, he'll get a television show out of it. Why should you work for nothing? But you ought to go. I'm not talking about patriotism."

"They don't want to see me," said Wagner tiredly. "Why should men in uniform want to see a young jerk like me? What can I do? They want to be entertained. They want to see dames."

"Don't let it get you," said the expensive man. "But don't forget the money. I happen to know Jayne could have had \$10,000 for going. But she couldn't make it."

For some minutes more he delivered himself of hoarse, categorical judgments while Wagner sat with his head resting on one hand. When the man left, nothing had been settled. Wagner picked up the phone

again. "Wagner, Jr., once more," he said into it. "You'd better go ahead without me. Sorry."

The hour was moving past seven; the darkness outside had become absolute. Miss Rush, having proceeded from astrology through certain schools of acting to how young Bob Cummings looked, had taken her departure. But the others waited in the outer office. Wagner's day, which had begun in the darkness of pre-dawn, was not going to end even in the darkness of post-dusk. He rose and looked out a window, down to the studio's main street. A movie lot is achingly lonely and desolate after the day's work. Wagner shivered a little and turned back to the lights of his living room.

"No, we don't have problems," he said sardonically. "That's not true. Being phony-famous and drawing a salary doesn't make you immune to the problems, and I have a few of my own. I don't know just what's going to happen. But if I can just have six years—just six years more—I'll have it made. Then I'll have leveled off into a solid character and actor, or at least I'll have it in the bank. But I don't know. A lot of very big shots have had this dressing room before me and a lot more'll have it when nobody remembers or gives a hoot who Bob Wagner was. This is just a tenancy, and sometimes they won't let you forget it."

He spoke with a sudden rush. "There was that 'Lord Vanity' business." It was a period picture, scheduled for Wagner, that never got around to being made. Wagner alleges financial difficulties. "After that, I was hung up for eleven months. Word even got around New York that I was begging newspapers and magazines to do stories on me. It wasn't true. But I guess it made a conversation piece. Then I had this really great picture, 'Broken Lance.' Great for me, anyway. And what happened afterward? Next picture they wanted me to do was one of those nine-day B's. Why? 'A Kiss Before Dying'—Boy, am I a dirty dog of a warped killer in that one!—should have been something. I still like it. But it's falling on its face. How do you ever know? That's what I can't figure."

The greatest brains in the business can't figure such things, somebody remarked. "But the way I look at it, Spence Tracy's

come along and saved me," Wagner said. "The Mountain.' He asked for me, you know. Gave me star billing with him, right across the top of the picture. And it's good. A lot of the older players have gone out of their way to give me a lift. Clifton Webb. Barbara Stanwyck. You feel it'd take you a thousand years to get into their class. Or if you work real hard, 995. Gable was another one. He got me going. I used to caddy for him."

This was not surprising. When Robert Wagner decided, at the improbable age of five, that to be a movie star was an ambition to his liking, he set about it with the singleminded purposefulness of a salmon working its way upstream to spawn. Assuming quite correctly, when the Wagner family had arrived in Los Angeles, that to know the right people wouldn't hurt, he arranged for himself a paper route in star-studded Beverly Hills. He asked for advice from his clients, and carried golf clubs many miles for film folk of discernment and influence. To mitigate this pushiness, however, it is also obviously true that he has been hard-working and ambitious. As a result, as regards his dramatic talents, he has turned out to be an actor of real distinction.

"Outside of the star part," Wagner said now, "most of that's true. You must have been reading newspapers and magazines. But so much of what has been said just isn't so. Maybe I should go along with it, but it's just not true. Dad's no pauper, but I wasn't born with any golden spoon in my mouth either. Then all those pieces on what I think about women; they must make people just a little nauseous. What do I know about women, for Pete's sake, and if I do have opinions, who cares? I like women very much. Some of my best friends are women. But my ideas on them aren't going to shove the Suez Canal back to page two."

He shrugged sadly at his visitor. "Then like I said, this juvenile bit. I don't think I'm exactly a creep, but I'm not the distillation of the All-American boy either. I have a fault or two, maybe seventeen. You've heard me talk; you know it's so much malarkey. So go ahead and say I said so. There'll be no more guff about early dates and ice cream sodas either, I can tell you that. It isn't me. But on the other end of the range, neither is all this nightclub scuttlebutt. It's just a fact that I don't especially go for them."

Slowly Wagner was divesting himself of a painstakingly developed public personality, and he was doing so without any great reticence. Terry Moore, a friend, a year or so ago read an infatuated account of Bob's forthright and guileless naiveté; she burst into helpless laughter. Like most people, Terry likes Bob; but Wagner is infinitely more understandable as himself than he is in the role of a distortion or a journalistic convenience. His manner is knowing and incisive and precocious, his wit somewhat hard and edged, his social and professional maturity much more glib and advanced than is normal to his age. And his approach to his career these days is a long way from the boy-next-door attitude.

"What I need now," he said tiredly, as the last visible studio lights began to go out, "is parts opposite these sex jobs. I want to act with them. Jane Russell. Jayne Mansfield. Sure, Jayne Mansfield. I've been dating her. That gives the columns a little something for them to chew on. Besides, Jayne is very much on the right side. Then there'll be somebody else. I'll keep going. Just get me that six years, that's all."

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"I'll make them sorry now," she vowed. Read "Spitfire" in March TRUE STORY magazine, now at all newsstands.

There were lifted eyebrows here and there among the visitors in the dressing room. Wagner nodded. "Sure. Somebody said the other day I was a careerist. So is there anybody in this business who isn't? I don't want to sound too cynical, but if you don't watch every angle, you're a gone pigeon. Besides, anything's better than the phony business. The ice cream sodas and the gee-whiz juvenile. There'll be no more of it. I won't say there's a 'new' Bob Wagner, but we can absolutely kiss the old one goodbye, whoever he was. Nobody I knew very well, I'm sure."

It didn't sound cynical, especially, the visitor remarked. But it might take guts to do.

"For better or worse," Bob Wagner said, "I'll go it on my own from here on in. It's been seven years now, all told. I need that phase; I wasn't fooling. Whether they like it or not, I'm not a boy. I'm a man. . . . And one more Scotch isn't going to kill me."

Now the volume of business out in the office had increased. Late workers were stopping in on Robert Wagner. Some crewmen, who as a group like him very much. An agent with something on his mind. Two publicists with something on theirs. A wardrobe attaché. A little man who evidently was bent mainly on a drink.

"It gets like this sometimes," said Wagner gently. He passed a hand across his



forehead and for a brief moment looked intolerably weary. Then his features re-assembled themselves and again he wore his curious air of baffled confidence. "Do you mind a lot?" he said. "I've got an early call, and I'd like to get dinner before I hit the sack. If I can. If I ever get to the sack."

He escorted his casual visitor to the top of the several wooden stairs that descended to where a spectacular Cadillac was waiting. In it, Nena Wills, the secretary, would drive the visitor back to the parking lot.

For a second, Wagner stood uncertain, puzzled. "This was anything?" he asked the visitor.

"I think so."

"You learned something?"

"It seems to me."

He shook his head, and indicated the half-open door of the office. "Wanna swap?"

"I'll take your salary."

He laughed without a terrible lot of amusement and walked back inside. Nena Wills drove the visitor to his car. The hour was close to nine; the visitor's dinner was cold and his wife was irritated. Behind him, the studio lot wrapped its lonely self about Robert Wagner's bright and noisy dressing room.

A phase was in the making. **THE END**

YOU'LL SEE: Robert Wagner in 20th Century-Fox's "The True Story of Jesse James."

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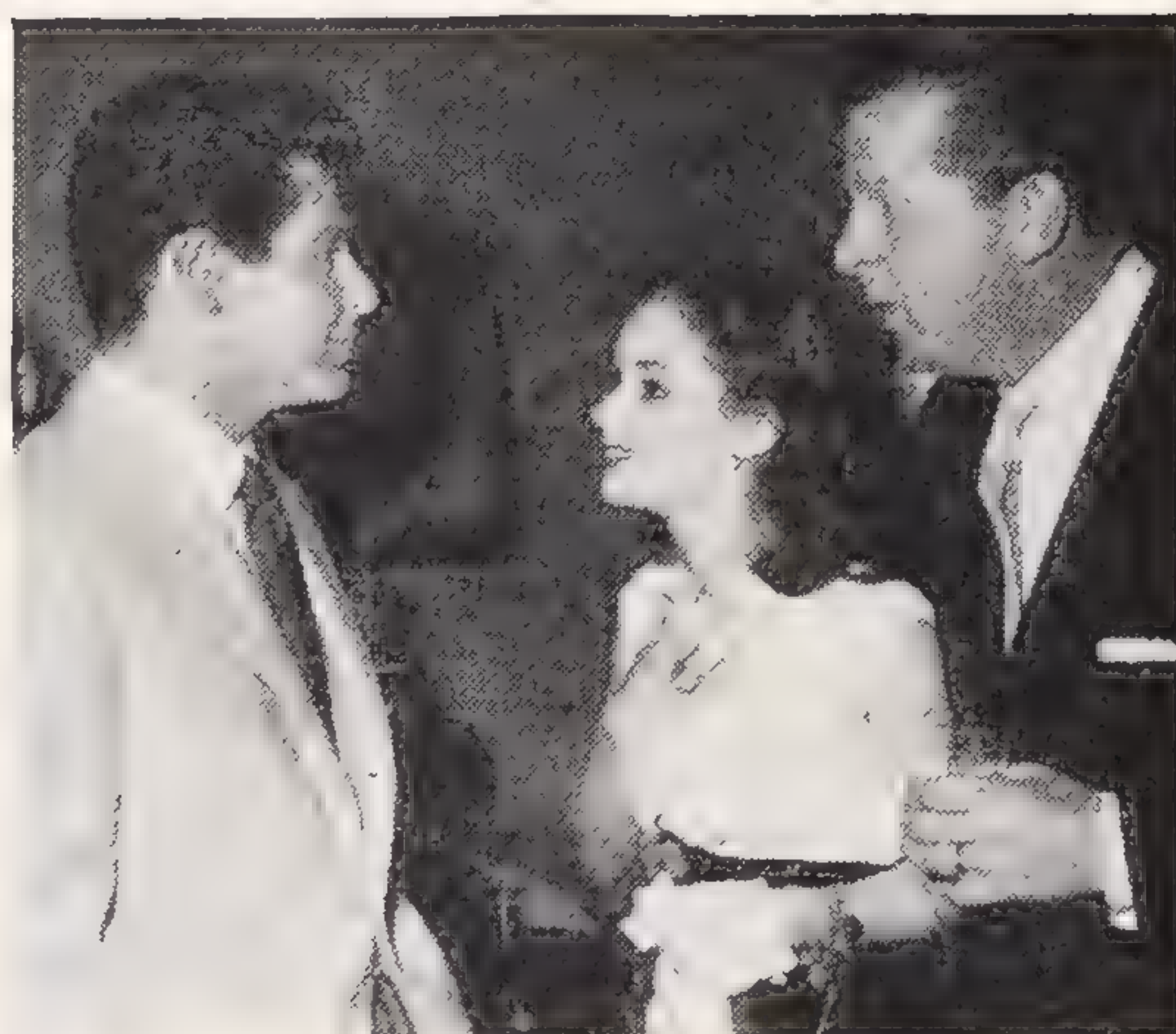
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David Ladd, son of Alan, with his sister, Carol Lee, and Ruth Waterbury, made a big hit



Eddie Fisher kept Susan Strasberg and Bill Dozier enrapt with talk about the new home

(Continued from page 8)

Fissionable Material: Everybody who sees Kim Novak these days says that she looks and acts as if she's about ready to explode. Kim's explanation is that she is just trying to model herself after the fiery and temperamental Jeanne Eagels and that she is living her off the screen as well as on. This explanation doesn't entirely satisfy the studio. For instance, the other day Kim showed up an hour and a half late for some still shots of a dancing sequence in "Jeanne." Kim was nervous and refused to let anybody take pictures until she'd run through her number. She said she wasn't a dancer and was afraid that she'd look bad. When the studio's publicity department became irritable with her, she said, "If you think I'm temperamental, it's because I am." We think the real fact is that Kim is scared to death of this picture because she knows she will have to carry it alone.

Step Forward: Jeff Chandler is playing with Kim in "Jeanne Eagels" and he said that by working on the Columbia lot he was returning to the scene of his original crime. "Ten years ago, I played a role in 'Johnny O'Clock' with Dick Powell," says Jeff. "But if you sneezed at a certain point in the picture you missed me."

Jeff's delighted that Glenn Ford and several others turned down the role he got. They were afraid that Kim's part would overshadow theirs. Jeff's played an Indian brave so long, he's afraid of nothing.

His Father's Footsteps: When the Hollywood Women's Press Club handed out its annual Golden Apples to the most cooperative actor and actress (Deborah Kerr and Charlton Heston were the recipients this year) Alan Ladd's small son, David, was there to represent Alan, a two-time Golden Apple winner. Originally, the club had planned to present a children's tableau and David was asked to participate. But, as they sometimes do, the plans went awry and the tableau was cancelled. David couldn't have been more crushed if he'd had a ten-year option dropped. When Alan's secretary told the club about it, the girls quickly made amends by inviting David to sit at the speaker's table in the place of his father, who was on his way back from "The Boy on the Dolphin's" Greece location.

Home, Sweet, Home: The big thing in Debbie and Eddie's life, beside Carrie Frances, is their first real home. Until they moved in last month they'd been living in hotel rooms and rented houses,

but now, at last, Eddie has carried Debbie over the threshold of their honeymoon cottage. Some cottage! It's an old English-style home on two acres of the most expensive Beverly Hills property, with a brook running through the yard. It's like living in the country, but with all the advantages of city life. Sunset Boulevard is just below them and no place in Hollywood is more than a half hour away. It's a sprawling house built in the days when a California home was built to last. There is a projection room, put in by the former owners, and plenty of space for a growing family. Debbie had the time of her life, choosing furniture, drapes and bric-a-brac.

Paris Patter: What a difference a year makes! When Don Murray came to Paris in the spring of 1955 he was a member of the cast of "Skin of Our Teeth," sponsored by the State Department as its contribution to the Salute to France program. An unknown at the time, Don lived in a tiny hotel near the Place Pigalle (GIs during the war called it Pig Alley because of the low-down girlie shows and other nocturnal entertainment) and ate in the cheap bistros in the neighborhood. Eighteen months later, when he returned, he was married and on his honeymoon, albeit a delayed one ("Very Hollywood-ish," says he, "to be expecting a baby on one's honeymoon"), and a world-famed actor. This time he stayed with his wife, Hope Lange (whom he married while they were making "Bus Stop"), at one of Paris' most expensive hotels and did the night spots. . . . Another honeymoon couple who passed through Paris recently was Ruth Roman and Buddy Moss. She may change her mind when she gets back to Hollywood, but Ruth, who looks happy and glowing, is determined to take a six months' vacation from the films. She refused the plum female lead in a modern version of Corneille's "Cid," to be made in Spain. . . . Elsa Martinelli is the despair of every eligible Parisian male. When she takes a holiday from work on "Manuela," being filmed in London, she makes a quick hop across the channel to her favorite city, Paris, accompanied by her kid sister, Cilla. All her French friends are crazy about little Cilla, but don't dig it when Elsa insists on bringing her along on dates.

London Lowdown: Van Johnson is determined that the whole family will stay in London for a year and has hired a private tutor for the children. Evie, on the other hand, is just as determined that they will all return to Hollywood in April. . . . Richard Burton, hibernating in his native village of Pontrhydfen, Wales, denies he walked out of Otto Preminger's "St. Joan" without warning, says he sent Otto a telegram asking to be excused because of conflicting commitments. **THE END**

What Every Bachelor Girl Should "No"!

(Continued from page 71)

does seem best not to ask him in for a drink—especially if you live all alone. This way, until you get to know him better, you can say good night at the door and skip over asking him in for a nightcap as well. It's usually the wee small hours that are conducive to getting entangled.

"About that inevitable good-night kiss," Dolores goes on. "It's up to the girl, of course. Don't kiss a date if you don't really want to, just to be 'sociable.' But I do think that if you *want* to kiss a man—then kiss him!

"I'm speaking generally," she says, "because the same circumstances don't necessarily apply to the same people. Although the problems of a Hollywood bachelor girl are highly individual, she does have one thing in common with bachelor girls all over the world. Glamour is *every* girl's business and, whether it's Hollywood or Hoboken, there are no limitations.

"I think every girl should take great interest in dress and makeup, using make-up as carefully as a painter uses his brush. Now, I may not be a great beauty, but I think my eyes are my most attractive feature. So what I do is enlarge upon what I have. Every man expects something different. If one wants you to be a pixie, the next may want you to smolder in the long, tight, black stuff. Up to a point, I do think you can be any type you wish to be, by taking advantage of good points. But don't stray too far from your own natural type."

Since taking Hollywood by storm, versatile Dolores has appeared in "Kismet" and played the serpent-tongued gossip in "The Opposite Sex," which eventually led her

into "Designing Woman." How she got that role makes for an amusing story. Dolores, who didn't want to be typed, had turned down so many scripts that M-G-M didn't bother to offer her this one. But she heard about its unlimited possibilities and headed right for the front office. Maybe she thinks she talked them into giving her the part. Actually, when she asked for it, they jumped for joy.

Come next spring, Dolores hopes to be in Hollywood when M-G-M entertains the four lucky winners of PHOTOPLAY's new contest, which will run in the May issue. Four bachelor girls will be whisked to Movietown like so many modern Cinderellas, to experience all the thrill of living like a movie star—with Dolores Gray, the expert on glamorous living, girl bachelorhood and Hollywood, as their guide.

Dolores didn't take long to size up the local bachelor girl situation when she arrived in Hollywood.

"I hadn't been in town long enough to unpack my poodles [she has six]," confesses the popular Miss Gray, "when I went to my first 'important' party. Although I had grown up in Hollywood, I had been away for a long time, making my way in the theatre. So here I was 'home' again." M-G-M had brought her back for "It's Always Fair Weather."

When Dolores arrived at this particular party so soon after her arrival, it climaxed everything. How wonderful, she thought, to go to this glamorous Hollywood affair and meet a new group of famous, fascinating people. And it was true; the room was filled with famous names and faces. But with one or two exceptions, most of the guests (especially the women) added little to the gaiety of the evening.

"They seemed so tense and, in some instances, so bored," Dolores recalls. "It was almost as if they were afraid to relax and have fun. After dinner the gentlemen talked shop over brandy, while the ladies exchanged gossip in the powder room. Then those who had early morning studio calls began to leave early. Being used to theatre hours, I am an inveterate night owl, so I stayed on, hoping the party would pick up. It didn't. In the car driving home I couldn't resist telling my date."

What was wrong? she wanted to know. After all, Dolores had lived in New York, London, Paris and throughout Europe. People in general and society in particular were pretty much the same. Why was Hollywood so different?

"It's a fabulous place, Dolores," mused her escort. "But, as you've already discovered, Hollywood is a small town despite its world-wide fame. Yet it is different from any other small town. The relationships here are closer and more intimate because of the nature of our business. Unlike other industries, people here aren't primarily selling a product, they're selling *themselves*! So it's a highly competitive jungle and, socially speaking, the prevalent manpower shortage causes women to become their own natural enemies.

"You saw what happened tonight. Do you realize there were three women to every man in that room? Most of them came there without escorts—because there aren't enough eligible men to go around. This is one reason why some actresses become so dedicated that it turns them into self-centered, single-minded creatures. They lose their humor and forget how to have fun. As a result, men don't want to

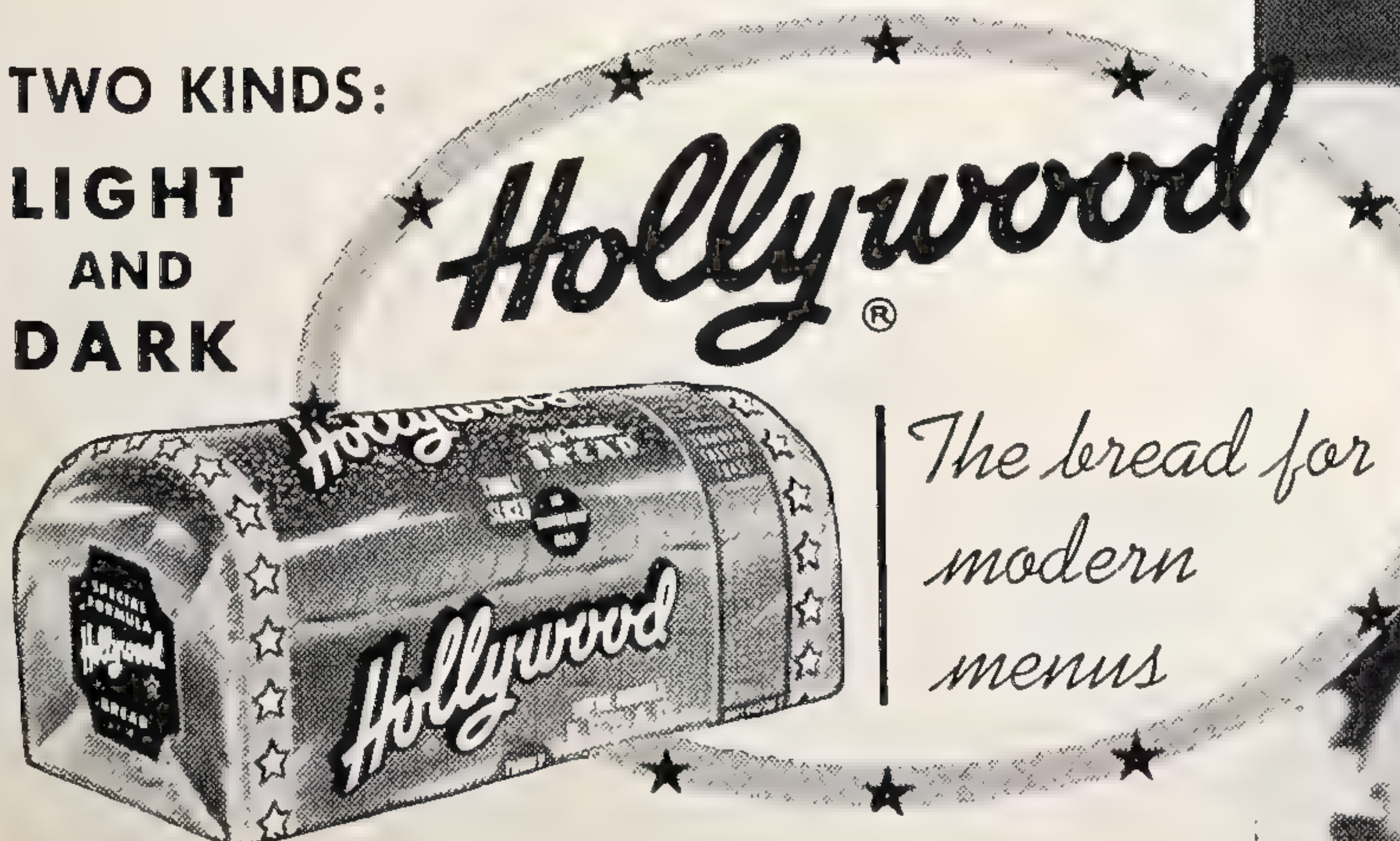
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get involved. These bachelor girls possess beauty, fame, everything that money can buy—except the *one thing* they need. Companionship and love. To the outside world they have everything. They're actually the loneliest women in the world!"

A bachelor girl herself, Dolores might have withdrawn from this possible fate that awaited her. It did give her food for thought, and during the two and a half years she's been in Hollywood, Dolores has had ample opportunity to observe the local scene and come to some conclusions.

"We are at best a group of strolling players who need roots," Dolores decided. "So the average Hollywood bachelor girl must be very careful with her heart. Quite frankly, she needs someone waiting for her when she comes home at the end of a long, weary studio day. She needs a sympathetic man who understands the occupational hazards of her work. Therefore, the temptation to fall in love with an available young actor is strong, but I think she's asking for trouble if she marries him."

"This is a tricky business we're in, and young actors have their own heartaches in trying to forge their own patterns. Although they make charming companions, they still have great insecurity. It happens invariably when a bachelor girl marries a young actor: That big, strong shoulder to lean on is conspicuously missing, because the gentleman in question is too involved with trying to survive himself. It ends with—divorce!"

Every girl needs someone to talk to at times, Dolores admits. She needs a man who is mentally and spiritually stimulating, and here again is where many girls make the mistake of being too fussy in their choices. "After all," says Miss Gray, "he doesn't have to be *the* man she'd throw herself off a cliff for! Another mistake made by girls everywhere, including Hollywood, is refusing to accept a last-minute date, just on principle, with *any* man. Even one who really attracts her."

"In Hollywood, if the would-be escort is an actor, he may not actually know until the last minute whether he has to get up at dawn the next day. So he calls at six in the evening. On the other hand, if you're an actress, *you* may have to break a date at six, because you suddenly learn *you* have to get up at dawn. So both of you have to understand, and if you're available, why not accept a last-minute date? Some of my most enjoyable evenings were the direct result of not limiting myself by certain silly conventions."

Just recently the famous face, figure and voice of Dolores Gray rocked and rolled the TV world in a Cole Porter-Ford Jubilee spectacular. A few days before rehearsals started, "well-meaning" persons offered Dolores some advice.

"You won't like George Sanders," they warned her. "He's so bored with life. You'd better watch out. He can be very sarcastic."

So the rehearsals started. "And we had a ball," Dolores sums up. "George Sanders was a little aloof at first, but that is his privilege and I paid no attention. One evening we finished early and I asked if he'd like to drop by for scrambled eggs on the way home. He said yes. I said that's fine—and now let's stop by McDaniel's Market in Beverly Hills and buy the eggs!"

"George went shopping with me and he carried the packages. We had more laughs, all of which I might have missed had I held out for, say, Romanoff's or Chasen's. How did I know George would accept such an invitation? someone asked later. He's a big boy, was my answer, and all he had to do was say no. Thank heaven I learned long ago: Never type a man before you know him!"

"I'm equally grateful that I learned never to listen to gossip, especially here

in Hollywood. If a girl stays home because she happens to love her home, they say she has no sex appeal. But if she goes out a lot because she loves to go out, they say she's man-crazy. In most small towns people usually know too much about each other's business. In Hollywood, if a girl is a celebrity, she tries to be twice as careful because she almost lives under a magnifying glass and is a potential target for gossip every minute. The answer is, I think, that a girl must learn how to live with herself and be indifferent to the rest. Indifference is a healthy weapon."

For example, says Miss Gray, "I'm always amused when people ask why I'm not married. This even intrigued the actress who chanced to employ my maid after me; she used to question her avidly! Now, I don't think there's anything lacking in me just because I've waited. It's true that I've had proposals, but you marry when you fall in love, not before. The theatre is a full-time job. I love it and have worked long and hard to get where I am. The most important thing in marriage is sharing, and until I'm ready to give up my career, a man would have to be very unselfish if he married me."

"Some girls marry because they are lonely. I've never been lonely or bored in my life, and my problem is finding enough time to do all the things that interest me. I collect paintings, Georgian silver and china. I love a home and doing things in it myself. After all, where should you go at the end of the day, but home? My mother, who is a complete individualist, lives with me. But she leads her life and I lead mine. This is a perfect arrangement."

"True, a career girl's chances of meeting men are multiplied, and our contacts are wider than those of the average small-town girl," Dolores sums up her advice to bachelor girls. "Our salaries, needless to say, make many more things possible, but I still think there is always a way of doing things *your* way to *your* advantage. Background plays an important part in establishing popularity, and if you want a man to be interested, make yourself *interesting*. Simple as that!"

Since Hollywood first saw the light of Gray, many men have been attracted to Dolores. Among them are U-I executive Milton Rackmil, actor George Lee, famous artist Jon Whitcomb and disk jockey Del Courtney, who plays her Decca recordings and flies down from San Francisco to see her. Also, Count Dominic Luis y Sieragorda, whom she met while traveling. It was this same count who wanted to buy Dolores a house in Monaco. She loved it, wanted it—and didn't accept it!

Following her smash hit in Las Vegas, Dolores (who is no longer bound by an exclusive M-G-M contract) took off for New York, where she's due to star in Richard Ney's play, "But Not for Marriage." A prophetic title for a streamlined exponent of sex appeal? Not for Dolores.

"I will marry," declares the girl who definitely is not the one next door. "But when I do, it has to be for life, because I am a Catholic. In the meantime, as the saying goes, I'll play the field. I think every girl will agree that nothing is more important than a man in your life—when he is the *right* man. But it works both ways, of course."

"A man is rarely anxious to give up his freedom, so he's looking for someone pretty special himself. In the final analysis, however, I believe it's pretty much up to 'the opposite sex.' Don't we all have to be 'designing women,' who must try to please just as much as we want to be pleased? I think we do."

BE SURE TO SEE: Dolores Gray in M-G-M's "Designing Woman."



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Chicago 23, Ill.

(Continued from page 47)
new, new look. . . . Marlene Dietrich's first stop when she arrives in Hollywood is at Van Johnson's, where she stuffs herself on all the local gossip and pays off by preparing the tastiest beef stroganoff in town. . . . The fact that the Stewart Grangers' baby girl, Tracy, was first reported as being a boy only makes them more aware how happy they are that their first-born is a pretty addition to the female sex. . . . There is no doubt that Audrey Hepburn thinks she can be both great wife and great actress at the same time. But close friends feel that she might be working just a mite too hard at both roles. . . . Glenn Ford got a great kick out of participating in the making of "Teahouse of the August Moon" in Japan, but after Ellie brushed the lotus blossoms off his lapels he was ready and content just to hang up his hat and laze around with the family for awhile.

The Facts, Ma'am: Ever since Eddie Fisher married Debbie Reynolds, there have been rumors from the Hollywood grapevine that Debbie was trying to influence Eddie into dropping some of his business associates of the past, notably, his personal manager, Milton Blackstone. It was Blackstone, of course, who discovered Eddie when his was just a voice in the wilderness and helped skyrocket him to his present pinnacle of success. For Eddie to drop Milton now would be the kind of ingratitude that is "sharper than a serpent's tooth." No one is more aware of this man Eddie—which is why he is so indignant over this misplaced rumor, directed not only at himself but at his wife Debbie.

"Debbie has *never at any time* tried to impose any demands on me, as far as my career is concerned," Eddie assured me when he came East for the press premiere of their first co-starring venture, "Bundle of Joy." "And certainly she has far too much integrity as a person to want me to be disloyal to anyone who helped me in my struggling days. As far as Milton is concerned, sure, we've had our differences of opinion. Who wouldn't, in a business relationship that involves so many decisions, so much long-range planning and pressure from all sides? But, as long as I live, I'll never forget the debt of gratitude I owe to Milton. All rumors to the contrary, he is *still* my manager, and always will be, I hope."

Proving this is not idle talk, Eddie insisted that the press preview of "Bundle of Joy" be held at Grossinger's, in Liberty, New York, where Milton first spotted Eddie. Debbie couldn't come East to be at the Grossinger premiere because she couldn't leave her real "bundle of joy," Carrie Frances, whom she was still nursing at the time, but Milton was at Eddie's side and shared the honors with him. It was here, eight years ago, that a timid youngster from Philadelphia first sang his way into prominence.

Overseas Intelligence: Ingrid Bergman, actress, is continuing to bring tears to the eyes of spectators nightly for her sensitive portrayal in the French stage version of "Tea and Sympathy" in Paris. Rossellini, after seeing Ingrid's opening (with teeth chattering, he was so nervous), and after staying to spend the holidays with his family, finally left for picturemaking in India—which, of course, immediately started those old, unfounded separation rumors. Six-year-old Robertino has entered a school in Paris and the twins are under the care of a French governess, who

doubles as French teacher to Ingrid in the mornings. But she really doesn't need the lessons. . . . Rossano Brazzi confided, just before sailing for America with his wife, Lidia, that he is determined to retire from the screen in 1960. Lidia's comment about his reputation as the "great lover": "Rossano just sells love. I wouldn't be jealous of potatoes if he sold them for a living!" . . . Now that she is finished with Edmund Purdom ("too young for me," she says), Linda Christian has been putting into effect her new resolve to stay away from married men. During her stay in Paris, she was seen about town with many handsome men, all of them single. Her phone was busy, too, with calls from as far off as Greece. Linda confessed that she is looking for a serious-type man to be a good father to her two daughters. . . . A new way of saying "we're just friends" is writer Peter Viertel's comment about his friendship with Rita Hayworth in Paris: "We share similar interests." Before departing for America recently, Rita seldom left her Georges V Hotel apartment except to go dancing with Viertel. Dancing, she usually takes her shoes off.

Tidbits about Tourists: Mr. and Mrs. Errol Flynn are taking a leisurely cruise in Mediterranean waters. . . . Dana Andrews made the entertainer and other patrons unhappy, at London's swank Casanova Club, by talking loudly during the acts, despite admonitions from surrounding tables. Dana apologized to the singer later. . . . Merle Oberon dividing her time between the Earl of Dudley in London and a mysterious Frenchman in Paris. . . . Grace and Rainier are encouraging the people of Monaco to adopt as many Hungarian children as possible. They have made donations out of their pockets to Hungarian relief, in addition to official government donations.

New Personality of the Month: About a year and a half ago, before Susan Strasberg left for Hollywood to make "Picnic," she was given a *bon voyage* party at the home of her godparents, Mr. and Mrs. Herb Moss. As someone who has known Susie ever since she was just a twinkle in her father and mother's eyes, I had been invited to this gay gathering. Just as I was leaving, a young girl rushed over to Paula Strasberg to say goodbye, too. There was nothing spectacular about her

looks—mousy brown hair, clean blue eyes and a general impression of sweet, scrubbed freshness. But Paula introduced us: "Radie, here is someone you should know. She's our newest exciting discovery in the Actors Studio. Lee (Strasberg) and Gadg (Kazan) predict a brilliant future for her, so when she becomes famous, remember you met her here first!" And that's how I met Carroll Baker, before her "Giant" screen success as a "Baby Doll."

Shortly after Carroll came back from location in Mississippi, where all of this Tennessee Williams' film was shot, we caught up with each other over lunch. Despite the fact that her mousy hair was blonder now (although she was letting it grow back to its natural shade after bleaching it almost platinum for this second movie) and her slim figure had blossomed out considerably, due to the imminent arrival of a "baby doll" in the Jack Garfein nursery, I recognized her immediately. Neither George Stevens nor Gadg Kazan had tried to transform her into the usual mould of a Hollywood glamorpus.

Carroll's film career runs a striking parallel to another disciple of the Actors Studio, Eva Marie Saint. Eva won an Oscar for her prize performance in a Kazan-directed film, "On the Waterfront." Carroll will be a strong contender in the Academy Award sweepstakes for her brilliant characterization of a "Baby Doll," also directed by Kazan. Incidentally, neither film was made in Hollywood. Eva is married to M-G-M director Jeff Hayden. Carroll's husband is Jack Garfein, who recently completed his first directorial effort for the screen, "End as a Man." One coincidence Carroll won't share with Eva: Should Carroll win her Oscar in March, she'll accept it in a beautiful new gown, unlike Eva, who accepted hers in a maternity dress. But to add one more final parallel, Eva's co-star in "On the Waterfront" was an actor who first exercised his talent at the Actors Studio—Marlon Brando. In Carroll's first Warner Brothers' film, "Giant," she played opposite another famous Studio alumnus, the late James Dean.

All or Nothing: Speaking of lonely movie queens, take Ava Gardner, if Walter Chiari hasn't already beaten you to it by the time this reaches print! When Ava was in London last summer filming "The Little Hut," I visited her on the set and late: ran into her on the few occasions when she dined out. When Ava was seen supping at the Caprice or dancing at the Milroy, she was, naturally, the center of attention, and everyone speculated about who her good-looking escorts were. A couple of dukes or a lord or two, at least, lots of people were telling each other. How amazed they would have been had I introduced them to two American commoners named Sidney Guillaroff, Ava's hairdresser at M-G-M and one of her closest Hollywood friends, and Morgan Hudgins, a Metro publicist, who had been on location with Ava in Africa for "Mogambo." Grace Kelly took such a fancy to him, too, that when she married Prince Rainier, she borrowed Morgan from Metro as her chief press liaison at the wedding. Now he was back with Ava again, handling her publicity on "The Little Hut" and keeping her company when Sidney or Walter Chiari wasn't available for the purpose.

Ava, who is well accepted in Europe, has been presented by the manager with a special winter-season pass for the performances at the La Scala opera house in Milan. Milan, of course, is Walter Chiari's home town. Incidentally, speaking



Rita Hayworth took off from the famed Georges V Hotel in gay Paris to return to America with Rebecca and Jasmine

of Ava, a London tailor hasn't recovered yet from a recent visit from Ava (who flits between London, Paris, Rome, Milan and Madrid as easily as if she were commuting from downtown L. A. to Beverly Hills). Ava arrived at this exclusive men's tailor shop, which caters to all the old aristocracy, and asked them to make her some slacks of material she gave them. But Ava specified that they be made very tight, and to make sure, she preferred to have them fitted next to her bare skin.

Ava met Chiari in Rome shortly after she had run into Frank Sinatra in Madrid, where he and Cary Grant were filming "The Pride and the Passion." It was the first time their paths had crossed since their final split-up, and Frank, who had once been so insanely in love with her that nothing else mattered—not even his home, children or career—had looked at Ava as impersonally and emotionlessly as if she were a part of the scenery. It was a cruel blow, not only to her vanity, but to her heart, which still held so many intimate memories of him. After that, she was grateful for the opportunity to leave Madrid to Frankie and bullfighter Luis Dominguin, who had succeeded him in her affections, and was now married to someone else. In Rome, where there were no ghosts of the past to haunt her, she might find the happiness that has eluded her with three husbands and a great career.

Will Walter Chiari, a tall, dark and handsome Italian, who makes his American screen debut in "The Little Hut," be the answer to her prayer? My guess is no, and I base it on a statement that Ava herself made in a recent interview when she confessed, "I'm bad in only one thing. I'm jealous. I'm very jealous. I want my man to love me—just me—that's all." For any wife to be jealous is a dangerous threat to marriage, but with a Continental like Chiari, this "only one thing" is the kiss of death. In Italy, as in most of Europe, a husband is Lord and Master. His wife marries him to grace his house, breed his children, adopt his family, share his religion and love him, blind to his faults but aware of all his virtues! A woman who was raised in Italy can often accept marriage on such a basis, not only because this is an accepted marital relationship, but also because she knows that if she doesn't, the chances of her getting a divorce in a Catholic country are almost nil. Consequently, for a female like Ava, who admits her overpoweringly jealous nature, to marry a charming actor, well known throughout Italy, would be disastrous—and I say this because I have met him. He has the Continental charm and technique of making a woman feel she's a woman, and, like all Italians, he can no more help flirting than he can help breathing. F. Hugh Herbert and Mark Robson have signed him, by the way, to a personal contract and have great plans for his future in American films.

How will Ava, who admits she doesn't want to share her man with anyone, reconcile herself to sharing his popularity—especially with the opposite sex? The answer is, she won't! And how will Chiari put up with her accusing rages of jealousy? The answer is, he won't. They'll wind up destroying each other, just as she and Frankie did. I only hope that some day, before it is too late, Ava will find the happiness she craves and is so desperately searching for. But she will only find it, if she chooses a man whose values she shares and if she doesn't try to grab happiness all for herself, but remembers that in marriage there are three lives—yours—your husband's—and the life you will share with each other.

THE END



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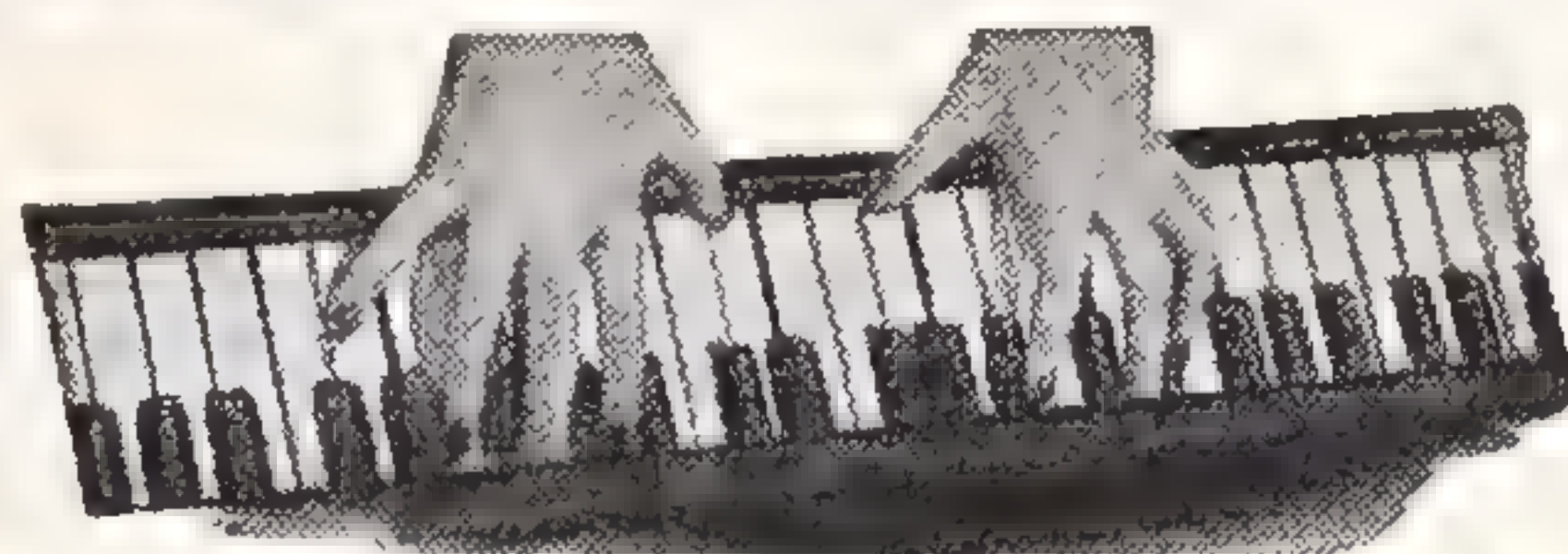
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A Long Way From Home

(Continued from page 57)

heeled boots and a wide-brimmed hat, he could pass for a stunt rider in a shoot-'em-up Western. His square-built frame is solidly packed, his face unremarkable except when he smiles. Then a warmth shines through and one ceases to be concerned with actorish good looks and becomes content with his ingratiating friendliness backed by an inquiring mind.

The beach house, for instance, poses a problem which could become more acute as Rod's popularity soars, which it seems certain to do. "There are few moments in our ménage," says Bob Walker, "when the place isn't jumping. The beach is an attraction, of course, but I think it's Rod they want to see. People seem to gravitate toward him, warmed by his naturalness and lack of pose."

This has, to some extent, been a hardship on the young actor who is so unaffectedly gregarious. So, even when he would like to be alone or sit before the big front window and watch the Pacific breakers pile up on the beach, he never lets this become apparent to guests who just "drop in." These people, it must be said, are not free loaders. They are simply young folk who like Taylor's ingenuous boyishness, his sincerity and continuing capacity for astonishment at the big, complicated yet kindly country in which he finds himself.

So he greets them with his kid-around-the-corner smile and, if mealtime is imminent, concocts his now-famous Australian dish which he calls Greek lamb—something with as many ingredients as a hobo's mulligan, and twice as appetizing. "It's the only thing I can cook well," Rod said. "Jeff and Bob are almost visibly relieved when I pass up my turn as chef."

Taylor's emergence upon the American scene was the direct result of a philosophy arrived at early. There being no television in Australia and few little theatre groups, he decided that the only way to become an actor was to act, so he began beating on the doors of radio studios. He got what he was looking for—work. And soon, because of his facility with accents, particularly American, he was doing

twelve-hour stints, day after day over the air waves; appearing also in stage plays. It was at this juncture of his career that writer-producer Marty Rackin appeared like a good angel on his horizon.

Coming to Australia with the intention of making a television series starring the late Robert Newton, Rackin heard that good actors could be had in the "down under" country for a song such as he could afford to sing. One night while listening to a radio story called "The Informer," he heard a young fellow playing the part of a Brooklyn hoodlum. His accent was so perfect that Rackin was sure this was no Australian, but probably an American actor temporarily beached in Sydney. He quickly got in touch with the performer and found a fresh-faced youth, an Australian, whose bright blue eyes looked at him with the wistful longing of a country pup in a big city. "I asked him the usual question: 'How'd you like to be in pictures?'" Rackin said, "and he reacted exactly as if I'd offered him a million dollars.

"We were doing 'Long John Silver,'" Rackin went on, "actually a sequel to 'Treasure Island,' with Guy Dolman in the lead, playing the part of a blind man. To create the realistic effect of sightless eyes, we decided to use contact lenses with a kind of milky cloudiness in them. After a few tries, Dolman said he simply couldn't wear the lenses and would have to withdraw from the role. At my wit's end, I began frantically searching my mind for some actor to play the part. It was then that I thought of young Taylor. I sent for him and he jumped at the chance like a hungry trout. But right then I got the surprise of my life. Rod wouldn't accept the assignment unless Dolman told him personally that the role was his. Being accustomed to certain Hollywood actors who'd steal a hot stove, I was dumbfounded. This was loyalty and principle beyond my experience."

Rackin went on to explain how sincerely Taylor plays any role given him. "There was a sort of chase in the picture," he went on, "in which Rod, a completely blind man, had to run over terrain known to him only by touch, and he went at it

exactly as if he were sightless. Once he banged into a tree and another time fell over a boulder, cutting his hands and gashing an arm. When I protested, he said quite calmly: 'A blind man gripped by terror *would* run into trees and stumble over rocks.' Well, that stopped me. The fact that he had injured himself didn't count at all."

Having watched young Taylor turn in a remarkably professional performance, Rackin was more than ever convinced that the youth was entitled to his chance in greener pastures.

It was at this point that a lucky incident occurred. Rod won the Macquarrie Award, given by newspapers to worthy young actors, enabling them to go to England for further study and experience. Rackin, while not disparaging the opportunities awaiting Rod in the tight little island, managed by subtle suggestions to point out alluring pictures of America, mentioning a couple of other Taylors, Bob and Elizabeth, who had done pretty well for themselves in Hollywood. This, coupled with the magic names of Clift and Brando, convinced Rod that heaven began and maybe ended in Hollywood, where everyone is supposed to ride around in solid gold Cadillacs.

Now that Rod's future seems comfortably established, he is inclined to look with a touch of nostalgia to the hard, work-filled scenes of his adolescence. Reared as the only child of comfortably well-off parents in Sydney—his father is a construction engineer and his mother a successful novelist and short story writer—Rod started out to be an artist, studying in the Sydney Technical and Fine Arts College. "I was a show-off, an arty brat of a kid," he said, "and believed myself to be the possessor of an outstanding talent. Then I took a flier in amateur theatricals and got bitten by the bug for which there seems to be no known cure. When Laurence Olivier and the Old Vic Company visited Sydney, I knew for sure that I wanted to be an actor. It was then that I began to get rid of that phony attitude and discovered that there is no substitute for a sincere, honest approach to a job. Not at first, though. I got work scrubbing floors at night so I could walk around daytimes looking like an actor. I must have been an awful pain in the neck."

About that time, when he was twenty-one, the actor met, fell in love with and married a pretty model who was just a little younger than he. Neither of them being burdened with much marital wisdom, career jealousy soon reared its ugly head. They were both miserable through two and a half years, at the end of which time they were divorced.

Now twenty-six, Rod views marriage, at least for him in the foreseeable future, with a somewhat skeptical eye. Because he's still fearful that he might not measure up to the high expectations which the officials at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he is under contract, have for him. "More than anything else," he says, "I want to make good as an actor. No, not just make good, either. That isn't enough. I want to get up there with a couple of stars I used to dream about when I was trying to get my foot on the first rung of the ladder back in Sydney—Brando and Clift. Maybe I haven't got what it takes; only time will reveal that. But if I don't make it—and there are a lot of fine actors around who haven't—I wouldn't want a wife to share the bitterness of failure."

In talking to directors who have worked with him in pictures, it would seem that

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE ON PAGE 17

Across

1. Campbell (William)
8. S M (Sal Mineo)
10. Cha
13. O'Brien
14. God
16. End
18. M L (Mario Lanza)
19. Eyes
22. near
24. mere
26. M O (Maureen O'Hara)
27. ocean
29. in
30. Yul Brynner
32. Anita (Ekberg)
36. Deb (Debbie Reynolds)
37. Nigel
38. oil
39. Danny (Kaye)
40. Dream
42. MG's
43. A G (Alec Guinness)
44. No
45. E A (Eddie Albert)
46. P D (Paul Douglas)
48. My
49. D D (Doris Day)
50. N R (Nicholas Ray)
51. R E (Richard Egan)

Down

52. Tavern
53. Aga (Khan)
56. Nader (George)
60. S E (Southeast)
61. Kerrs (Deborah, John)
63. Bean (Jack)
64. Silken
67. Ira
68. B G (Betty Grable)
69. Wide
70. Victor (Mature)
71. Fred (MacMurray)
73. Ray (Milland)
74. E T (Elizabeth Taylor)
75. Widmark (Richard)
15. Dean (James)
17. Dan (Dailey)
20. You
21. sob
23. Ann (Blyth)
25. reigns
28. C R (Cesar Romero)
29. Ireland
31. Edie (Edythe Marrener)
33. "Niagara"
34. Ten
35. Aly (Khan)
38. orgy
40. Damon (Runyon)
41. Modern
46. Presley (Elvis)
47. Derek (John)
53. A E
54. grit
55. Arrow
57. A B (Anne Bancroft)
58. Debra (Paget)
59. eager
61. knit
62. sari
64. Sir
65. "Ida" (Eddie Cantor's wife)
66. Eve
71. F M (Fredric March)
72. D K

this fear is not well founded. "He acts the way he is," says Richard Brooks, who directed him in "The Catered Affair." "His principal asset, as an actor and a person, is the fact that he listens well to a director and other players. His actions are all normal to the scene and honest, particularly in a role which will permit him to exploit his own personality. I predict that Rod Taylor will go straight to the top."

George Stevens, who directed Rod in "Giant," was equally definite. Stevens, no man to toss unearned compliments about, and certainly one of the finest directors in Hollywood, has said, "I found him to be an extraordinarily gifted player. He has many graces of the acting art plus an inimitable flair for pure mimicry. He had a difficult part in 'Giant' and made it outstanding. Taylor will most certainly be a star of real distinction."

Jeff Richards, co-sharer of the beach house, who stars in "The Opposite Sex," is an enthusiastic, yet objective admirer of Rod's talents as an actor. "He isn't the matinee idol type at all," Jeff said. "Yet, curiously enough, I think he'll be a smash hit with feminine moviegoers. His strong masculinity comes through with every gesture, and he has somehow managed to retain an ingenuous quality which appeals to the mother instinct in women. But he has the good sense not to overdo it."

Rod's social activities are not unique in Hollywood. He likes parties and goes to a lot of them. But night clubs dismay him. He is forever asking himself why people pay so much money just to sit around little jammed-in tables in crowded, smoke-filled rooms.

No young man plentifully endowed with talent and natural charm long escapes attention, particularly in Hollywood, where studios are bulging with beautiful girls. Taylor, in his quiet, unpretentious way, has attracted quite a few of them, but he insists with his wide grin that the ones he goes out with have nothing more serious on their minds than a good movie and maybe a chocolate malted afterward. Nicola Michaels, a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starlet whom he squires about quite often, states with conviction that Rod is one of the "most comfortable" boys to go out with she has ever met. A bouncy girl with a cute mouth and a bridge of freckles across her small nose, she shakes her head positively at any suggestion that their friendship has the slightest implication of seriousness. "We have fun together," she said. "Rod tries to think of things a girl would like to do. He doesn't need any prompting. Often we go out to his house and listen to his records and the waves thundering just outside the big front window. Sometimes Jeff whips up something—he's awfully good at things you just pop into the oven—or Bob will cook a chicken. And maybe Rod will get to work on that famous Australian dish of his."

She paused a moment, then said with a wryly humorous smile: "One comment I've heard by others is that no girl has to wear a break-away jacket when she goes out with Rod."

Now, with some first-rate pictures behind him, and poised on the brink of further successes, Rod Taylor is earnestly and happily on his way. Whatever fortune, a notoriously fickle dame, has in store for him, no one can tell, least of all Rod. One thing may be said with certainty: He'll keep on giving his career the old college try, like the good Aussie he is.

THE END

DON'T MISS: Rod Taylor in Warner Brothers' "Giant" and M-G-M's "Raintree County."



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Half Saint—Half Siren

(Continued from page 50)

Consoling her was her mother Maggie, a brisk and loving buffer in the two different worlds of Debra, when the pieces of those worlds need picking up and putting back together again. . . .

The role she had lost was replaced by another one, an even better one, not long afterwards, and Debra Paget was happy again. Yet tears are no stranger to this shy and beautiful young star. Nor is innocence. On the other hand, neither is sex appeal. Debra has a figure that is breathtaking. In a way, that whistle-bait figure perjures the pure, undisturbed beauty of her face—undisturbed, that is, until the music starts or the cameras turn. Then the veils drop and Debra Paget comes alive with every instinct as ancient as Eve's, in a transformation which is as puzzling to the observer as it is complete.

At twenty-three Debra is the most intriguing paradox in motion pictures today. She lives in amazing splendor in the magic world of her own creation, a world she has dreamed about since she was five. Whether because of disillusionment with the Hollywood she grew up in or for some other, secret reason of her own, Debra long ago decided to restore in all its old-time glamour and glitter a movie era of yesteryear. Singlehandedly, if need be, she has undertaken to bring back the excitement of the "movie queen"—the fabulous female who walked the streets of Movietown with a tiger on a leash, or took a bath in bubbling champagne.

Debra lives with her family in an old, twenty-seven-room Mediterranean style mansion which she has leased, located back of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Constance Bennett once lived there. But if the walls could speak, even of the glamorous Constance and the rest of the unforgettable Bennetts, they could tell nothing that would top Debra Paget's jeweled Cadillac, the mirrored, African-motifed "Mogambo Room" on the third floor, where Debra rehearses her dance routines, her jeweled mermaid murals in the hall or the living-room fireplace which she has converted into a fabulous planting area, including coral flamingos, a silver fountain

and a statue of Kuan Yin, the Chinese goddess of fertility.

Debra dresses elegantly, possessing the most glamorous wardrobe of any of Hollywood's young stars. She wears mink and white fox and blue fox and pink fox. And she has over a hundred custom-made cocktail dresses and evening gowns, all designed to hug her thirty-five-inch bosom and nineteen-inch waist.

She rides in a Cadillac painted strawberry color, to go with her velvet bed, and encrusted with fifteen-hundred dollars' worth of multi-colored, glittering crystals. Debra and her mother and brother-in-law worked all one night, until five in the morning, jewelizing the car.

Why, you ask yourself, would any young and beautiful girl, who could be out on the town enjoying herself, stay up all night pasting gay pink crystals on the top of a car? What can she be like, this young star who lives so lavishly in a romantic world of strawberry velvet and white satin and jeweled mermaids—but without romance?

Debra Paget is the girl who never dates. Why? What was the story, where did all the pieces fit in the life of a young actress Hollywood producers have so enthusiastically acclaimed?

To find the answers, PHOTOPLAY's reporter climbed aboard an Aeronaves Airlines plane bound for Mexico City. There Debra is co-starring with Ray Milland and Anthony Quinn in Benedict Bogueau's production of "The River's Edge." It is a role that could make her a top dramatic star.

But Debra's own story is as exciting as any movie script. It has all the drama and pathos and conflict that can happen in the life of a girl who is half siren and half saint.

In her Mexico hotel room, wearing a short pink terrycloth robe and gold slippers, brushing her flame-red hair and looking all-siren, Debra tells you quietly why she is here. Why she has been working long hours in the rain day after day, bruising herself crawling over rocks and through underbrush, giving her every emotion to the camera. Why acting is her whole life today.

Leveling amazingly blue eyes on you, the girl directors call "one of the sexiest in Hollywood" says, "I believe there's a job that each of us is meant to do. And I believe we have a duty to ourselves to do it to the best of our ability. As far as I'm concerned, I think I was put on this earth to act. That's what I love and it's my life. Acting, singing, dancing—this is what I can do. How good it is, I don't know. I try to do my best. But through work I find my happiness. . . ."

In the spacious hotel room in Mexico City the girl who is so dedicated to acting went on, "I played my first movie role when I was only fourteen. That's pretty young to be suddenly thrust into the motion picture business. There's something about a big studio that's so overpowering, and I'm naturally a shy person anyway. Those first years, if somebody asked me a question I would just say 'Yes' or 'No.' Mother would break the ice for me. She'd get people laughing and make the atmosphere friendlier and I would relax a little.

"Shyness is something I've had to grow out of, and I've really had to work to change it."

Debra however, is still slow to trust people. "I have to know somebody a long while. In this business you learn never to trust too much. I've been very lucky and I haven't been hurt badly.

"But perhaps, it's because my mother's such a great judge of people."

The rumor that her mother dominates her life really draws Debra's fire. "This simply is not true. I get so angry when people say those things. The truth is there's only one person who runs my life. And that's me!

"But I hate to fight with people," Debra says frankly, a fact which might help spread this misconception. By mutual consent her mother, serving officially as her business manager, does much of the fighting for her. Maggie's always reminding her daughter, "This is a business, Debra. You've got to fight for your rights."

Theirs is a very close relationship. Debra does the acting, and Maggie spares her those things which by temperament or desire Debra feels she isn't qualified to do.

But once her mother said: "Some day she's going to have to learn to fight for herself, and the day she feels she no longer needs me, I'll go. I'm sure it will be painful, but that's the way it will happen. But as long as Debra wants me here with her, that's right where I'll be."

"You need somebody you can believe—somebody you know will tell you the truth," says Debra, who always wants her mother close at hand wherever she works.

Debra's beauty and her unquestioned sexiness has caused professional and personal conflicts in the girl who is so devoutly sure this is the job she was intended to do, didn't bargain for and sometimes can't understand.

Like the jeweled mermaid mural on the wall of the hall in her fabulous house, Debra has beauty that invites without asking. For instance, the crew on a television rehearsal stage just look idly at a pretty and passive girl until Debra goes into her dance. Then the TV censors start looking around wildly for somebody from wardrobe, hollering, "Put a skirt on her!"

Debra's first experience with this, however flattering, was heartbreaking. It was her first big TV show "and they had to go and put a ballet skirt on me."

The big number was called "The Jaguar," and, says Debra, "We had a terrific routine where I jumped over this fancy



When Maxine Arnold flew back from Mexico City via Aeronaves de Mexico after interviewing Debra Paget for PHOTOPLAY, Debra took her to the airport limousine



Debra's buffer and guide, her mother Maggie, made a hit with Elvis Presley during work on "Love Me Tender"

sports car. I was wearing a leotard cut high in the neck and a split skirt that was supposed to come off when I leaped into the air."

After the dress rehearsal the censor informed her, "You can't take your skirt off in the number."

"But I have to," Debra protested. "In order to jump over the car."

The wardrobe department hurriedly whipped up a billowing skirt of chiffon and the censor said, "You can't wear that either." Through the chiffon, the outline of a flashing, very sexy pair of legs could be seen. Finally they sent to the costumer's and, as Debra says, "got a ballet skirt that came down to my ankles. They sewed it on me after the show had started. What a hassle! They were sewing, and I was crying, and my agent was saying, 'You don't have to do this, I'll pull you right out.' And I was sobbing it was too late and I had to go on."

"They shot my routine in a dark corner of the stage, so dark, in fact, that a friend who watched the show at home called up to ask, 'When did Debra go on?'"

Debra's personal life has caused the usual speculation among columnists.

In Mexico City there had been an absurd romantic rumor. "They've had me eloping with the hotel manager," Debra said. "Mother and I went to a cocktail party given by the Ambassador of Panama. I thought we were going with the assistant manager and his wife, whom we knew, but when we were about to leave, a stranger presented himself to escort us. I thought he had been sent by the ambassador, but he turned out to be the manager of the hotel. A photographer took his picture with me at the party, and the papers ran it. Later, the ambassador's wife wanted to provide a wedding for us. I told her," Debra said laughingly, "'Don't you think you're rushing things a bit?'"

As Debra herself says, she can fight—when there's a real reason. Although it's general knowledge that Debra Paget doesn't go out on the town, a local columnist called one evening recently and wanted to arrange a date with Debra for a personal friend to attend a preview. "Do you think she will go?" he asked her mother. "I'll put Debra on. You talk to her," said Maggie.

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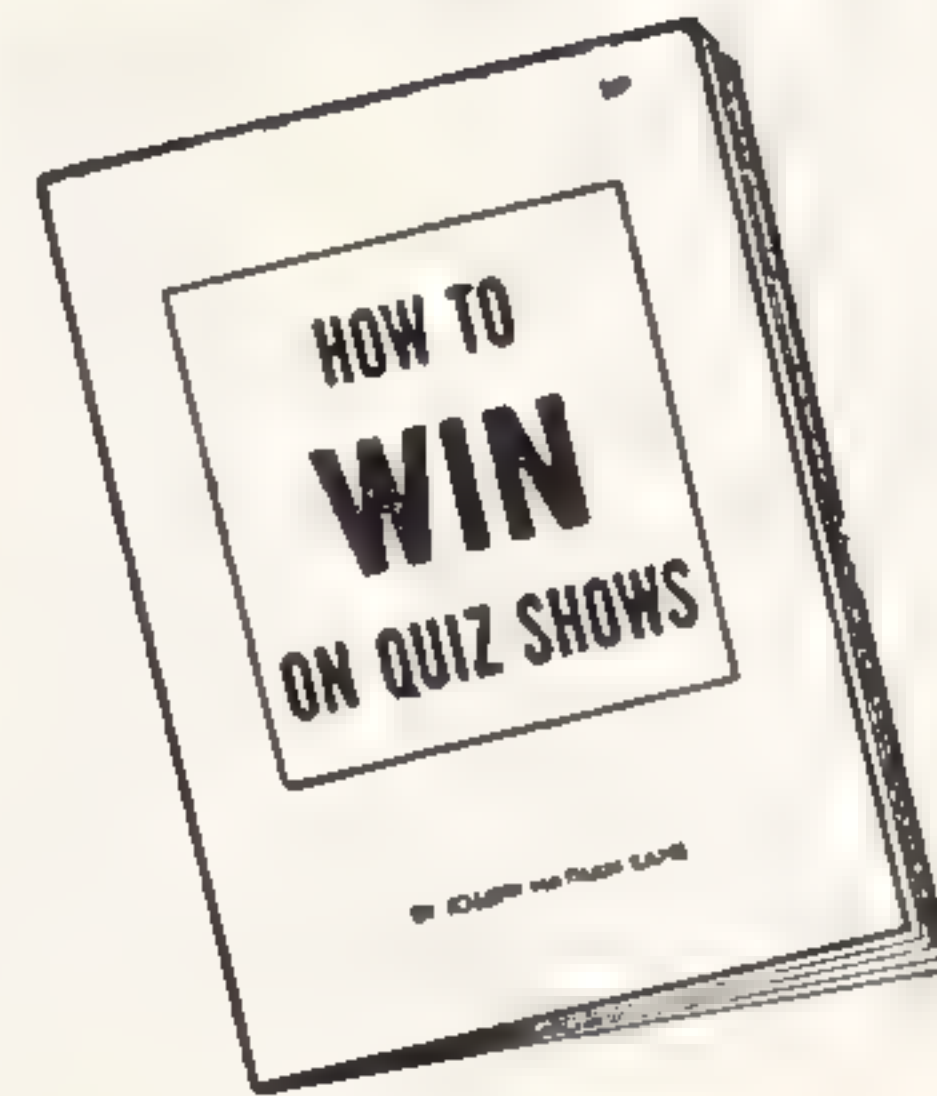
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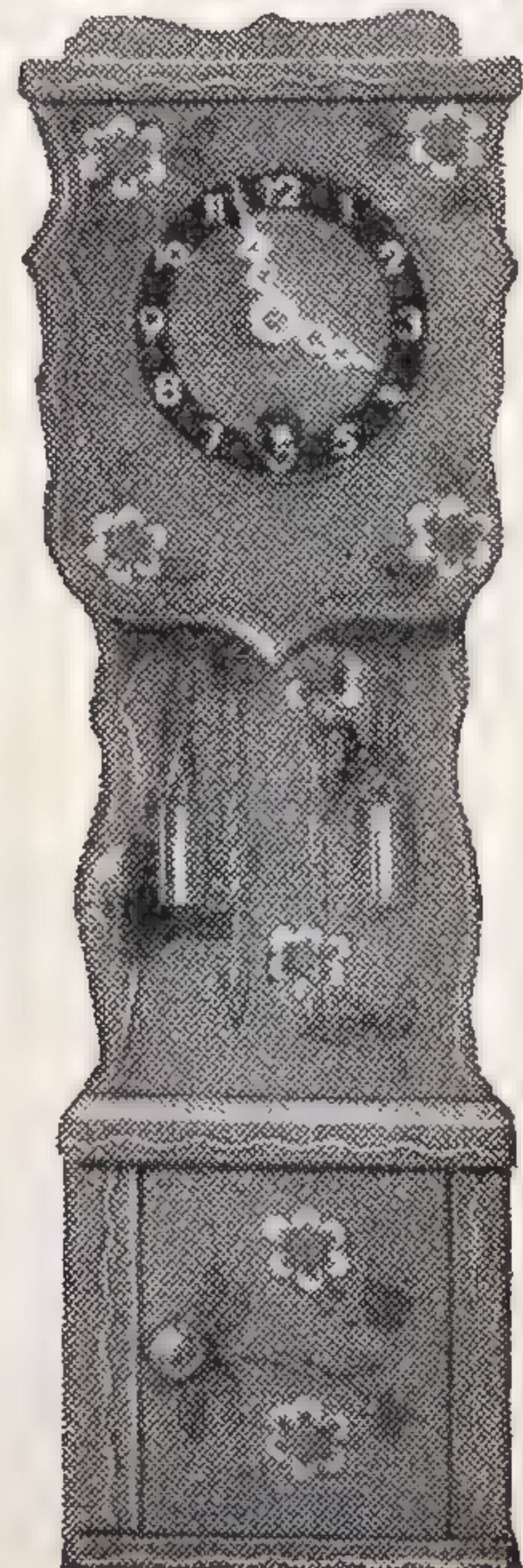
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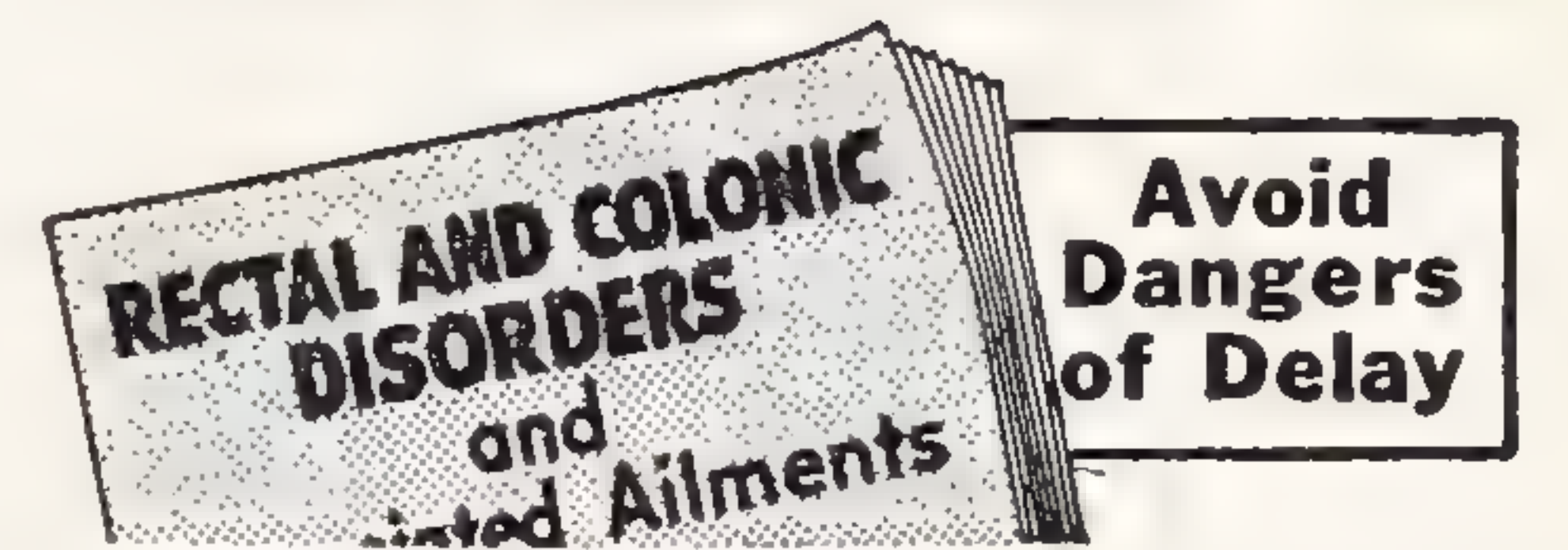
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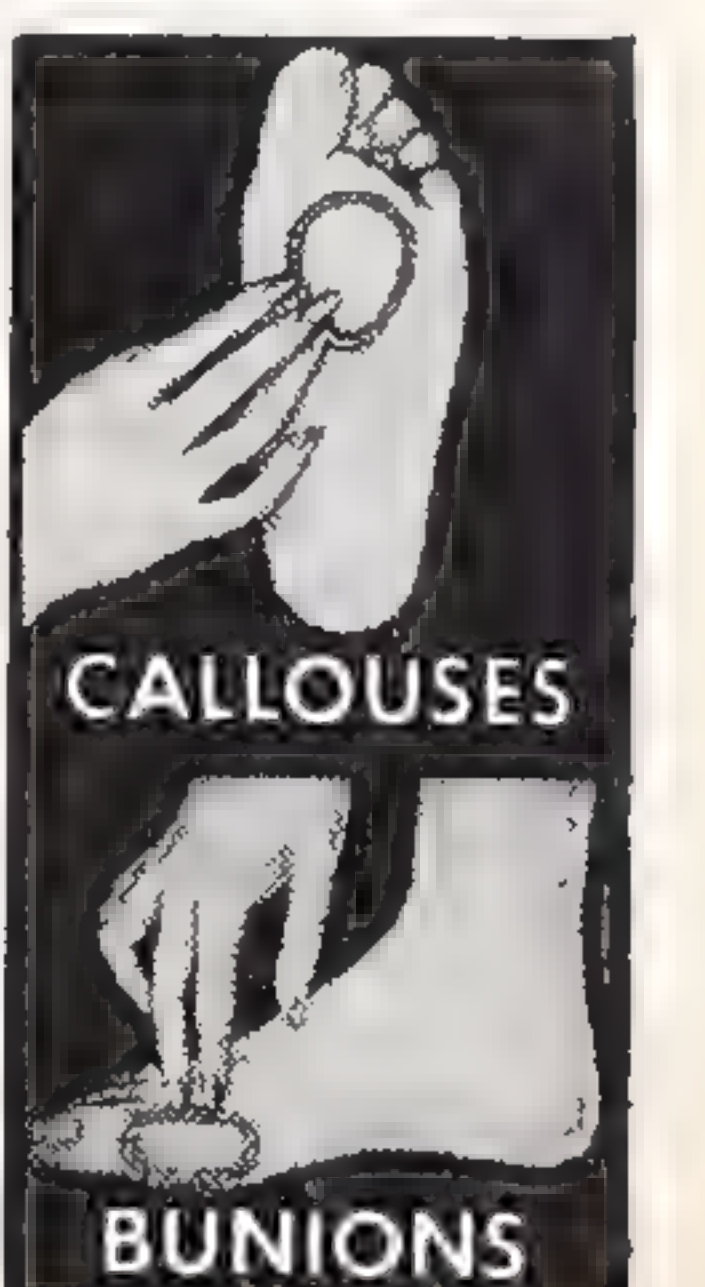
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The guy went on at length in a patronizing tone, as though he were doing her a favor, and finally Debra had enough. "Look," she said, "if I won't go with those who call me direct, I sure won't go out with a blind date!" And she hung up on him.

"I've gone to a few premieres, but I always go with Mother," Debra says. "I get such a kick out of it when somebody calls and says, 'You're invited to such-and-such party afterward. Please tell your escort to wear a bow tie.' I have to laugh, thinking how Mother would look in a bow tie."

Debra's story begins in a house on High Street in Denver, Colorado, right across the street from where Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., was born. Little Debralee Griffin was fascinated by the house and never tired hearing about the great Doug. She haunted Elitch's and other theatres where her mother, Margaret Gibson, a legitimate actress, performed in those early years. Debralee loved the "play-acting," the glamorous costumes and the wigs and makeup. This was a magic, happy land and she wanted to be part of it.

"She begged for this business before she could even talk," her mother says. "Debra is a real ham. She cannot live without acting, and that's the full definition of the word!"

To the cute, tow-haired little girl with the serious, wide blue eyes her mother would say, "When you're old enough to know whether you have the guts and the backbone it takes, then we'll see."

When her mother and her older sister, Teala Loring, went out on the road with various shows, Debralee lived for the moment when they would come home, bringing some of the magic back with them. "My sister, Lisa, and I would get into their wardrobe trunks and dress ourselves up in the oddest get-ups."

Whenever he could, Debra's father would bundle up the younger Griffins in the family car and they'd trek across the country to Cheyenne or to Chicago or New York, wherever Debralee's mother and sister were booked.

Backstage — any backstage — whether Elitch's, or the Gayety in New York, or an old burlesque theatre, was an enchanted world to Debralee Griffin. She would watch, wide-eyed, saying nothing—and missing nothing.

When Teala Loring was signed to a Paramount contract, Hollywood was the Griffins' home base. And little Debralee was tired of just watching the show. She wanted to be part of it.

"Sit down, Debra, I want to talk to you," her mother said. Maggie Griffin had been in show business since she was five, and she told Debra what success would demand. The sacrifice it would involve. "If I work with you and help train you to be an actress, and the first time your little friends come over and you say, 'I'd rather go out and play,' you're finished."

And she added, "Learning to act is not like taking a piano lesson. It is work, work, work."

Yes, Debra said, she knew. And she would work. For a solemn-eyed little girl this was like taking a vow.

And Debra did work. She took tap and ballet lessons. She studied with her mother and with actress Queenie Smith. She played "Joan of Arc" in a children's theatre group. "She was merely a child—but she brought tears to everybody's eyes," her mother says. And one day, a day and a gamble that was to decide the future of her life, Debra walked with her mother and her brother, Frank, through the magic gate of a motion picture studio.

Margaret Gibson knew Ivan Kahn, then talent head at 20th Century-Fox, and he had once told her: "When your children

are ready, bring them out to me." Debra and her brother tested together in a scene from "Ah, Wilderness," and Kahn agreed they were *both* very good. They had talent, no doubt about that. But the studio was cutting down on its stock players and could only hire one of the children. Their mother was to decide which one.

"That was the most difficult decision I've ever had to make in my life," Maggie says slowly now. "I didn't tell the kids. My son didn't know until two years ago. I thought they were both good—but I felt the dramatic depth Debra had would carry her a long way." With a mother's love she prayed she'd done the right thing.

Two weeks later the combination of innocence and sex appeal got Debra the part of Richard Conte's sweetheart in "Cry of the City." Three name players were up for the role, but the studio was looking for the unusual combination of youthful innocence and dramatic ability. Debra was chosen. "I cried all over Richard Conte," she recalls now.

At fourteen Debra Paget, who'd never had a date in her life, was playing love scenes with Richard Conte and going to school in between.

She was a child in a confusing world of adults. Before the camera she was at home. Acting was her real world—the one she knew and could trust. Here she could talk and laugh and cry. But in the other—Debra Paget was quiet and withdrawn.

From the beginning, Debra defied the customary build-up for a Hollywood starlet. "I will not date for publicity," she

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says. "I never have and I never will. There's no mystery about this, no gimmick. I won't fake romance, and I don't see going out unless it's with somebody you're sure you'll enjoy being with. When I am ready to fall in love I will."

"I don't feel it's necessary to 'go out' with a man to know him, or to find out whether you're in love with him."

"I think you can fall in love just as easily at first sight as you can seeing a different man every night. I think a girl will know when she's in love. I have seen so many girls going out with first one and then another man. They don't know what they want. These poor girls get so confused dating so many fellows that when the right man comes along they don't even recognize him," Debra says seriously.

"When people say to me, 'Where will you meet the man you will marry?' I tell them that I see people every day of my life, that there's no place where you meet more people than in the motion picture business. And with personal appearances and foreign locations I go all over the world these days. I'm gone so much—that's why I love to be home. When I get home I just want to stay there."

"And we entertain people at home all the time. We have big parties and we have small groups of friends in too."

When asked whether she shies away from a serious romance as a result of be-

ing disillusioned or hurt, she says, quietly, "No, I haven't been hurt. And I'm not afraid of romance. And I'm not disillusioned. This is just the way I feel."

"She'll find the right man," her mother says, "and when she does—and I don't think it will be too far off—there will be less room for her career, that's all."

"I want Debra to have everything in this life," her mother says, and her eyes mist. "She deserves it. I want all my children to have happiness, but Debra especially. She does so much for all of us. There's nothing we want, nothing we want done that Debra doesn't try to do. You just don't find many girls like that."

Debra's new sophistication, the chic, short, flame-colored hair-do and the glamorous wardrobe are partly to startle studio executives into realizing little Debralee has grown up. "I've been at the studio for ten years and they still see me as fourteen."

But behind the fabulous wardrobe—the sequins and the tulle and the mink and all the little foxes—is her desire to keep glamour alive.

"Ever since I was a little girl," she says, "I thought of Hollywood as a glamorous place. And when I got here—well, it was a great disappointment."

"I'd thought of movie stars as being so glamorous, the way Joan Crawford still is today. She never lets you down. But I've seen people I'd admired so much walking around Hollywood in slacks and no make-up, and I was so disillusioned. I didn't particularly care whether I ever saw them again or not. I think you should live up to the role you're asked to play in life."

The strawberry velvet and white satin boudoir is also a young girl's dream of Hollywood, and Debra admits it's why she conceived such a bedroom.

The jeweled mermaids? "That was strictly for fun!" she sparks. For publicity? "Well, we did it for the publicity," Debra says frankly, "but for the glamour too. That jeweled Cad certainly is a conversation piece. People keep coming to see it and take pictures of it. The man with the limousine tour—the one who points out star's homes—told me he's doing the most business he's done since Tom Mix's white car," Debra says delightedly. "I stopped at a stop light the other day and two men came out of a barber shop with towels around their necks as if somebody had yelled: 'Fire!' You should have seen the double take."

The car was her mother's inspiration. Her mother said, "Well, Paget, you don't go out, no scandals, no nothing. We're getting in a rut. We've got to do something."

"You should see it at night, every stone reflects the light. The car sparkles like diamonds," Debra says delightedly.

"I don't think I would ever give up my career completely for marriage," Debra said, as the sun was sinking in the Mexican sky beyond the square outside her hotel room.

"My career has always been first with me. With this drive that's inside me I don't need to search for anything else."

In the park across from the hotel the Sunday fiesta was picking up steam. Fireworks were booming and the music from the gaily costumed Mexican band was coming in the window loud and gay.

The girl with the flame-red hair in the pink terry cloth robe answered the command. One gold toe began to tap, her eyes sparkled and her lips parted and her body seemed to dance without moving.

Debra Paget was becoming Eve's daughter again. **THE END**

DON'T FAIL TO SEE: Debra Paget in 20th Century-Fox's "The River's Edge" and Paramount's "The Ten Commandments" and "Omar Khayyam."



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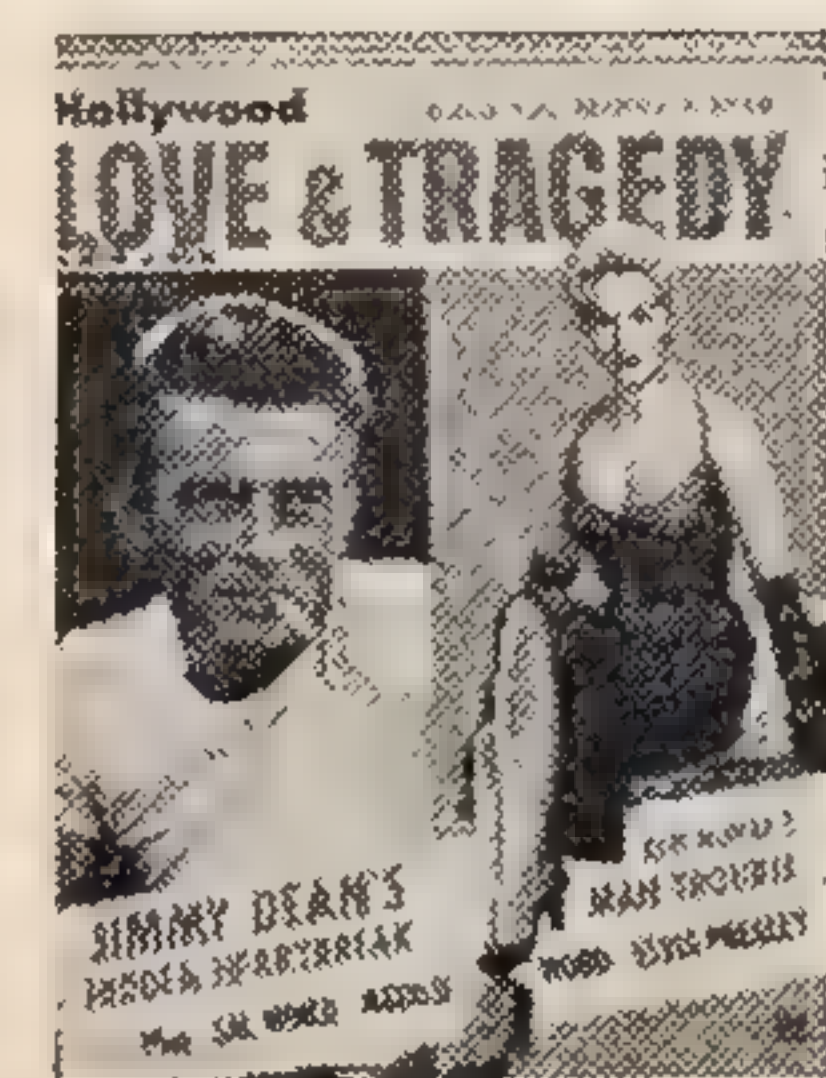
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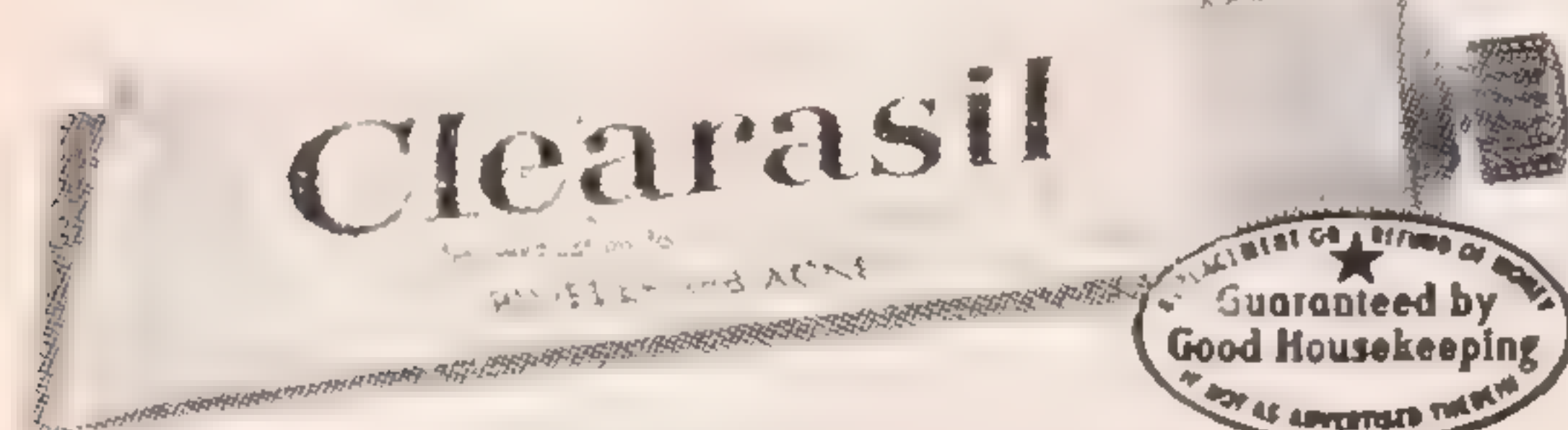
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The Rock Hudson Story

(Continued from page 49)
from the series of events which brought him to Hollywood and stardom any common denominator. Nor have his chroniclers or he ever been able to force from his life any familiar blueprint for stardom.

Not long ago I asked Rock when and why he decided to become an actor. The question was a logical one, following as it did Rock's own cruel analysis of himself as a shy, awkward "goop" who "isn't even very bright."

Rock thought a long time before answering. Finally he said simply, "I really don't know when or why I decided to become an actor. I guess I just always knew that some day I would be one."

That's about all the trail there is to follow if one tries to make any logical deductions from the life of Rock Hudson. Romanticists would call it destiny. A pessimist would say he fell into it. There's something to be said for both sides.

Rock is and always has been as open and honest as he seems to be on screen. The quality of honesty which he brings to all of his screen portrayals is no credit to Rock's acting ability. He is honest, almost to an extreme. A publicist at Universal-International and a close friend of Rock's recalled for me recently the only lie he ever told her. When she was writing his biography he tried to take an inch off his height and said he was six feet three instead of six feet four because he was always embarrassed by being so tall.

And in January, 1952, Rock and Jimmy Stewart went to Portland, Oregon, for the premiere of "Bend of the River." The show was held up for forty-five minutes while fans outside the theatre yelled, "We want Hudson, we want Hudson." Rock later insisted to newsmen who commented on the demonstration that the studio must have set up the cheering section, which of course was completely untrue.

But Rock's honesty only extends as far as his work and career are concerned. Writers, for that reason, do their research all around Rock rather than go to him directly because he has steadfastly refused to discuss his private life.

In Winnetka, as in Hollywood, Rock was a one-woman man who preferred "going steady" to playing the field. Even when he first came to Hollywood Rock always had one girl. Soon after his romance with Vera-Ellen wore thin he "went steady" with a succession of girls including Terry Moore, Gene Tierney, Lori Nelson, Susan Zanuck and Barbara Ruick. His last steady dating, before meeting Phyllis, was with Betty Abbott.

He was an eligible bachelor and he played the role to its fullest. He dashed around town in Marisa Pavan's sports car and was seen showing Anna Magnani the old world charms of Olivera Street in downtown Los Angeles' Mexican area.

There was no set pattern to his dates. Often he would call one of his girl friends in the middle of the night to play his newest record for her over the telephone.

Most of the girls Rock dated in this period still remember him with fondness. "He liked to laugh and live it up," says Piper Laurie. "Everything he did was fun."

Julie Adams, who appeared in a number of pictures with Rock, remembers him most vividly.

"We used to play a game called 'Last Touch,'" she said. "It was, according to Rock, one of the higher-type adult games." U-I publicists still tell the story of the frantic three months when both Rock and Julie were on a personal appearance tour. A week or ten days apart, the two young stars appeared on the same disk jockey shows and TV interview programs. One night Julie was progressing admirably in an ad lib interview over TV when the emcee—tipped a week earlier—tapped her shoulder and said, "By the way, Last Touch!" Julie's mouth flew open and her eyes bugged over the gag set up by Rock.

But his earlier years in Hollywood were not all play for Rock. Sandwiched in with the fun were diction and dramatic lessons, plus instruction in athletic and body building activities.

Frankie Van, the Universal-International boxing coach, was also given the task of teaching Rock to stand up straight. Rock, conscious of his height since high school, slouched to de-emphasize it. Anywhere Van found him on the lot, Rock could expect a slap on the back and the order—"Stop slouching and stand up straight." Perhaps Van went at it with more enthusiasm than necessary. He had a \$100 bet for breaking Rock's slouch habit.

Two years of dramatics lessons under the late Sophie Rosenstein made a great impression on Rock.

"She had a great influence on me," says Rock. "I owe her a lot more than I can say. She was warm and magnificent. I can still remember her pounding an idea into me: 'Nobody ever reads a line wrong; he might possibly read it wrong for that particular scene.' I think of that every time I'm trying to get a characterization."

The years 1952-1953 were productive for Rock. He was working hard and he was beginning to get the feel of his craft.

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Sam Hayes airs the afternoon edition from Los Angeles over the coast-to-coast Mutual network.

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"I began to know what I was doing," he says. "I was learning, not only from doing, but from watching other people. Yvonne de Carlo taught me much about the technical aspects of the business; Joel McCrea gave me great help in learning to ride; and John McIntyre, one of my favorite actors, taught me to relax.

"But Raoul Walsh gave me two of the best pieces of advice on my career. He told me to remember that whatever I do on set will be magnified twenty times on screen. He advised me to minimize what I did, to be still, and he was right."

Bachelor Rock spent a good deal of time with a small circle of friends. The Van Johnsons, Barbara Stanwyck, Mrs. Rocky Cooper (when she was separated from Gary), all saw a lot of him. He particularly admired the home and marriage of Barbara Rush and Jeff Hunter.

He even told his mother about them. "Mom, I wouldn't hesitate a second about getting married if I thought I could have a home life like theirs."

Ironically the marriage he so admired was to break up a year later after he and Barbara returned from filming in Ireland. Rock was falsely accused of being the cause of the breakup.

All of the marital mishaps and failures he had seen as a child, as well as a man, caused Rock to be extremely marriage-shy. He was dating many girls but he found that for the most part he made better friends with men than women. "With a woman the elements of physical attraction enters the relationship," he said. "It generally puts people on a different level from friendship."

Although Rock has maintained a Gable-like discretion about his romances, more than one of them ended just about the time the young lady in question hinted too broadly about marriage. Rock has indicated that he "was a heel" on at least two occasions during his bachelor days but he just wasn't "ready" for marriage.

During 1952 and 1953, Rock was busy for the first time in his career—as an actor. After years of playing juveniles and small parts the studio began to groom him for stardom.

From the beginning he was cooperative and appreciative. But, two things about his growing popularity bothered Rock—the demands on his time and the lack of privacy.

"It's almost unbelievable," he said of this period. "There are terrific demands on your time at first. It's almost a twenty-four-hours-a-day sort of thing. And it's almost impossible to have a private life. I figure ninety per cent of me belongs to the public but ten per cent should be private."

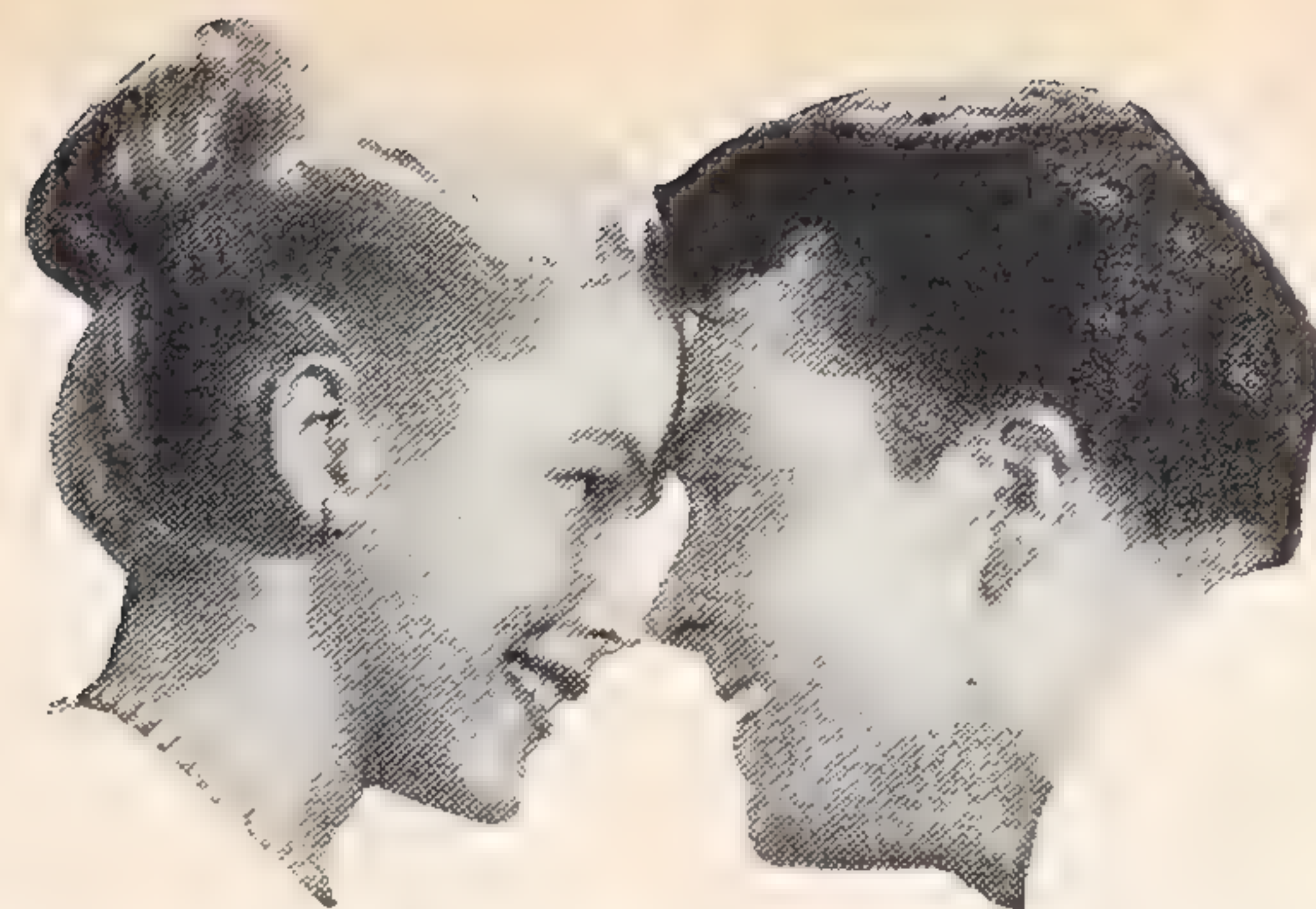
Rock's resentment over his decreasing privacy increased as he became more and more of a star. By Hollywood standards he was "hot." That meant the studio was through using other stars to carry him in picture layouts. It was Rock who was the crutch for other, lesser known stars. Any girl dating Rock was sure of being mentioned in the columns and having her picture taken—and used—at Hollywood events.

Along with his increasing stature as a new personality of importance Rock was also beginning to be considered as a person with acting promise. By 1953 even Rock began to feel he was learning his craft. And just about that time he had his appendix out.

After returning from the hospital Rock learned that producer Ross Hunter wanted him to play the lead opposite Jane Wyman in "Magnificent Obsession," which would be one of the studio's big pictures for the year.

"I was never worried about Rock coming over on the screen," Hunter recalls.

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"The thing that makes a star is romantic quality and he's got it. However, we had to make him feel we were all with him 100 per cent."

The fan mail following "Magnificent Obsession" established Rock as the top star on the U-I lot, and the studio immediately put him into "Captain Lightfoot," which was to be filmed in Ireland co-starring Barbara Rush.

A few days before he was slated to leave for Ireland Rock went shopping for some Christmas tree ornaments.

A girl shopping at the same counter said, "Hello, Rock."

Rock gave her a not-too-friendly look, thinking she was a fan or someone he didn't know.

"I'm Phyllis Gates," she said.

"Oh," said Rock, turning away because the name meant nothing to him.

A few days later he went to Henry Willson's office and nodded cordially at Henry's assistant, who said coldly, "I see you know me now."

Rock was mystified until she explained that she was the girl he had slighted. Rock was so embarrassed he invited her out, but Phyllis turned him down. Like all good movie romances, this one had its beginning in conflict and Our Hero went off to Ireland where he promptly forgot about Miss Gates.

While in Ireland Rock gave newsmen a natural story by kissing the Blarney Stone.

"I've always taken a lot of ribbing because I refused to kiss the Blarney Stone," he told reporters after the event. "But I have a mental picture of the caption under a picture of me and the stone . . . 'Rock kisses Rock' Lord! But today Betty and Barbara made me do it . . . and I don't dare look at the papers tomorrow."

After they finished filming in Ireland the company had some free time, so Rock took Betty Abbott and Barbara Rush motoring through France. They report it was a hair-raising experience. One day during a rainstorm, while trying to find an inn on the winding mountain roads, they got caught in the middle of a French road race.

"I didn't dare pull over to the side of the road for fear of being mowed down from the rear . . . so we just clung to the crown of the road," recalls Rock. "Those French drivers didn't even slow down. They just went around us."

After the rest of the company had returned to America Rock browsed around Europe on his own.

"I water-skied in Venice, went through Switzerland and then got to Austria," he said. "I have to agree with Douglas Sirk about Austria. He says, 'In Paris work is distasteful, in Vienna it's a sin.' I thought it was a wonderful country."

Eventually Rock had to return to work. He left Europe regretfully, with plans to return for a longer time.

"I'd like to live there permanently," he says now. "I like their manners. Things are too speeded up here, the pressure is too high. I sometimes think I'd rather be doing anything there, even working as a bus boy, than living here."

On his return to Hollywood U-I put him into "All That Heaven Allows." He plunged into work, not wishing to answer the questions which were thrown at him. When he and Betty Abbott had gone to Europe together everyone had expected them to be married there. When Barbara Rush got her divorce shortly after returning, the Hollywood wags decided that Betty had been a herring across the trail of Barbara and Rock. He had nothing to say about either romance.

"I'm all talked out," he said to persistent questioners. "Besides they're all trying to marry me off."

Betty Abbott started dating other men,

Barbara Rush was busy working and Rock gave most of his energies to the new picture. He also found a new girl. He had described her earlier when he said, "I'd like her to be an independent kind of girl. I mean I want her to have a life for herself, as well as the life she'll lead as a wife. In that way I am sure there will be much more chance of both of us keeping our interest in each other."

He had also met her before. She was Phyllis Gates, the girl he "hadn't been much impressed with" at first.

"When I got back from Europe I suddenly saw Phyllis with different eyes," says Rock.

He asked her to dinner and she turned him down three times. The fourth time she accepted but he had to cancel out because of some night filming at the studio. The same thing happened twice more. The third time Henry Willson took Phyllis to dinner instead—and Miss Gates walked into the restaurant to find Rock with another girl.

It was a studio publicist and she and Rock were having an urgent conference about stories. But Phyllis was entitled to doubts!

"It took almost a year and all the acting technique I had learned to convince Phyllis that I really loved her," said Rock.

After almost a year of dating, Rock and Phyllis surprised no one in Hollywood by getting married. The only surprise was the way they got married—in secret.

Henry Willson went to Santa Barbara and made the arrangements. Rock called Chicago to Jimmy Matteoni, whom he had always planned on having as his best man.

"Rock called at six P.M. Monday night," says Gloria Matteoni. "Jim wasn't home, so he called again around two A.M. Tuesday morning. We left Chicago Tuesday night and were in Santa Barbara for the wedding Wednesday."

On the way to Santa Barbara the wedding party stopped in Ventura to obtain a marriage license, and Rock got a ticket for speeding. "It cost me twenty-seven dollars to pay that ticket."

Then, on November 9, 1955, Rock and Phyllis were married in a simple ceremony by the Rev. Nordahl B. Thorpe, minister of the Trinity Lutheran Church of Santa Barbara.

Phyllis wore a gown of brown imported Italian silk and carried white carnations and gardenias. Rock wore a dark suit and a white carnation.

"Was I nervous?" asked Rock later. "I was falling apart."

After a simple wedding supper, Phyllis and Rock set out for a honeymoon in Jamaica. "It was exactly the way I wanted it," says Rock. "I think Phyllis would have liked a big wedding with the dime in her shoe and the whole bit, and I think she'd have had it, had she married any other guy. But she had the bad luck to pick me, and she understood that an elopement was the only possible way."

The Hudsons returned to Hollywood, tanned, rested and happy.

"Happy is an understatement," claims producer Ross Hunter. "They arrived at my house at two A.M., the night they came back from their honeymoon, and kept me up for three hours while they raved about how great it was to be married."

Professionally, 1955 was Rock's best year. He had made a number of pictures fast, but his studio was giving him better and better films.

In return for doing "Never Say Good-bye," a tearjerker in which he starred with Cornell Borchers, U-I lent him to Warners' for what is probably his best role to date, *Bick Benedick* in "Giant."

George Stevens, known for getting the

most out of every scene, worked Rock harder than he'd ever worked before.

Rock is very impressed with Stevens. "I'm a better actor for having worked with George Stevens," he says. "He made me build a characterization in spite of myself."

Stevens, on the other hand, feels that Rock has a great potential. "In Rock we have a symbolic picture of the most romantic kind of leading man . . . and in addition to the physical plusses he has the business of being a fine actor, who goes to work with intelligence."

Again, Rock almost didn't do the role because, he says, "At the last minute I felt cold, afraid. This was the most complicated role I ever had to face. I felt I would never live up to the demands of the role and I thought I had to get out before it was too late." It took the combined talents of George Stevens and Phyllis to talk him into it.

After "Giant" was finished Ross Hunter started plans to film "Battle Hymn" at U-I. It is the biography of the Flying Parson, Dean Hess, and was to be the most expensive picture U-I ever made. Rock begged for the lead. Hunter was frankly skeptical.

"'Battle Hymn' was a tour de force," explained Hunter. "Rock would have no one to lean on or help him as he had in the past. He'd have to run the gamut from comedy to deep tragedy all by himself—literally carrying the picture alone. I didn't know if I could pin all the money on him without expert acting support. But he begged me, and Rock is only good if he really believes in a part. He wanted this one. I have only one comment to make, now that the filming is over. It's all his picture and it is great."

Rock was recently loaned to M-G-M for the lead in "Something of Value," which was filmed on location in Africa. But Universal-International announced shortly after filming was over that they had no intention of loaning their hot property away from his home studio again in the near future. And his price will be a great deal higher than the current \$200,000 a picture, when and if they do.

The studio immediately put Rock into "Written on the Wind," in which he co-stars with Lauren Bacall and Robert Stack. He plays the "good guy." The plum acting role, that of the drunk, goes to Stack. Rock wanted to play the drunk, but the studio said no.

"Rock's fans won't accept his doing anything shoddy," says Dave Lipton, U-I's publicity head. "They like him because he's what they want their daughters to marry, or their children's father to be, or their childhood sweetheart. If we let him break out of that character they'd howl."

Lauren Bacall, who has gotten to know him since doing the picture, says he had a hard job.

"When your name is bigger than your experience, like Rock's, a lot is expected of you," she says. "He delivered."

"Wind" was a reunion for Rock and Bob Stack, who have been good friends since Rock's first picture, "Fighter Squadron."

"I can still see him on that first day in front of the cameras," recalls Stack. "He was very shy and awkward and humble. And kind of apologetic for being there at all. But he was also very big, very handsome."

Stack echoes the sentiments of most of his friends, both in Hollywood and Winnetka, who find that success has spoiled Rock Hudson very little.

"The thing I like about him," says Bob, "is to find someone who really has stature, must know he has it, and yet doesn't show it. He seems to be almost apologetic for being successful."

Most of Rock's friends say success has not changed him at all.

"He's still the same old goofball," says Gloria Matteoni, who has known him since childhood.

Barbara Krefit, who used to double-date with him in Winnetka, says, "He still has that infectious smile and the 'Andy Gump' laugh. He has more poise but that's because of experience."

The only significant change in Rock seems to be one of attitude. Until now he has sat by quietly and let other people guide his career. He's always felt lucky because he was so unsure of himself as an actor. But the accolades he has received from pictures like "Magnificent Obsession," "Giant" and "Battle Hymn" have given him a feeling of new confidence.

Now he talks of trying his wings on his own. He has formed a company with Henry Ginsberg, co-producer of "Giant" and plans to make pictures in which he plays off-beat roles. He wants to do a drawing room comedy first, followed by a Western.

And, as a married man, he has plans for a family. "I'd like a lot of kids to make up for being an only child," says Rock. "A boy first, after that it doesn't matter, as long as it's a big family."

As I started by saying at the beginning of this article, Rock is really a pretty ordinary guy. That is probably not only the secret of his success—it's also what makes him unusual.

THE END

GO SEE: Rock Hudson in U-I's "Battle Hymn" and "Written on the Wind," M-G-M's "Something of Value," and TCF's "A Farewell to Arms."

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Flight From Fear

(Continued from page 36)

him; I don't even like to think about him. You wouldn't believe the things he does."

An actress, an extremely sensitive and perceptive girl who is a good friend and great admirer of Monty, agreed to discuss him only because she and I have been friends for years. She told me that his behavior on location for "Raintree County" in Kentucky was "unbelievable."

M-G-M had flown a small squadron of New York writers down to Kentucky; about the time they got there, Clift broke his toe. He said he could not speak to the press (one of the few instances in medical history in which a broken toe had a paralyzing effect upon one's vocal cords).

Once, she said, they were riding out to the site of a day's shooting in a limousine; for no reason she could fathom, Clift suddenly loosed a stream of unprintable curses.

Some mornings, Clift would appear in excellent humor, and it would be a fine experience to work with him. But at lunch time a depression would appear to grip him, and in the afternoons he could not seem to keep himself from trembling.

"Was he drinking?" I asked.

"I could never smell anything on his breath," she said.

"What was he doing, then?"

"I don't know," she said. "I think he was in great pain, pain that was almost too much for him." She put her hands to her face, as though trying to erase the memory. She was sorry for him, she said.

"Believe me," she added, "this is a sick, sick boy. I'm not saying that lightly. If I had my way, he would be in a sanitarium where he could get some help. Oh, I wish he would go to one. I wish there were some way he could get help."

I said substantially the same thing to Clift myself one afternoon at his house. He looked at me indignantly. He said, "I don't know what you mean." And for a moment I felt as some of the people on the lot felt during those moments when he had control of himself and was functioning as the superb actor he can be. Perhaps, I thought, I am wrong; perhaps the appearance of this man, his nervous mannerisms and his sudden movements, come only from the great strain he deliberately puts himself under in order to do a part the best way it can be done. And at one point I even had the wild notion that perhaps a perverted sense of humor was leading him to play a part in real life, in order to hide his actual bitter feelings toward the world. Hollywood offers great rewards for a fine actor, but life in Hollywood can be disturbing at times.

Then I saw him abruptly start forward in his chair, and I knew that I was in the presence of a man sorely troubled by problems he evidently was not yet able, or willing, to solve.

That deepened the mystery of Montgomery Clift—for, without exaggeration, Clift is an enigma. Some of his close friends pretend to understand him. Others behave as though he is a normal, well-adjusted actor. A director I spoke to was part of this protective coterie. "What's the matter with Monty Clift?" I asked.

"Matter?" the director said, blandly. "Is there anything the matter with him?" It was pointless to attempt to pursue the issue. I thanked the director and left.

Shortly thereafter I had a brief conversation with Rod Taylor, the handsome Australian who plays a newspaper editor in "Raintree County." Taylor is a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a thick mane of hair and the slightly pompous manner of the old-school actor. "Monty," he said, "is the most exciting man I've ever worked with. He's vibrant—he lifts you up, gives

you a sense of excitement which is very important in bringing out your best performance." Every sentence he uttered was overloaded with praise.

Taylor had just come out of Clift's dressing room. I glanced back over my shoulder and had a clear view of the object of all his adulation.

Clift was slouched over the table, staring at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes were deep and brooding; his expression was one of what I interpreted as agonized disgust. His face was that of a man carrying a monumental emotional burden. It was pouched and baggy, full of shadows and blotches; not even makeup could hide the trouble it exhibited to the world.

When Clift emerged from the dressing room to rehearse a two-minute take, he lurched toward an assistant director and leaned on the man's shoulder. He threw his left arm around the a.d.'s back and slouched his full weight against him, letting his head roll over to one side so that it bumped the other's head. Thus supported, he half-dragged himself the thirty-odd feet to the set. "That's Monty's way of expressing affection," an M-G-M press agent said at my elbow. "When he likes somebody, he shows him."

Another man had a different version. "It's his way of expressing affection, all right," this man said. "But he doesn't do it in the ordinary way—he leans his whole body on people, falls all over them. In a way, that's symbolic. Monty throws himself into everything he does, but especially into his dependence on other human beings. He needs people so desperately he can't let up in the demands he has to make on them. But he gives nothing in return. He doesn't know how."

For nearly an hour I stood around and watched the proceedings. The scene was to run less than two minutes on the screen. Rod Taylor, as the newspaper editor, was dictating an editorial. Clift was to come into the office and register surprise as Taylor uttered a certain sentence. Taylor, too, was to register surprise at seeing him there—and was to break off in the middle of a sentence and ask Clift to sit down, telling him he would be with him in a minute. Then he was to send his secretary out of the office.

The simple little scene would have presented no problems to two mediocre members of a college dramatic society. It presented no problems to either Taylor or his secretary. But it did to Clift.

When he started to rehearse this bit he grabbed at the doorknob and immediately pulled his hand away as though some prop man had charged the knob with electricity. "Something's wrong with the catch or the lock," he mumbled. On the set, when addressing his fellow workers, he rarely spoke in an audible voice; when asked to speak up, he would apologize and shout across the sound stage.

"What's the matter with the knob?" Edward Dmytryk, the director, demanded.

Clift shrugged. "Doesn't work."

Two men in work clothes hastened to the door and began examining the lock and the knob and the catch. They produced tools, worked rapidly, then opened and shut the door several times to make certain that it was working the way they wanted it to. Clift paced nearby.

One of the men working on the set said wearily, "Whenever Clift gets a prop in his hands, he tries to break it. It isn't deliberate. I don't think he's aware of it. But it's happened so many times, I know that he unconsciously wants to break it. Don't ask me why, because I couldn't tell you. I don't understand the guy."

Edward Dmytryk, the director, later confirmed this. "On the days when Monty wasn't feeling well, we could always depend on some kind of delay," Dmytryk had to admit. "Finally we got used to it. It took patience—that's a director's first requirement, over and above all other qualities—but the patience was worth it. When he's good, feeling good, he's the greatest. I personally like him. He's too valuable as a human being. You can't in conscience lose patience with him, no matter what he does."

When the repair men finally had the door fixed to their satisfaction, Clift lifted himself from the a.d.'s shoulder and slouched over to try the latch. He opened it and closed it four or five times.

"Let's run through it, Monty," Dmytryk called, gently.

Clift stepped outside the door and stood stiffly while a makeup man came over and touched at his eyebrows with a pencil. His body was now erect and rigid, like a guardsman's, as though he were tensing himself to plunge into character. The a.d. gave the signal, and the all-quiet bell clanged. Clift opened the door and Rod Taylor began dictating. Clift entered the room. Taylor greeted him and went on dictating. Clift sat down, and then Taylor dismissed the secretary. As the scene ended, Clift jumped to his feet, waving his arms. "I did only *everything* wrong," he said, loudly and hoarsely. "That's all I did—*everything*."

"Let's do it again," Dmytryk said, softly. Clift whirled upon him. "Yes, sir, Mr. Dmytryk," he shouted, "yes, sir!"

They did it at least seven times, and then they did it three or four more times for the cameras. At the end of each take Clift would either fall into the chair, heavily, or seek out the leaning-post a.d. and drape himself over the obliging man. When lunch time came he seemed exhausted, physically and mentally. He loped over to his dressing room, fell across the threshold, and slammed the door.

I was reminded, then, of something Burt Lancaster had said to me a day or two before: "Without exception, Monty Clift is the hardest-working actor I've ever known—perhaps the hardest worker in the business. Let me give you an example. When he was signed for 'From Here to Eternity,' he went down to see the author, James Jones, in Illinois months before we were ready to shoot. He spent days with Jones, talking about the character of Prewitt, trying to fix him in his mind. That kind of sincerity of purpose is a rarity out here. Nuts, it's a rarity anywhere."

"Monty had to learn to play the bugle for 'Eternity'—he studied for weeks. He had to learn to box—he worked out three months with an ex-pug named Callahan."

Fred Zinnemann, who directed "From Here to Eternity," elaborated on Lancaster's remarks. "I've never known an actor more devoted to his work," he said. "He thinks of the picture as a whole—in that way, he's like a director. It's never his part alone, as it is with most actors. He is constantly searching for the best overall effect." Zinnemann smiled. "Here is how he throws himself into his work. After we made 'The Search,' someone said to me, 'Where on earth did you ever find a soldier who could act so well?' What a compliment, eh? In 'Eternity,' he wore himself out preparing and getting in mental shape for his role."

"Fred, I'm a *snafu*," he said to me one day—meaning he was deliberately trying to be the kind of hard-luck character he played. The bugle—he would blow it out the window at the Hollywood Roosevelt until all hours of the morning. He had no tone, but he mastered the physical move-

ments necessary for playing. And he drilled like mad, like any soldier—so he would get all the steps exactly right. The only other actor I ever knew who was comparable was Brando, who, when he was preparing for 'The Men,' actually went into a paraplegic ward and lived with the patients."

David Lewis, producer of "Raintree County," has said, "I'm very high on him as an actor—he's the best there is. Eva Marie Saint told me that working with him was one of the most illuminating experiences of her life—'One week with Monty,' she said, 'has made working in pictures worth it.' He takes direction beautifully—he will argue points, but only for the good of the whole picture. In acting instinct, intuition and intensity he is the equal of some of the great female stars."

Thinking of these conversations, I began to wonder about Clift and his habit of breaking props, or of getting "hung up"—as his friends refer to it—by small, relatively insignificant details. When I met Clift, I asked him about it bluntly. He bit his lip, he extended his long fingers and interlaced them, and he moved about restlessly in his chair.

"It has to do with the concentration, I imagine," he said. "You get yourself tuned up to such a degree that anything—*any little thing*—will break into it, break the feeling, the mood, the *thing* you're trying to do. I can't help it. But if the concentration improves the character, and it *must*—improve the interpretation, that is—what does it matter?" I have put some of the preceding words into italics because that was the way Clift said them—he would emphasize certain words with a shouting exaggeration, as though he had to make sure his listener understood.


Up close, that first day I met him, Clift's physical appearance confirmed my original estimate. He appeared to be suffering from great tension and lack of sleep. "It was my birthday last night," he said when we met at three in the afternoon. "Jean Simmons came over, Fred Zinnemann and his wife, and we were up until *all hours*." His hands were shaking. His voice was husky. There was a small cut just beneath his left eyebrow, and the backs of his hands were dotted here and there with red-rimmed scabs, as though he had clumsily cut or burned himself.

Clift's lack of coordination is legendary in Hollywood. It is attributed to his profound immersion of himself in his roles; he cannot coordinate physically the way most of us manage to do because he is so engrossed in pretending to be someone else. He even finds it difficult to eat in ordinary ways, one close friend says; he scorns utensils and uses his fingers, even for mashed potatoes. One night, at a dinner party, the man on his right was raising a glass of wine to his mouth just as Clift reached down to his plate for a handful of potatoes. As he was raising his hand, some of the potatoes flew off and landed in his companion's wine. Clift did not apologize. He seemed, the friend said, unaware that he had committed any breach of etiquette.

It quickly became apparent, during our first meeting, that the whole idea of the interview was repugnant to Clift. He feels strongly that his private life is the business of nobody but Montgomery Clift, and, aside from acting, he steadfastly refuses to discuss his current interests, his relationships with women, or his family. "Why should my family's privacy be invaded just because I'm a movie star?" he demanded of me.

Yet at the same time I sensed a fundamental decency about him, a desire to cooperate as much as he could . . . not because he thought it was his respon-

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sibility as a nationally-famous actor, but because somewhere in him, under the fears and anxieties and aggressions and burdens, there is a very human being who is trying as best he can to adjust to the human condition. "Monty," one of his friends said to me in New York, "can be one of the kindest, most generous, thoughtful, considerate, loving human beings on the face of the earth. There isn't anything mean or petty about him."

But it is also true, as this friend hastened to add, that Clift's outer personality frequently seems to get in the way of his inner goodness. An actress who has worked closely with him has said, "Every time I go to work in a picture I get a kind of 'crush' on my leading man. It's hard to explain to somebody outside the business. It isn't demonstrably sexual, but there is a feeling that exists between the two of you that lasts until the job is done—and then you are left with a pleasant, bitter-sweet feeling, as though you actually had been in love with the person a long time before, perhaps even in some other life. I worked with Monty for several months. But I never got that feeling about him—I couldn't get it because I could never get close enough to him. The real Monty Clift is hidden from sight and he has no intention of permitting himself to be seen. You know what? I sometimes think Monty himself is afraid to look. He uses his acting as an excuse for living."

After my first meeting in Hollywood with Clift I could not help contrasting it with the first time I met him, five or six years ago, in the Greenwich Village apartment of Vance Bourjaily, the editor and novelist. Clift appears to prefer the company of writers to that of actors and actresses. ("I think," one acquaintance says, "he actually wants to be a writer himself, and that sooner or later he will devote much of his time to writing.") Bourjaily had given the party for James Jones, whose book had been published a short time before. Norman Mailer (who wrote "The Naked and the Dead") arrived and brought Clift with him. At that time Clift was more in demand than any other young actor in Hollywood, and was turning down properties by the dozen. My first thought when I met him was that he looked and behaved less like a movie star than any movie star I ever had met. He was bright, animated, witty—not especially talkative, but keenly alert to the frenetic conversations, all very literary, going on about him. He was dressed in a dark tweed jacket and odd pants, and he had shaved. He was having a fine time.

Around that time Clift's name was being linked with that of Elizabeth Taylor, who recently had separated from Nicky Hilton. She and Monty went out together frequently in New York. They generally chose small, out-of-the-way places seldom patronized by celebrities. One night they went for dinner to a place called Camillo's. They stayed until long after all the rest of the guests had disappeared and most of the waiters had gone home. They were not drinking; they were talking quietly in a dark corner. Lawton Carver, who was then a co-owner of Camillo's, suddenly got an urge to paint part of the front dining room that night. "You kids can sit there if you want," he said, "but I got some paintin' to do." To his surprise, Clift and Miss Taylor took off their shoes, picked up brushes, pitched in and helped paint the wall. "They stayed until two A.M.," Carver recalls. "We had a good time—we just talked and painted up a storm. I think Clift is a good joe."

Other people have agreed with Carver. Hedda Hopper, the columnist, has said that the first time she went to dinner with Clift he struck her as a simple, un-

assuming boy, totally unaffected by his position or by Hollywood. Once, when they were at Lucey's, a famous old Hollywood restaurant, he calmly removed his coat and tie and rolled up his sleeves before eating. Another time she asked him to meet her at the Brown Derby. "Where is that?" Clift inquired. Miss Hopper was astonished that he did not know the location of this old movie colony landmark. But he seemed to have little regard for, or concern with, Hollywood in those days. Once he said to her, "Hedda, why don't you leave this place and move to the United States?" His quoted remarks when he first went to Hollywood frequently were tinged with the same wry humor. Once a columnist asked him if Elizabeth Taylor, who had not done many romantic parts, had found playing love scenes difficult in "A Place in the Sun." Clift said he didn't believe she had, and added, "Don't forget, Liz began in the movies by throwing her arms around a horse in 'National Velvet'—maybe that's why she was at ease with me."

The Montgomery Clift of today is a different man. He not only avoids interviews whenever possible, he seems to go out of his way to make them difficult both for himself and the reporter. When he goes to a party, he seldom joins in the fun. He will sit by himself at one end of the room, apparently preoccupied with some problem he is not willing to share. He is seldom seen in public. In New York, he will not even permit the mailman to deliver mail directly to his apartment in the East Sixties; he picks it up at a nearby liquor store. He avoids many of his old friends. Even his attorney and advisor in Hollywood, Laurence Beilenson, says that he does not completely understand him. Nor do the people who work with him.

There are various theories for the change in Montgomery Clift. The most popular one is that he is bitterly disappointed over his inability to make any kind of permanent relationship with Elizabeth Taylor. Clift will not discuss Miss Taylor, except to say that he admires her acting ability, and she will not discuss Clift.

Another theory is that Clift is in love with Libby Holman, the torch singer, who was his constant companion in Hollywood and New York for several years, and that he is unable to make any sort of sensible unity out of their attraction for each other.

Yet another theory is that Clift has never been quite the same since the automobile accident he had last May 13, when the car he was driving hit a power pole on the road down from Elizabeth Taylor and Michael Wilding's house. Clift suffered a concussion, a broken nose, and various cuts, and lost several teeth. "Monty has been in terrific pain ever since," says Millard Kauffman, who wrote the script for "Raintree County."

There may be elements of truth in these stories. Clift was involved with Elizabeth Taylor, and with Holman, and with a number of other women. Certainly he has been in bad physical shape since the accident. But none of these things quite accounts for his present mixed-up state. There are other factors in his life which are equally important, some of which I will recount in the next installment. Whether or not I can explain this brilliant, unhappy man is something else again. As a Hollywood writer friend of mine said when I was researching this fascinating story, "If you find out what makes Monty Clift tick, the first person you ought to tell is Monty Clift. Unless he finds out, he may destroy himself."

Don't fail to read the second installment of Richard Gehman's absorbing story of Montgomery Clift's life, in the April PHOTOPLAY, on sale March 7th.

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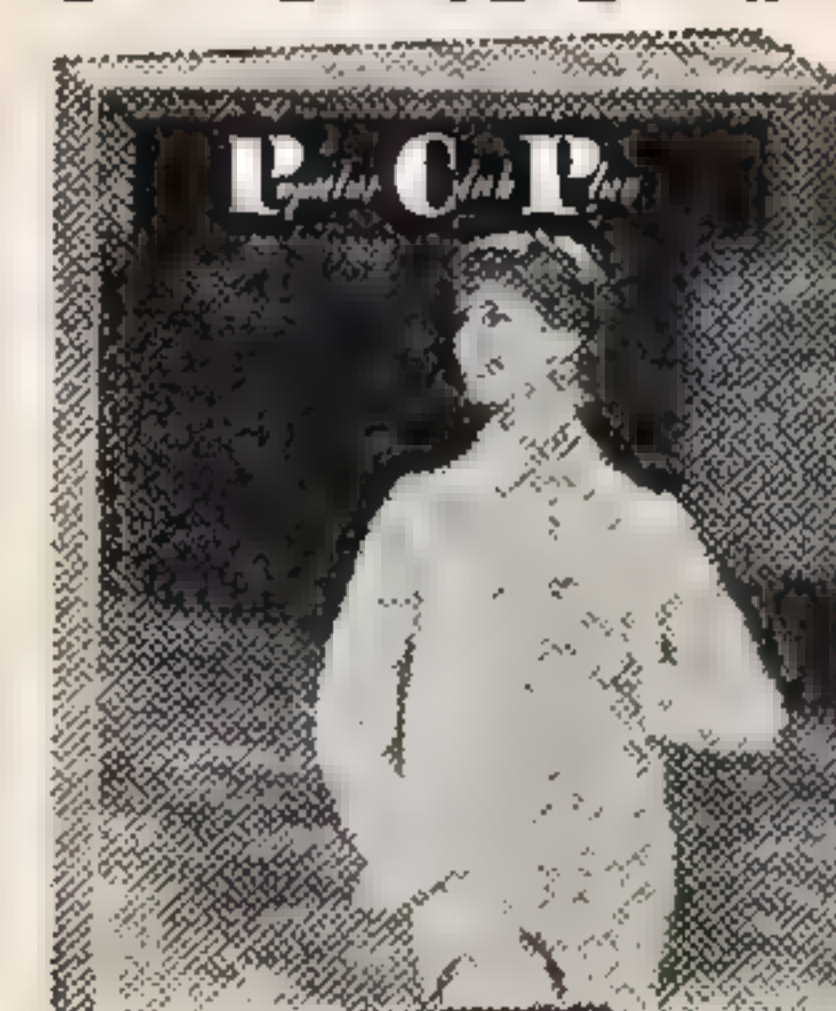
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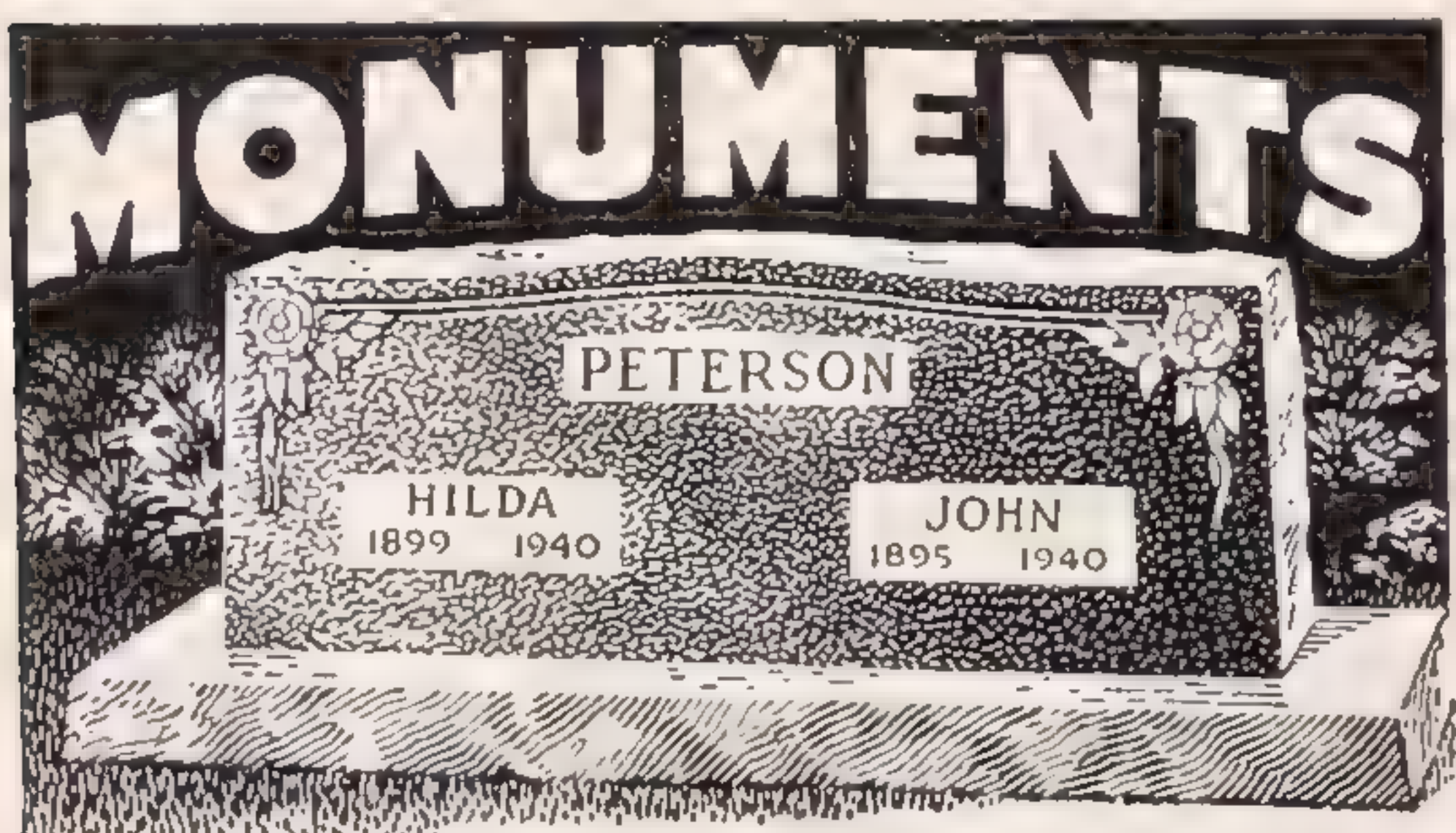
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Count Your Blessings

(Continued from page 32)

this morning, you little rascal, and I'll tan your hide."

Despite her words, Ann didn't even try to look stern.

Timmy had locked himself in his room that morning. She'd been frantic outside the door, imagining all sorts of calamities that might befall him. Forcing herself to be calm, she'd tried a dozen different keys until she found one that fit. When she saw Timmy not only unharmed but delighted with his prank, her relief was so great she merely clasped him in her arms, thanking God that nothing had happened to him. She couldn't even bring herself to punish him. That was one of the things she wasn't terribly good at, anyhow.

After she turned the light out in Timmy's room she looked in on the baby sleeping peacefully in the adjoining nursery. She was a good baby, Maureen Ann. Full of smiles and gurgles, she hardly ever cried. Ann, of course, was more relaxed with the baby than she'd been with Timmy. Mothers usually are with the second child. If she ran true to McNulty form—and so far she'd been doing nicely indeed—she'd have a chance to get a lot more relaxed before she was through.

She tiptoed out of the room and rejoined her guests at the dinner table. Her cousin, Teresa Lynch, was telling one of her delightful Irish stories, and telling it very well in her wonderful brogue. Ann had heard it before—something about a horse that had been given a pill to make him run faster. Teresa came to the punch line: "Sure an' you'd better give me one, too. I've got to run an' catch the ould creature."

The story was a success. Ann smiled, proud of her cousin. Teresa had arrived from Ireland for a visit with Ann only a few weeks before. It was nice to have another blood relative of her own around for a change.

In the midst of a family gathering like the one that night, Ann still had to pinch herself once in awhile to make sure it was really true. She'd always lived in such a small, self-contained world before she married Jim. After both her mother and her sister had passed away, there'd only been her dear Aunt Cissie and Uncle Pat. Now she'd become part of a large, lusty, warm family.

"It's the most wonderful thing in the world," Ann says, "especially if it's a family like the McNultys, who are closely knit and really love each other."

When you meet Ann Blyth for the first time, you can't help having a set of certain preconceived notions about her. You probably heard her on the radio when she was a child or maybe you saw her on Broadway in "Watch on the Rhine." Later, you witnessed her develop from a child singing star into the romantic lead in dozens of movies. You know that she's beautiful, you've heard her golden voice, and you've read about the struggles and tragedies of her childhood, her deep religious feeling, her courage and her gentleness. Yet you wonder whether the mental picture you've formed of Ann can possibly correspond to the real thing.

After all, Hollywood being what it is, it seems like a miracle that so gentle and self-effacing a girl as Ann Blyth, who has spent most of her formative years in these surroundings, should reach such heights of success and yet retain a spotless reputation as well as achieve a rare degree of marital happiness. But when you meet her face to face, the mystery resolves itself.

Ann, in person, is fully as beautiful as

any of her pictures, but what captivates you is her warmth, the calm sincerity of her personality. As a bonus you'll find that she also has a delightful sense of humor and that she talks well and easily on any number of subjects. You notice a special glow the instant the conversation turns to her children and her family. When I visited with her I wanted to know more about her relationship with the large McNulty clan—"the thundering herd," as people sometimes jokingly refer to them.

"To be quite honest, I think I was a little scared at first," she relates. "I was in love with Jim and extremely fond of all his family, but still I figured I had quite an adjustment to make."

"But I needn't have worried. I couldn't have picked sweeter in-laws even if I could have had them custom-built to my specifications. And, incidentally, no matter what people might say about mothers-in-law in general, Mother McNulty is tops. She's got the biggest, warmest heart of anybody I know. All her sons' wives are simply 'my girls' to her. Why, she'll even share her most treasured recipes with us. And she's got some good ones, too."

"Besides," Ann continued, "I have special reason to be grateful to her. If it hadn't been for Mother McNulty, I'm afraid it would have taken Jim a lot longer than it did to ask me to marry him. He'd sought his mother's advice about some jewelry he wanted to get me for Christmas, and she told him: 'Jim, there's only one piece of jewelry you should get for Ann, and that's a wedding ring.' He kept it in his pocket for a week before he finally gave it to me a week before Christmas back in 1952. I like to think, of course, that he'd have gotten around to it sooner or later on his own, but I'm glad his mother speeded it up a little."

All the same, the size of the family Ann acquired when she married her Jim was enough to give pause to any bride, and especially one coming from as small a family as Ann. Besides his mother and father, Jim has four brothers and one sister, all of them married. Among the six of them they have so far produced twenty-one children, ranging in age from two months to twelve years. Jim's brother, Dennis Day, is in the lead, so far, with six children, followed closely by his sister, Marie, who has five. The race is by no means over, however. Brother Bill, the youngest, who is still in the Army, already has three. Ann, with two in less than three years, certainly is holding up her end of the McNulty tradition.

It's easy to see that it would require a medium-size hotel to be host to the entire clan at one time. Such occasions, therefore, are fairly rare. The only regularly scheduled events, always drawing large crowds of McNultys, are anniversaries, baptisms and children's birthdays. Some sixteen cousins plus mothers came to Timmy's first birthday party.

"Luckily we have a large garden and it hardly ever rains in June," Ann explains. "That simplifies things a lot. And my sisters-in-law are very helpful. Besides, they certainly have lots of experience."

Experience or no, there is usually a great deal of noise at these parties, as is to be expected with a gang of blessedly robust, healthy youngsters. However, it isn't so much less quiet when the grown-ups get together, though the noise is a lot more harmonious. Take almost any group of people with an Irish background and you have a glee club. Take the McNultys and you really have something. Though Ann and Dennis are the only pros among

them, all of them are highly musical. Singing and making music is as natural to them as drawing a breath. Family dinner parties at Ann's usually start out quietly enough with good food and good talk, but they end up almost invariably with everybody standing around the piano singing old and new songs.

Ann, who likes to cook, always plans and supervises all the meals and frequently takes a hand at cooking them herself. Among her specialties are fried chicken, Irish stew and corned beef, but she doesn't go overboard on Irish dishes, liking variety and preferring to fit the menu to the occasion.

"Maybe it's not my place to say so," Ann smiles, "but I always have a lot of fun at my own parties, not to mention those at Mother McNulty's, Marie's or the rest of the boys.

"Somehow the impression seems to have gotten around that I'm something of a plaster saint," Ann continued. "All the stories I read about myself seem to have that tinge of sadness. I really don't know why.

"Certainly, it was a terrible blow to me when my mother passed away. But when she was alive, she gave so much of herself that the memory alone would have been enough to fill me with warmth and love for the rest of my life. And I had my aunt and uncle who were always like a second mother and father to me.

"I remember Uncle Pat rigging up signs on the jeep on his farm in Stamford, Connecticut, reading 'Radio Star at Five,' and another one, 'Next Stop Hollywood.' Having no children of their own, they always treated me like a daughter. They came out to live with me and guide me after mother's death, and nobody could ask for more love and affection than they gave me.

"Another thing that's always brought up is the accident I once had which kept me in bed for almost a year. Of course, it was a terribly anxious year. There were moments when I despaired of ever walking again. But God was good to me and I recovered.

"My mother was one of the most devout persons I've ever known and brought me up in the Roman Catholic faith. I cherish my religion and try to live by it. However, some of the people I respect most are of a different faith.

"I might have fallen in love with Jim even if he were not a Catholic, but I'm very grateful that he is. The wonderful part about our marriage is that everything is so right. No matter how much love there is, I believe that 'rightness' is one of the most necessary ingredients for lasting happiness.

"My own happiness is so great that I often ask myself why I deserve so much. That's where my faith helps me. So many people seem to turn to religion only in times of trouble and despair, but the important part is to have humility before God when all goes well.

"I think what I love most about my husband is his great sweetness and understanding. It's something that shines from his face. He's a thoroughly kind, generous, decent man, incapable of any meanness. On the other hand, he can be quite firm on occasion. He's much firmer with Timmy, for instance, than I am.

"Needless to say, it's never a picnic being married to a busy young doctor. There is no such thing as regular hours, and whatever plans we make are always subject to last-minute cancellation. Like all doctors' wives, I often find myself minus a husband at a party even in our own home. Mother McNulty frequently teases me: 'With all these McNultys around, who's going to miss Jim?' But I do, of course.

"Yet these are minor things. When I'm with Jim and look around at all those warm, friendly faces, and when I hear the laughter and the singing and think of our little ones, I count my blessings and I'm thankful for all that's been given me.

"I'm very happy being part of such a large, warm family where everybody loves everybody else. And family gatherings where we always have so much fun are necessary high spots to reaffirm the family unity.

"But the best evenings are the ones Jim and I spend alone together. After the babies are put to bed, we have dinner and talk over the events of the day. Later we read or look at television. Some evenings we may not exchange more than a few words in an hour. To me, when two people can sit in a room together without speaking yet not be bored, just content in each other's company, that means happiness."

THE END

DON'T FAIL TO SEE: Ann Blyth in M-G-M's "Slander."

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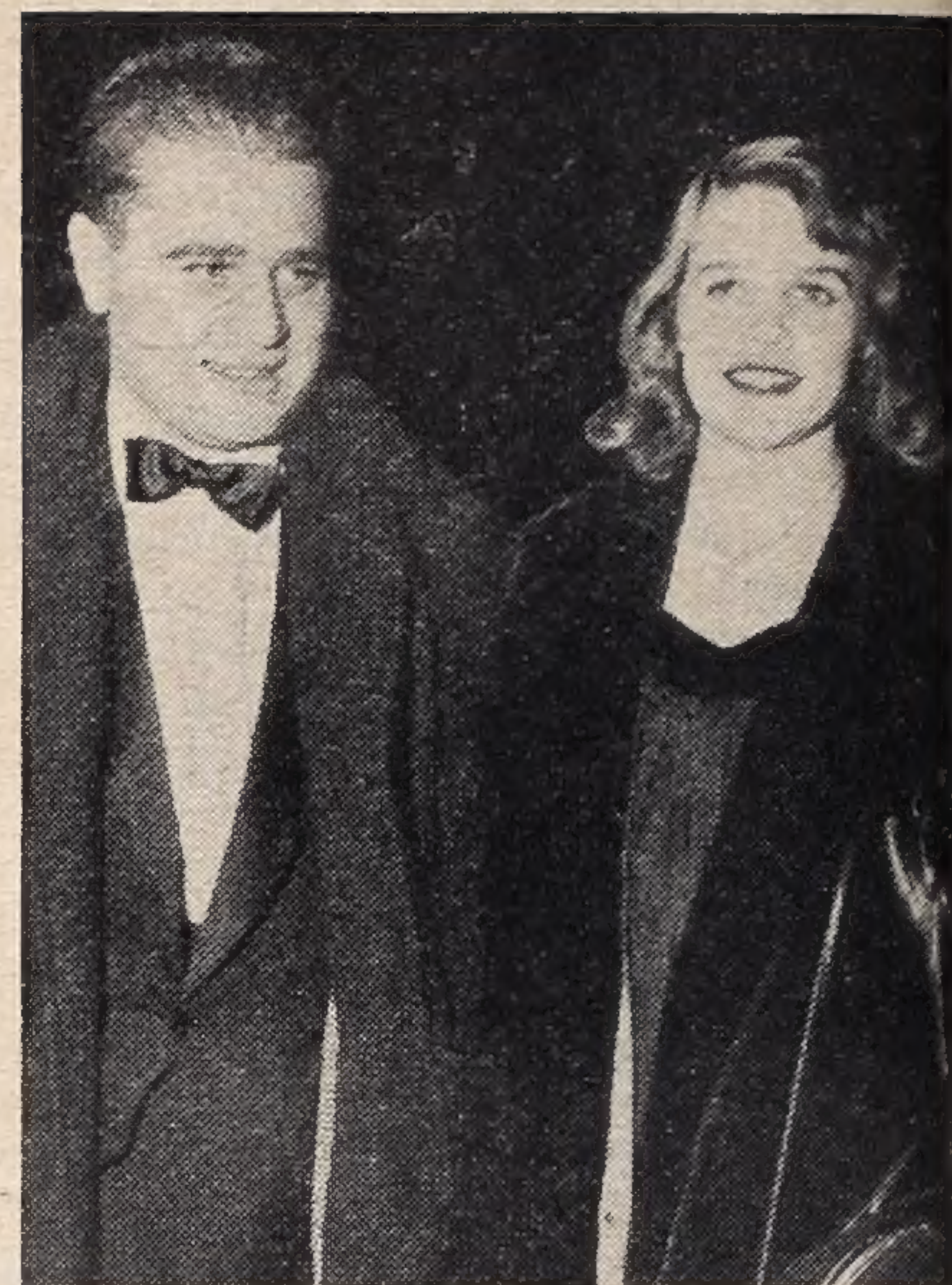
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Mike Todd and Liz Taylor attend show before her back operation



Chatting with Dean Martin at Hungarian Relief: Gloria Kreiger



Smiling Carroll Baker and hubby catch the opening of "Baby Doll"

THAT'S HOLLYWOOD FOR YOU

BY SIDNEY SKOLSKY

Sidney makes a funny about Eddie Fisher, who understands him

I wonder just how far Jayne Mansfield would go for publicity. When they point a camera at Jayne it's always tilted at the same angle. . . . I believe Lee Marvin is one of the best villains on celluloid. . . . Frank Sinatra is unique. He can be the villain and the hero in the same movie. . . . Everyone but me has seen Garbo walking alone in the rain. The closest I came was spotting the retiring Miss G. a half hour after the rain had stopped. . . . I keep thinking that Elia Kazan told Carroll Baker to do a restrained Marilyn Monroe in "Baby Doll"—not an obvious imitation. Carroll has the doll-face stare and keeps her mouth open, except that she puts her thumb into it. . . . Isn't it time that Marlon Brando became Marlon Brando again on the screen, instead of letting the copycats try to be him? . . . Anita Ekberg, of the unique fusilage, said, "I am very much against artificial beauty. It is very easy to wear sun-tan makeup, but so much more fun to get it for yourself."

Eddie Fisher and I now insist that we understand each other. . . . Elizabeth Taylor is so beautiful I can't believe her even when she's with Mike Todd, who's certainly for real.

The only actress I can name quickly who has that indefinable glamour is Ava Gardner. As Joan Crawford once said,

"You can't put glamour on like make-up." . . . Maybe the reason Elvis Presley closes his eyes when he's singing is that he doesn't want to watch himself. . . . I'm of the opinion that John Cassavetes should be a bigger movie name than he is—and probably will be. . . . Deborah Kerr says, "The beauty of sex appeal is that no man understands it, and that's what makes it more fun." . . . You could become a bit confused by Debra Paget's family. She has an actress-sister named Lisa Gaye and an actor-brother named Rouell Shayne. Then there are the Martin boys—not the same family: Tony, who's married to Cyd Charisse; Dewey, who's married to Peggy Lee; and Dean, recently divorced from Jerry Lewis. . . . I recall Zsa Zsa Gabor saying, "It's not that I have a lot of boy friends. It's just that I have a lot of friends who are boys."

Tony Perkins' best performance is Tony Perkins. . . . Suggestion for Lana Turner and M-G-M: Put Lana in "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." The studio owns the property and has a contract with Lana. . . . According to movie biographies, George M. Cohan and Moe (The Gimp) Snyder are look-alikes. Also Sergeant York and Captain Billy Mitchell. Not to mention Rocky Graziano and Paul Newman. . . . Ann Blyth, explaining why she wears a frilly night-

gown to bed: "I don't think you can take off all your clothes and feel like a lady!"

I'll bet Natalie Wood will turn out to be a fine movie actress. She's going through a phase now, so be patient with her. I am. . . . Gloria Krieger, who actually made her first public appearance at Hollywood's Hungarian Relief rally, has been kept under wraps with a Columbia contract for over four years. She's a great singer, has yet to appear in a moving picture but you'll remember her after you see her. . . . I get the impression from Mitzi Gaynor that she's playing Mitzi Gaynor, as designed and manufactured by Mitzi Gaynor. . . . I was told by a popular actress: "For years I lied about my age, but then I had to stop. My children said I was making them all illegitimate." That's Hollywood for you.





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